JOE MILLER's JESTS:

OR, THE

WITS VADE-MECUM.

BEING

A Collection of the moſt Brilliant JESTS, the moſt excellent BONS MOTS, and moſt pleaſant ſhort Stories in the *Engliſh* Language; many of them tranſcribed from the Mouth of the Facetious GENTLEMAN whoſe Name they bear.

To which are added,

Choice Collections of MORAL SENTENCES,

And of the moſt pointed and truly valuable

EPIGRAMS in the BRITISH TONGUE;

With the Names of the AUTHORS to ſuch as are known.

Moſt humbly INSCRIBED

To thoſe CHOICE SPIRITS of the AGE,

His Majeſty's Poet-Laureat, Mr. DAVID GARRICK, Mr. THE. CIBBER, Mr. Juſtice BODENS's Horſe, TOM JONES, the moſt Impudent Man living, the Rev. Mr. HENLEY, and JOB BAKER the Kettle-Drummer.

THE FIFTEENTH EDITION.

LONDON,

Printed for W. Nicol, No. 51, in St. Paul's Church-Yard; and J. Williams, No. 39, in Fleet-Street.

(Price One Shilling and Six-pence.)

BRITISH MUSEUM

JOE MILLER's JESTS.

1. THERE being a great diſturbance one night at Drury Lane play-houſe, the late Mr. Wilks, coming upon the ſtage to ſay ſomething to pacify the audience, had an orange thrown full at him, which when he had taken up, making a low bow, with the orange in his hand, *This is no* civil *orange, I think*, ſaid he.

2. A certain poet and player, remarkable for his impudence and cowardice, happening many years ago to have a quarrel with Mr. Powel, another player, received from him a ſmart box on the ear; a few days after, the poetical player having loſt his ſnuff-box, was making ſtrict enquiry if any body had ſeen his box, *What*, ſaid another of the theatrical punſters, *that which George Powel gave you the other night?*

3. Mr. H——rr——n, one of the commiſſioners of the revenue in Ireland, being one night in the pit at the play-houſe in Dublin, Monaca Gaul, the orange girl, famous for her wit and aſſurance, ſtriding over his back, he popp'd his hands under her petticoats. *Nay, Mr. Commiſſioner*, ſaid ſhe, *you'll find no goods there but what have been* fairly enter'd.

4. In the reign of queen Anne, when it was ſaid the lord Oxford had got a number of peers made at once to ſerve a particular turn, being met the next day by my lord Wharton; *So, Robin*, ſaid he, *I find what you loſt by* tricks, *you have gained by* honours.

5. Sir T. P. once in parliament, brought in a bill that wanted ſome amendment, which being not attended to by the houſe, he frequently repeated, That he *thirſted* to mend his bill. Upon which, a worthy member got up, and ſaid, *Mr. Speaker, I humbly move, ſince that member* thirſts *ſo very much, that he may be allowed to mend his* draught. This put the houſe in ſuch a good humour, that his requeſt was granted.

6. A certain country ſquire aſk'd a Merry Andrew, Why he play'd the fool? *For the ſame reaſon*, ſaid he, *that you do*; *out of* want: *You do it for* want *of wit, I do it for* want *of money*.

7. When the duke of Ormond was young, and came firſt to court, he happen'd to ſtand next to my lady Dorcheſter one evening in the drawing-room, who being but little upon reſerve on moſt occaſions, let a fart; upon which, he look'd her full in the face, and laugh'd. *What's the matter, my lord?* ſaid ſhe. *Oh! I heard it, madam*, reply'd the duke. *You'll make a fine courtier, indeed*, ſaid ſhe, *if you mind every thing you* hear *in this place*.

8. A poor man, who had a termagant wife, after a long diſpute, in which ſhe was reſolv'd to have the laſt word, told her, if ſhe ſpoke one crooked word more, he'd beat her brains out. *Why then*, rams-horns, *you rogue*, ſaid ſhe, *if I die for it*.

9. A gentleman aſk'd a lady at Tunbridge, who had made a very large acquaintance among the beaus and pretty fellows there, what ſhe would do with them all? *Oh!* ſaid ſhe, *they paſs off like the waters. And pray madam*, reply'd the gentleman, *do they all paſs the ſame way?*

10. An hackney-coachman, who was juſt ſet up, had heard that the lawyers uſed to club their *three pence* apiece, four of them, to go to Weſtminſter; and being called by a lawyer at Temple-Bar, who, with two others in their gowns, got into his coach, he was bid to drive to Weſtminſter-hall; but the coachman ſtill holding his door open, as if he waited for more company, one of the gentlemen aſk'd him why he did not ſhut the door, and go on? The fellow, ſcratching his head, cry'd, *You know, maſter, my fare's a ſhilling*; *I can't go for* nine-pence.

11. Gun Jones, who had made a handſome fortune from a very mean beginning, happening to have ſome words with a perſon

a perſon who had known him for ſome time, was aſk'd by the other, How he could have the impudence to give himſelf ſo many airs to him, when he knew very well, that he remember'd him ſeven years before, when he had *hardly a rag to his a*——. *You lie, ſirrah*, reply'd Jones; *for ſeven years ago I had nothing but rags to my a*——.

12. A gentleman told Betty Careleſs, upon ſhewing her legs, that they were very handſome, and ſo much alike, that they muſt needs be *twins*. *But indeed*, ſaid ſhe, *you are miſtaken; for I have had more than one or two* between them.

13. A lady ſeeing the ſheriff of a county, who was a very handſome young gentleman, attending the judge, who was an old man; a gentleman, ſtanding by, aſk'd her which ſhe lik'd beſt, the judge or the ſheriff? The lady told him, the ſheriff. *Why ſo?* ſaid the gentleman. *Becauſe*, anſwer'd ſhe, *tho' I love judgment well, I love execution better.*

14. One told another, who was not uſed to be cloathed very often, that his new coat was too *ſhort* for him. *That's true*, anſwer'd his friend; *but it will be long enough before I get another.*

15. A certain lady, finding her huſband ſomewhat too familiar with her chamber-maid, turn'd her away immediately. Huſſy, ſaid ſhe, I have no occaſion for ſuch ſluts as you, only to do that work which I chuſe to do myſelf.

16. Altho' the infirmities of nature are not proper ſubjects to be made a jeſt of; yet when people take a great deal of pains to conceal what every body ſees, there is nothing more ridiculous: Of this ſort was old Croſs the player, who being very deaf, did not care any body ſhould know it. Honeſt Joe Miller, going with a friend one day along Fleet-ſtreet, and ſeeing old Croſs on the other ſide of the way, told his acquaintance he ſhould ſee ſome ſport; ſo beckoning to Croſs with his finger, and ſtretching open his mouth as wide as ever he could, as if he halloo'd to him, tho' he ſaid nothing, the old fellow came puffing from the other ſide of the way, *What a pox*, ſaid he, *do you make ſuch a noiſe for? Do you think one can't hear?*

17. Joe Miller, another day, ſitting in the window at the Sun Tavern in Clare-ſtreet, while a fiſh woman was paſſing by, crying, *Buy my ſouls, Buy my maids.* Ah! you

wicked old creature, ſaid Joe, *are you not contented to ſell your own ſoul, but you muſt ſell your maid's too.*

18. Sir William Davenant, the poet, who had no *noſe*, going along the Meuſe one day, a beggar-woman follow'd him, crying, Ah! God preſerve your *eye-ſight*, Sir; the Lord preſerve your *eye-ſight*. Why, good woman, ſaid he, doſt thou pray ſo much for my *eye-ſight?* Ah! dear Sir, anſwer'd the woman, if it ſhould pleaſe God that you grow dim-ſighted, you have no place to hang your ſpectacles on.

19. A conceited fellow, who fancy'd himſelf a poet, aſk'd Nat Lee, if it was not eaſy to write like a *madman* as he did? *No*, anſwer'd Nat; *but it is eaſy to write like a fool as you do.*

20. Colley, who, notwithſtanding his odes, has now and then ſaid a good thing, being told one night behind the ſcenes by the late duke of Wharton, that he expected to ſee him *hang'd* or *beggar'd* very ſoon; *By G—d*, ſaid the laureat, *if I had your Grace's* politics *and* morals, *you might expect both.*

21. Dr. Sewel, and two or three more gentlemen, walking towards Hampſtead, on a ſummer's day, were met by the famous Daniel Purcell, the punſter, who was very importunate with them to know upon what account they were going thither. The doctor merrily anſwer'd him, *To make hay.* Very well, replied the other, you'll be there at a very convenient ſeaſon, the country wants *rakes.*

22. A gentleman was ſaying one day at the Tilt Yard Coffee-houſe, when it rained exceeding hard, that it put him in mind of the general *deluge.* Zoons, Sir, ſaid an old campaigner, who ſtood by, Who's that? I have heard of all the *generals* in Europe but him.

23. Mother Needham, about 30 years ago, being much in arrears with her landlord for rent, was warmly preſſed by him for his money: Dear Sir, ſaid ſhe, how can you be ſo preſſing at this dead time of the year; in about ſix weeks both the P————t and the C——nv——c——n will ſit, and then buſineſs will be ſo briſk, that I ſhall be able to pay you ten times the ſum.

24. Lord R— having loſt fifty piſtoles one night at the gaming-table in Dublin, ſome friends condoling with him upon his ill luck; Faith, ſaid he, I am very well pleaſed

at

at what I have done; for I have bit them, by G—, there is not one piſtole that don't want ſix-pence of weight..

25. A traveller coming into the kitchen of an inn, in a very cold night, ſtood ſo cloſe to the fire that he burnt his boots. An arch rogue, who ſat in the chimney-corner, cried out to him, Sir, you'll burn your ſpurs preſently. *My boots you mean, I ſuppoſe*, ſaid the gentleman. *No, Sir*, replied the other, *they are burnt already.*

26. A countryman ſowing his ground, two ſmart fellows riding that way, one of them called to him with an inſolent air; Well, honeſt fellow, ſaid he, 'tis your buſineſs to ſow, but we reap the fruits of your labour. To which the countryman replied, *'Tis very likely you may, truly; for I am ſowing hemp.*

27. Villiers, the witty and extravagant duke of Buckingham, in king Charles IId's time, was ſaying one day to Sir Robert Viner, in a melancholic humour, I am afraid, Sir Robert, I ſhall die a beggar at laſt, which is the moſt terrible thing in the world: Upon my word, my lord, ſaid Sir Robert, there is another thing more terrible which you have reaſon to apprehend, and that is, *That you will live a beggar, at the rate you go on.*

28. The ſame noble duke, another time, was making his complaint to Sir John Cutler, a rich miſer, of the diſorder of his affairs, and aſk'd him what he ſhould do to prevent the ruin of his eſtate? *Live as I do, my lord*, ſaid Sir John; *That I can do*, anſwer'd the duke, *when I am ruined.*

29. At another time a perſon, who had been a dependant on his Grace, begg'd his intereſt for him at court; and to preſs the thing more home upon the duke, ſaid, *He had nobody to depend upon but God and his Grace. Then*, ſays the duke, *you are in a miſerable way; for you could not have pitched upon any two who have leſs intereſt at court.*

30. A lady being aſk'd how ſhe lik'd a gentleman's ſinging, who had a very *ſtinking breath: The* words *are good*, ſaid ſhe, *but the* air *is intolerable.*

31. The late Mrs. Oldfield being aſk'd if ſhe thought Sir W. Y. and Mrs. H——n, who had both ſtinking breaths, were married: *I don't know*, ſaid ſhe, *whether they are married; but I am ſure there is a* wedding *between them.*

32. A gentleman ſaying ſomething of an ugly wench, with a red face, another ſaid her face always put him in

mind of Marybone Park; being desired to explain himself, said, *It was vastly* rude, *and had not one bit of* pale *about it.*

33. A pragmatical young fellow, sitting at table over against the learned John Scot, asked him, What difference there was between *Scot* and *sot? Just the breadth of the table*, answered the other.

34. Sir Thomas More for a long time having only *daughters*, his wife prayed earnestly that they might have a *boy*; at last they had a *boy*, who when he came to man's estate, proved but simple; *Thou prayedst so long for a boy*, said Sir Thomas to his wife, *that at last thou hast got one who will be a* boy *as long as he lives.*

35. The same gentleman, when lord chancellor, being pressed by the counsel of the party, for a *longer day* to perform a decree, said, *Take St. Barnaby's day, the longest in the year*; which happened to be next week.

36. This famous chancellor, who preserved his humour and wit to the last moment, when he came to be executed on Tower Hill, the headsman demanded his *upper garment* as his fee; *Ah! friend*, said he, taking off his cap, *that I think is my* upper garment.

37. The great Algernon Sidney seem'd to shew as little concern at his death; he had, indeed, got some friends to intercede with the king for a pardon; but when it was told him, that his majesty could not be prevailed upon to give him his life; but that, in regard of his ancient and noble family, he would remit part of his sentence, and only have his head cut off; *Nay*, said he, *if his majesty is resolved to have my head, he may make a whistle of my a—— if he pleases.*

38. Lady C——g and her two daughters, having taken lodgings at a leather breeches maker's in Piccadilly, the sign of the *Cock* and *Leather Breeches*, was always put to the blush, when she was obliged to give any body directions to her lodgings, the sign being so odd; upon which my lady, a very good sort of a woman, sending for her landlord, a jolly young fellow, told him, she lik'd him and his lodgings very well, but must be forc'd to quit them on account of his sign; for she was ashamed to tell any body what it was. Oh dear, madam! said the young fellow, I would do any thing rather than lose so good lodgers; I can easily alter my sign: So I think, reply'd the lady; and I'll tell

you

you how you may pleaſe both me and my daughters; *Only take down your* breeches, *and let your* cock *ſtand.*

39. When Rabelais, the greateſt drole in France, lay on his death bed, he could not help jeſting at the very laſt moment; for having received the extreme unction, a friend coming to ſee him, ſaid, He hoped he was *prepared* for the next world: *Yes, yes*, replied Rabelais, *I am ready for my journey now*; they have juſt greaſed my boots.

40. Henry the IVth. of France, reading an oſtentatious inſcription on the monument of a Spaniſh officer, *Here lies the body of Don, &c. &c. who never knew what fear was.* Then, *ſaid the king*, he never ſnuffed a candle with his fingers.

41. A certain member of the French academy, who was no good friend to the abbot Furetiere, one day took the ſeat which was commonly uſed by the abbot, and ſoon after having occaſion to ſpeak, and Furetiere being by that time come in; Here is a place, ſaid he, gentlemen, from whence I am likely to utter a thouſand impertinencies. *Go on*, anſwered Furetiere, *there's* one already.

42. When Sir Richard Steele was fitting up his great room in York Buildings, which he intended for public orations, he happened at a time to be pretty much behind-hand with his workmen; and coming one day among them, to ſee how they went forward, he ordered one of them to get into the roſtrum, and make a ſpeech, that he might obſerve how it could be heard; the fellow mounting, and ſcratching his pate, told him, he knew not what to ſay, for in truth he was no orator. Oh! ſaid the knight, no matter for that, ſpeak any thing that comes uppermoſt. *Why here, Sir Richard*, ſays the fellow, *we have been working for you theſe ſix weeks, and cannot get one penny of money: Pray, Sir, when do you deſign to pay us?* Very well, very well, ſaid Sir Richard, pray come down, I have heard enough, I cannot but own you ſpeak very diſtinctly, though I don't admire your ſubject.

43. A country clergyman, meeting a neighbour who never came to church, altho' an old fellow of above ſixty, he gave him ſome reproof on that account, and aſk'd him if he never read at home? No, replied the clown, I can't read. I dare ſay, ſaid the parſon, you don't know who made you? Not I, in troth, cry'd the countryman. A little boy coming by at the ſame time, Who made you, child?

child? ſaid the parſon. God, Sir, anſwered the boy. Why look you there, quoth the honeſt clergyman, are not you aſham'd to hear a child of five or ſix years old tell me who made him, when you, that are ſo old a man, cannot? *Ah!* ſaid the countryman, *it is no wonder that he ſhould remember; he was made but t'other day, it is a great while, meaſter, ſin I was made.*

44. A certain reverend drone in the country was complaining to another, That it was a great fatigue to preach twice a day. *Oh!* ſaid the other, *I preach twice every Sunday, and* make nothing of it.

45. One of the aforeſaid Levites, as was his cuſtom, preaching moſt exceedingly dull to a congregation not uſed to him, many of them ſlunk out of the church, one after another, before the ſermon was near ended. *Truly*, ſaid a gentleman preſent, *this learned doctor has made a very* moving *diſcourſe.*

46. The late duke of Wharton, going thro' Holborn, in a hackney coach with Phil. F—, ſaw a fellow a drumming before the door of a puppet-ſhow; Now, this is a pretty employment, Phil. ſaid the duke; if you were reduc'd ſo low, that you were oblig'd to be either a highwayman, or drummer to a puppet-ſhow, which would you chuſe? Faith, my lord, anſwered Phil. I would be the highwayman rather than the other. *Ay,* reply'd the duke, *that confirms the opinion I always had of you, that you have more* pride *than* honeſty.

47. A certain ſenator, who is not, it may be, eſteem'd the wiſeſt man in the houſe, has a frequent cuſtom of ſhaking his head, when another ſpeaks; which giving offence to a particular perſon, he complained of the indignity ſhewn to him; but one who had been acquainted with the firſt gentleman from a child, as he told the houſe, aſſured them, That it was only a bad habit that he had got, *for tho' he would ſhake his* head, *there was* nothing *in it.*

48. A French marquis, being one day at dinner at the late Roger Williams's, the famous punſter and publican, was boaſting of the happy genius of his nation, in projecting all the fine modes and faſhions, particularly the *ruffle*, which, he ſaid, *Was de fine ornament to de hand, and had been followed by all de other nations.* Roger allowed what he ſaid, but obſerved at the ſame time, *That the Engliſh, according*

cording to cuſtom, had made a great improvement upon their invention, by adding the ſhirt to it.

49. A young gentleman, playing at queſtions and commands with ſome very pretty young ladies, was commanded to take off a garter from one of them; but ſhe, as ſoon as he had laid hold of her petticoats, run away into the next room, where was a bed: Now, madam, ſaid he, tripping up her heels, *I* bar *ſqueaking*. Bar *the door, you fool*, cry'd ſhe.

50. A very modeſt young gentleman, of the county of Tipperary, having attempted many ways in vain to acquire the affections of a lady of great fortune, at laſt was reſolved to try what could be done by the help of muſic, and therefore entertained her with a ſerenade under her window at midnight; but ſhe order'd her ſervants to drive him thence by throwing ſtones at him: *Oh! my friend*, ſaid one of his companions, *your muſic is as powerful as that of Orpheus, for it draws the very ſtones about you.*

51. Some unlucky boys, the ſcholars of Dr. Buſby, at Weſtminſter, beſmeared the ſtairs leading to the ſchool with ſomething that ſhall be nameleſs; the doctor, as it was deſign'd, befoul'd his fingers very much in it; which ſo enrag'd him, that he cried out; He would give any boy half a crown, that would diſcover who had a hand in it; Upon which an arch boy immediately told him, for that reward he would let him know who had a hand in it; Well, ſaid the doctor, I will certainly give you the half crown, if you tell me the truth. *Why then*, anſwer'd the boy, *you had a hand in it, or it would not have been ſo beſh—t.*

52. A young gentleman, who had ſtolen a ward, being in ſuit for her fortune, before a late Lord Chancellor, and the counſel inſiſting much on the equity of decreeing her a fortune for their maintenance, his lordſhip turn'd briſkly upon him with this ſentence, *That ſince the ſuitor had ſtolen the* fleſh, *he ſhould get* bread *to it how he could.*

53. A young gentleman, of a very good family, who had only a pair of colours in the guards, had been for ſome time in vain ſoliciting for a company; 'till happening to be in a viſit, where her late grace of Marl— had met with an indelible diſgrace, by accidentally breaking wind backwards, if our bold ſon of Mars had not, with great gallantry, taken the ſhame upon himſelf, and aſk'd a thouſand

ſand pardons for the pretended offence he had committed; which quite freed her from the leaſt ſuſpicion of it: Her grace was ſo charmed with the preſence of mind, and polite manner in which the young enſign had brought her off, that ſhe never let my lord duke reſt, 'till he had given him the company he wanted; and upon delivering his commiſſion to him, *You find, colonel,* ſaid ſhe, *it is an ill wind that blows no-body any good.*

54. A very harmleſs Iriſhman, eating an apple-pye with ſome quinces in it, *Arrah now, dear honey,* ſaid he, *if a few of theſe quinces give ſuch a flavour, how would an apple pye taſte made of all quinces?*

55. An Engliſh gentleman aſk'd Sir Richard Steele, who was an Iriſhman, What was the reaſon that his countrymen were ſo remarkable for blundering, and making bulls? *Faith,* ſaid the knight, *I believe there is ſomething in the air of Ireland; and I dare ſay, if an* Engliſhman *was born there, he would do the ſame.*

56. A gentleman, who was a ſtaunch *Whig*, diſputing with a *Jacobite*, ſaid, he had two good reaſons for being againſt the intereſt of the *pretender:* What are thoſe? ſaid the other. The firſt, replied he, is, that he is an *impoſtor, not* really king James's ſon: Why, that, ſaid the *Tory*, would be a good reaſon, if it could be proved: And, pray, Sir, what is your other? *Why*, ſaid the *Whig*, *that he is king James's ſon.*

57. A certain nobleman, a courtier, in the beginning of the late reign, coming out of the houſe of lords, accoſted the duke of Buckingham, with, How does your pot boil, my lord, theſe troubleſome times? To which his grace reply'd, *I never go into my kitchen, but I dare ſay the ſcum is uppermoſt.*

58. A gentleman, having lent a guinea for two or three days to a perſon whoſe promiſes he had not much faith in, was very much ſurpriz'd to find, that he very punctually kept his word with him; the ſame gentleman being ſome time after deſirous of borrowing a larger ſum, *No*, ſaid the other, *you have deceived me once, and I am reſolved you ſhall not do it a ſecond time.*

59. My lord chief juſtice Holt had ſent, by his warrant, one of the French prophets, a fooliſh ſect, that ſtarted up in his time, to priſon; upon which, Mr. Lacy, one of their followers, came one day to my lord's houſe, and deſired

to

to ſpeak with him; the ſervants told him, their lord was not well, and ſaw no company that day: But tell him, ſaid Lacy, I muſt ſee him; for I come to him from the *Lord God*; which being told the chief juſtice, he ordered him to come in, and aſk'd him his buſineſs: I come, ſaid he, from the *Lord*, who has ſent me to thee, and would have thee grant a *noli proſequi* for John Atkins, who is his ſervant, and whom thou haſt caſt into priſon. *Thou art a falſe prophet*, anſwer'd my lord, *and a lying knave; for if the* Lord *had ſent thee, it would have been to the attorney general; for he knows it is not in my power to grant a* noli proſequi.

60. A country parſon having divided his text under two and twenty heads; one of the congregation was getting out of the church in a great hurry; but a neighbour, pulling him by the ſleeve, aſk'd him whither he was going? *Home for my night-cap*, anſwer'd the firſt; *for I find we are to ſtay here all night.*

61. Old Dennis, who had been the author of many plays, going by a brandy-ſhop in St. Paul's Church Yard; the man who kept it came out to him, and deſired the favour of him to drink a dram. For what reaſon? ſaid he. Becauſe you are a *dramatick* poet, anſwer'd the other. Well, thou art an out-of-the-way fellow, ſaid the old gentleman, and I will drink a dram with thee: But when he had ſo done, the man aſk'd him to pay for it: 'Sdeath, Sir, ſaid the bard, did not you aſk me to drink a dram, becauſe I was a *dramatick* poet? *Yes, Sir*, reply'd the fellow, *but I did not think you had been a* dram o'tick *poet.*

62. Daniel Purcell, the famous punſter, and a friend of his, meeting, and having a deſire to drink a glaſs of wine together, upon the 30th of January, king Charles's martyrdom, they went to the Salutation tavern upon Holborn-Hill, and finding the doors ſhut, they knock'd at it, but it was not open'd to them, only one of the drawers look'd through a little wicket, and aſk'd what they would pleaſe to have? Why, open your door, ſaid Daniel, and draw us a pint of wine: The drawer ſaid, his maſter would not allow of it that day, for it was a *faſt*. *D—mn your maſter*, replied he, *for a preciſe coxcomb, is he not contented to* faſt *himſelf, but he muſt make his doors* faſt *too?*

63. The ſame gentleman calling for ſome pipes in a tavern, complaining they were too *ſhort*: The drawer ſaid they

they had no other, and thoſe were *but juſt come in*. *Ay*, ſaid Daniel, *I ſee your maſter has not bought them* very long.

64. The ſame gentleman, as he had the character of a great punſter, was deſired one night in company, by a gentleman, to make a *pun extempore*. Upon what ſubject? ſaid Daniel. The *king*, anſwer'd the other. *Oh, Sir*, ſaid he, *the* king *is no* ſubject.

65. An Iriſh lawyer of the Temple, having occaſion to go to dinner, left the directions in his key-hole. *Gone to the Elephant and Caſtle, where you ſhall find me; and if you can't read this, carry it to the ſtationer's, and he ſhall read it for you.*

66. The ſame gentleman had a client of his own country who was a ſailor, and having been at ſea for ſome time, his wife was married again in his abſence, ſo he was reſolved to proſecute her; and coming to adviſe with the counſellor, told him, he muſt have witneſſes to prove that he was alive when his wife married again. Arrah, by my ſhoul, but that ſhall be impoſſible, ſaid the other; for my ſhip-mates are all gone to ſea again upon a long voyage, and ſhan't return this twelve-month. *Oh! then*, anſwer'd the counſellor, *there can be nothing done in it; and what a pity it is that ſuch a brave cauſe ſhould be loſt now, only becauſe you cannot prove yourſelf to be alive.*

67. Poor Joe Miller happening one day to be caught by one of his friends, in a very familiar poſture with a cook-wench, who was exceedingly ugly, was pretty much rallied by them for the oddneſs of his fancy. *Why, look ye, gentleman*, ſaid he, *altho' I am not a very young fellow, I have a good conſtitution, and am not, I thank Heaven, reduc'd yet either to* beauty *or* brandy *to whet my appetite.*

68. Mr. Congreve going up the water in a boat, one of the watermen told him as they paſſed by Peterborough houſe, at Mill-Bank, that that houſe had *ſunk a ſtory*. *No, friend*, ſaid he, *I rather believe it is a* ſtory raiſed.

69. The aforeſaid houſe, which is the very laſt in London one way, being rebuilt, a gentleman aſk'd another, Who liv'd in it; His friend told him, Sir Robert Groſvenor; *I do not know*, ſaid the firſt, *what eſtate* Sir Robert *has, but he ought to have a very good one; for no body* lives beyond him in the whole town.

70. Two gentlemen diſputing about religion in Button's coffee-houſe, ſaid one of them, I wonder, Sir, you ſhould talk

talk of religion, when I'll hold you five guineas you can't ſay the *Lord's Prayer*; Done, ſaid the other, and Sir Richard Steele here ſhall hold ſtakes. The money being depoſited, the gentleman began with, *I believe in God*, and ſo went cleverly thro' the *Creed: Well*, ſaid the other, *I own I have loſt*; *I did not think he could have done it.*

71. Sir B——ch—r W———y, in the beginning of Queen Anne's reign, and three or four more drunken tories, reeling home from the Fountain Tavern in the Strand, on a Sunday morning, cried out, We are the pillars of the church. *No, by G—d*, ſaid a whig, that happen'd to be in their company, *you can be but the buttreſſes*; *for you never come on the inſide of it.*

72. Swan, the famous puniſter of Cambridge, being a nonjuror, upon which account he had loſt his fellowſhip, as he was going along the Strand, in the beginning of king William's reign, on a very rainy day, a hackney-coachman called to him, Sir, won't you pleaſe to take coach? it *rains* hard. *Ay, friend*, ſaid he, *but this is no* rain [reign] *for me to take coach in.*

73. When Oliver firſt coin'd his money, an old cavalier looking upon one of the new pieces, read this inſcription on one ſide, *God with us:* On the other, *The commonwealth of England.* *I ſee*, ſaid he, *God and the commonwealth are on* different *ſides.*

74. Colonel Bond, who had been one of king Charles the Firſt's judges, died a day or two before Oliver, and it was ſtrongly reported every where that Cromwell was dead; *No*, ſaid a gentleman, who knew better, *he has only given* Bond *to the devil for his further appearance.*

75. A Welchman bragging of his family, ſaid, His father's effigy was ſet up in Weſtminſter-Abbey; being aſk'd whereabouts, he ſaid, *In the ſame monument with 'ſquire Thynne's*; *for he was his coachman.*

76. A perſon was ſaying, not at all to the purpoſe, that really Sampſon was a very ſtrong man: *Ay*, ſaid another, *but you are much ſtronger*; *for you make nothing of lugging him in by the head and ſhoulders.*

77. My lord Stangford, who ſtammer'd very much, was telling a certain biſhop that ſat at his table, that Bálaam's aſs ſpoke, becauſe he was pri—eſt—Prieſt-rid, Sir, ſaid a valet-de-chambre, who ſtood behind the chair, my lord

would ſay. *No, friend*, replied the biſhop, *Balaam could not ſpeak himſelf, and ſo his* aſs *ſpoke for him.*

78. The ſame noble lord aſk'd a clergyman once, at the bottom of his table, Why the *gooſe*, if there was one, was always plac'd next to the parſon? *Really*, ſaid he, *I can give no reaſon for it; but your queſtion is ſo odd, that I ſhall never ſee a* gooſe, *for the future, without thinking of your* lordſhip.

79. Lady N———t, who had but a very homely face, but was extremely well ſhap'd, and always neat about the legs and feet, was tripping one morning over the Park in a maſk; and a gentleman follow'd her for a long time, making ſtrong love to her: He call'd her his life, his ſoul, his angel, and begg'd, with abundance of earneſtneſs, to have one glimpſe of her face; at laſt, when ſhe came on the other ſide of the Bird-Cage walk, to the houſe ſhe was going into, ſhe turn'd about, and pulling off her maſk, Well, Sir, ſaid ſhe, what is it that you would have of me? The man, at firſt ſight of her face, drew back, and lifted up his hands, *Oh! nothing, madam, nothing*, cried he. *I cannot ſay*, ſaid my lady, *but I like your ſincerity, tho' I hate your manners.*

80. An arch wag of St. John's College, Cambridge, aſk'd another of the ſame college, who was a great *ſloven*, Why he would not read a certain author, call'd, *Go Clenius* *? 1

81. Colonel ——, who made the fine fireworks in St. James's Square, upon the peace of Ryſwick, being in company with ſome ladies, was highly commending the epitaph juſt then ſet up in the Abbey on Mr. Purcell's monument,

He is gone to that place, where only his own harmony *can be exceeded.*

Lord, colonel, ſaid one of the ladies, the ſame epitaph might ſerve for you, by altering one word only;

He is gone to that place, where only his own fireworks *can be exceeded.*

82. After the fire of London, there was an act of parliament to regulate the buildings of the city; every houſe was to be *three ſtories* high, and there were to be no *balconies* back-

* *A famous grammarian.*

backwards: A Glouceſterſhire gentleman, a man of great wit and humour, juſt after this act paſs'd, going along the ſtreet, and ſeeing a little crooked gentlewoman on the other ſide of the way, he runs over to her in great haſte; Lord, madam, ſaid he, how dare you walk thus publickly in the ſtreets? Walk publickly in the ſtreets! and why not, pray Sir? anſwer'd the little woman. *Becauſe*, ſaid he, *you are built directly contrary to act of parliament; you are but two ſtories high, and your* balcony *hangs over your houſe of office.*

83. One Mr. Topham was ſo very tall, that if he was now living, when people are ſo fond of ſhows, he might have made a very good one; this gentleman going one day to enquire for a countryman a little way out of town, when he came to the houſe, he look'd in at a little window over the door, and aſk'd the woman, who ſat by the fire, if her huſband was at home? *No, Sir*, ſaid ſhe, *but if you pleaſe to* alight, *and come in, I'll go and call him.*

84. The ſame gentleman walking acroſs Covent Garden, was aſk'd by a beggar-woman for a halfpenny, or farthing; but finding he would not part with his money, ſhe begg'd, for Chriſt's ſake, he would give her one of his old ſhoes. He was very deſirous to know what ſhe could do with one *ſhoe*; *To make my child a* cradle, *Sir*, ſaid ſhe.

85. King Charles II. having ordered a new ſuit of cloaths to be made, juſt at a time when addreſſes were coming up to him from all parts of the kingdom, Tom Killigrew went to the taylor, and order'd him to make a very large pocket on one ſide of the coat, and one ſo ſmall on the other, that the king could hardly get his hand into it; which ſeeming very odd, when they were brought home, the king aſk'd the meaning of it; the taylor ſaid, Mr. Killigrew order'd it ſo. Killigrew being ſent for, and interrogated, ſaid, *One pocket was for the* addreſſes *of his majeſty's ſubjects, the other for the* money *they would give him.*

86. My lord B——, in queen Anne's reign, had married three wives, who were all his ſervants; a beggar-woman meeting him one day in the ſtreet, made him a very low curteſy. *Ah, God Almighty bleſs your lordſhip*, ſaid ſhe, *and ſend you a long life; if you do but live long enough we ſhall all be* ladies *in time.*

87. Tom B——rn——t happening to be at dinner at my lord mayor's, in the latter part of queen Anne's reign,

after two or three healths the miniſtry was toaſted; but when it came to Tom's turn to drink, he diverted it for ſome time, by telling a ſtory to the perſon who ſat next him; The chief magiſtrate of the city, not ſeeing his toaſt go round, called out, *gentlemen, where ſticks the miniſtry? At nothing, by G—d, ſays Tom,* and ſo drank off his glaſs.

88. My lord Craven, in king James the firſt's reign, was very deſirous to ſee Ben Jonſon, which being told to Ben, he went to my lord's houſe; but being in a very tatter'd condition, as poets ſometimes are, the porter refus'd him admittance, with ſome ſaucy language, which the other did not fail to return. My lord, happening to come out while they were wrangling, aſk'd the occaſion of it? Ben, who ſtood in need of no-body to ſpeak for him; ſaid, He underſtood his lordſhip deſir'd to ſee him. You, friend, ſaid my lord, who are you? Ben Jonſon, reply'd the other: No, no, quoth my lord, you cannot be Ben Jonſon, who wrote the Silent Woman; you look as if you could not ſay *bo* to a gooſe: *Bo,* cry'd Ben: Very well, ſaid my lord, who was better pleas'd at the joke than offended at the affront; I am now convinced, by your wit, you are Ben Jonſon.

89. A certain fop was boaſting in company that he had every *ſenſe* in perfection; *No, by G—d,* ſaid one who was by, *there is one you are entirely without, and that is* common ſenſe.

90. Dr. Tadloe, who was a man of an enormous ſize, happening to go *thump, thump,* with his great legs through a ſtreet in Oxford, where the paviours were at work, in the middle of July, the fellows immediately laid down their rammers. *Ah! God bleſs you, maſter,* cries one of them, *it was very kind of you to come this way; it ſaves us a great deal of trouble, this hot weather.*

91. G——s E——l, who, though he is very rich, is remarkable for his ſordid covetouſneſs, told Cibber one night, in the Green Room, that he was going out of town, and was ſorry to part with him, for *faith he lov'd him. Ah!* ſaid Colley, *I wiſh I was a ſhilling for your ſake:* Why ſo? ſaid the other. *Becauſe then,* cried the laureat, *I ſhould be ſure* you lov'd me.

22. Lord C——by, coming out of the houſe of lords one day, call'd out, *Where's my fellow? Not in England, by G—d,* ſaid a gentleman who ſtood by.

23. Mr.

93. Mr. Serjeant G——d——r, being *lame* of one leg, and pleading before the late Judge Forteſcue, who had little or no *noſe*, the judge told him, He was afraid he had but a *lame* cauſe of it. *Oh! my lord*, ſaid the ſerjeant, *have but a little patience, and I'll warrant I prove every thing as plain as the noſe on your face.*

94. A gentleman eating ſome mutton that was very tough, ſaid, It put him in mind of an old Engliſh poet: Being aſk'd who that was, *Chau—cer*, replied he.

95. A certain *Roman catholic* lord having renounced the *Popiſh* religion, was aſk'd not long after, by a Proteſtant peer, Whether the miniſters of ſtate, or the miniſters of the *goſpel*, had the greateſt ſhare in his converſion? To which he replied, *That when he renounced* Popery, *he had alſo renounced auricular confeſſion.*

96. Michael Angelo, in his picture of the laſt judgment, in the Pope's chapel, painted among the figures in hell that of a certain *cardinal*, who was his enemy, ſo like, that every body knew it at firſt ſight: Whereupon the *cardinal* complaining to pope Clement the VIIth of the affront, and deſiring it might be defaced: *You know very well*, ſaid the pope, *I have power to deliver a ſoul out of* purgatory, *but not out of* hell.

97. A gentleman being at dinner at a friend's houſe, the firſt thing that came upon the table was a diſh of whitings, and one being upon his plate, he found it ſtink ſo much, that he could not eat a bit of it; but he laid his mouth down to the fiſh, as if he was whiſpering to it, and then took up the plate, and put it to his own ear. The gentleman, at whoſe table he was, enquiring into the meaning, he told him, That he had a brother loſt at ſea about a *fortnight ago*, and he was aſking that fiſh if he knew any thing of him: And what anſwer made he, ſaid the gentleman? *He told me*, replied the other, *that he could give no account of him, for he had not been at ſea theſe* three weeks.

I would not have any of my readers apply this ſtory as an unfortunate gentleman did once, who the next day after he had firſt heard it, was whiſpering a ſtinking *rump of beef*, at a friend's houſe.

98. A certain author was telling George Sewel, that a paſſage he found fault with in his poem might be juſtified,

and that he thought it a *metaphor: It is ſuch a one then*, ſaid the doctor, *as truly I never* met a-fore.

99. Two Oxford ſcholars meeting on the road with a Yorkſhire oſtler, they fell to bantering him, and told the fellow that they would prove him to be a *horſe*, or an *aſs*. Well, ſaid the oſtler, and I can prove your ſaddle to be a *mule*. A *mule!* cry'd one of them, how can that be? *Becauſe*, ſaid the oſtler, *it is ſomething between a* horſe *and an* aſs.

100. An Engliſh gentleman happening to be in Brecknockſhire, uſed ſometimes to divert himſelf with ſhooting; but being ſuſpected not to be qualified by one of the little Welch juſtices, his worſhip told him, That unleſs he could produce his qualification, he ſhould not allow him to ſhoot there, and he had *two little manors*. Yes, Sir, ſaid the Engliſhman, any body may perceive that. Perceive what? cried the Welchman: *That you have* too little manners, ſaid the other.

101. The chaplain's boy of a man of war, being ſent out of his own ſhip of an errand to another, the two boys were conferring notes about their manner of living: How often, ſaid one, do you go to prayers now? Why, anſwered the other, in caſe of a *ſtorm*, or the apprehenſion of any danger from the enemy: Ay, ſaid the firſt, there's ſome ſenſe in that; but my maſter makes us go to prayers when there is no more occaſion for it, than for my leaping overboard.

102. Not much unlike this ſtory is one a midſhipman told one night, in company with my dear friend Joe Miller and myſelf; who ſaid, That being once in great danger at ſea, every body was obſerved to be upon their knees but one man, who being called upon to come with the reſt to prayers: *Not I*, ſaid he, *it is your buſineſs to take care of the ſhip, I'm but a* paſſenger.

103. Three or four roguiſh ſcholars walking out one day from the univerſity of Oxford, eſpy'd a poor fellow near Abingdon, aſleep in a ditch, with an aſs by him laden with earthen ware, holding the bridle in his hand; ſays one of the ſcholars to the reſt, If you will aſſiſt me, I'll help you to a little money, for you know we are bare at preſent: No doubt of it they were not long conſenting: Why then, ſaid he, we'll go and ſell this old fellow's aſs at Abingdon; for you know the fair is to-morrow, and we ſhall meet with

chap-

chapmen enough; therefore, do you take the panniers off, and put them upon my back, and that bridle over my head, and then lead the aſs to market, and let me alone with the old man. This being done accordingly, in a little time after the poor man waking, was ſtrangely ſurprized to ſee his aſs thus metamorphoſed: Oh! for God's ſake, ſaid the ſcholar, take this bridle out of my mouth, and this load from my back. Zoons, how came you here, replied the old man? Why, ſaid he, my father, who is a necromancer, upon an idle thing I did to diſoblige him, transformed me into an aſs; but now his heart has relented, and I am come to my own ſhape again, I beg you will let me go home and thank him: By all means, ſaid the crockery merchant, I do not deſire to have any thing to do with conjuration; and ſo ſet the ſcholar at liberty, who went directly to his comrades, that by this time were making merry with the money they had ſold the aſs for: But the old fellow was forced to go the next day to ſeek for a new one in the fair, and after having looked on ſeveral, his own was ſhewn him for a very good one: *Oh! oh!* ſaid he, *what! have he and his father quarrelled again already? No, no, I'll have nothing to ſay to him.*

104. A certain lady at Whitehall, of great quality, but very little modeſty, having ſent for a linen-draper to bring her ſome *Hollands*; as ſoon as the young fellow entered the room, *Oh! Sir*, ſaid ſhe, *I find you're a man fit for buſineſs, for you no ſooner look a lady in the face, but you've the* yard *in one hand, and are lifting up the linen with the other.*

105. A country farmer going croſs his grounds in the duſk of the evening, eſpy'd a young fellow and laſs very buſy near a five-bar gate, in one of his fields, and calling to them to know what they were about, ſaid the young man, *No harm, farmer, we are only going to* prop-a-gate.

106. King Charles II. being prevailed upon by one of his courtiers to knight a very worthleſs fellow, of a mean aſpect; when he was going to lay the ſword upon his ſhoulder, the new knight drew a little back, and hung down his head, as out of countenance? *Don't be aſham'd*, ſaid the king, *'tis I have moſt reaſon to be aſham'd.*

107. King Henry VIII. deſigning to ſend a nobleman on an embaſſy to Francis I. at a very dangerous juncture, he

he begged to be excus'd, ſaying ſuch a threatening meſſage to ſo hot a prince as Francis I. might go near to coſt him his life. Fear not, ſaid old Harry, if the French king ſhould offer to take away your life, I would revenge you by taking off the heads of many Frenchmen now in my power. *But of all theſe heads*, replied the nobleman, *there may not be one to fit my ſhoulders.*

108. A prince laughing at one of his courtiers, whom he had employ'd in ſeveral embaſſies, told him, He look'd like an owl. *I know not*, anſwer'd the courtier, *what I look like; but this I know, that I have had the honour ſeveral times to repreſent your* majeſty's perſon.

109. A country fellow, who was juſt come to London, gaping about in every ſhop he came to, at laſt look'd into a ſcrivener's, where ſeeing only one man ſitting at a deſk, he could not imagine what commodity was ſold there; but calling to the clerk, Pray, Sir, ſaid he, what do you ſell here? *Loggerheads*, cried the other. *Do you?* anſwer'd the countryman, *Egad then you've a ſpecial trade, for I ſee you have but one left.*

110. Manners, who was himſelf but lately made earl of Rutland, told Sir Thomas More, He was too much elated by his preferment; that he verify'd the old proverb,

Honores mutant Mores.

No, my lord, ſaid Sir Thomas, the pun will do much better in Engliſh,

Honours change MANNERS.

111. A nobleman having choſen a very illiterate perſon for his library-keeper, one ſaid *It was like a Seraglio, keep by an eunuch.*

112. When Sir Cloudeſly Shovel ſet out on his laſt expedition, there was a form of prayer compoſed by the archbiſhop of Canterbury, for the ſucceſs of the fleet, in which his grace made uſe of this unlucky expreſſion, *That he begged God would be a rock of defence to the fleet*; which occaſioned the following lines to be made upon the monument ſet up for him in Weſtminſter-Abbey, he being caſt away in that expedition, on the rocks called, *The Biſhop and his Clerks:*

As

As Lambeth pray'd, *ſuch was the dire event,*
Elſe had we wanted now this monument;
That God unto our fleet would be a rock,
Nor did kind Heav'n the wiſe petition mock:
To what the Metropolitan *ſaid then,*
The Biſhop and his Clerks *reply'd,* Amen.

113. A poor dirty ſhoe-boy going into a church, one Sunday evening, and ſeeing the pariſh boys ſtanding in a row upon a bench to be catechized, he gets up himſelf, and ſtands in the very firſt place; ſo the parſon of courſe beginning with him, aſked him, *What is your name?* Rugged and Tough, anſwer'd he; *Who gave you that name?* ſays Domine: *Why the boys in our alley,* reply'd poor *Rugged and Tough, the Lord d—mn 'em.*

114. A mayor of Yarmouth, in ancient times, being by his office a juſtice of the peace, and one who was willing to diſpenſe the laws wiſely, tho' he could hardly read, got him the ſtatute-book, where finding a law againſt *firing a beacon,* or cauſing any *beacon* to be fir'd, after nine of the clock at night; the poor man read it, *frying bacon, or cauſing any bacon to be fry'd*; and accordingly went out the next night upon the *ſcent,* and being directed by his *noſe* to the carrier's houſe, he found the man and his wife both *frying bacon,* the huſband holding the pan while the wife turn'd it: Being thus caught in the fact, and having nothing to ſay for themſelves, his worſhip committed them both to jail, without bail or mainprize.

115. The late facetious Mr. Spiller, being at the rehearſal, on a Saturday morning, the time when the actors are uſually paid, was aſking another, Whether Mr. Wood, the treaſurer of the houſe, had any thing to ſay to them that morning: No, faith, Jemmy, replied the other, I'm afraid there's no *cole,* which is a cant word for money. *By G—d,* ſaid Spiller, *if there's no* cole, *we muſt burn* Wood.

116. A witty knave coming into a lace-ſhop upon Ludgate-Hill, ſaid, He had occaſion for a ſmall quantity of very fine lace, and having pitched upon that he liked, aſk'd the woman of the ſhop, how much ſhe would have for as much as would reach from one of his ears to the other, and meaſure which way ſhe pleaſed, either over his head, or under his chin: After ſome words they agreed, and he

paid the money down, and began to meaſure, ſaying, *One of my ears is here, and the other is nailed to the pillory in Briſtol, therefore I fear you have not enough to make good your bargain; however, I will take this piece in part, and deſire you will provide the reſt with all expedition.*

117. A prodigal gallant, whoſe penurious mother being lately dead, and had left him a plentiful eſtate, one day being upon his frolicks, quarrelled with his coachman, and ſaid, *You damn'd ſon of a whore, I'll kick you into Hell. Will you*, reply'd the coachman, *then when I come there I'll tell your mother how extravagantly you are ſpending your eſtate upon earth.*

118. A Venetian ambaſſador going to the court of Rome, paſſed through Florence, where he went to pay his reſpects to the late duke of Tuſcany. The duke complaining to him of the ambaſſador the ſtate of Venice had ſent him, as a man very unworthy of his public character, *Your highneſs*, ſaid he, *muſt not wonder at it; for we have many idle pates at Venice. So have we*, reply'd the duke, *in Florence, but we don't ſend them to treat on public affairs.*

119. A beggar aſking alms under the name of a poor ſcholar, a gentleman to whom he apply'd himſelf, aſked him a queſtion in Latin. The fellow ſhaking his head, ſaid, He did not underſtand him: Why, ſaid the gentleman, did not you ſay you were a poor ſcholar? *Yes*, reply'd the other, *a poor one indeed, Sir, for I do not underſtand one word of Latin.*

120. A parſon preaching a tireſome ſermon on *happineſs*, or *bliſs*; when he had done, a gentleman told him, he had forgot one ſort of happineſs: *Happy are they that did not hear your ſermon.*

121. A lady's age happening to be queſtion'd, ſhe affirm'd ſhe was but *forty*, and call'd upon a gentleman, who was in company, for his opinion: Couſin, ſaid ſhe, do you believe I am in the right, when I ſay I am but *forty?* I am ſure, madam, reply'd he, I ought not to diſpute it; for I have conſtantly heard you ſay ſo for above theſe *ten years*.

122. It being prov'd on a trial at Guild Hall, that a man's name was really Inch, who pretended it was Linch, *I ſee*, ſaid the judge, *the old proverb is verified in this man, who being allowed an* Inch *has taken an* L.

123. A

123. A certain perſon came to a cardinal in Rome, and told him, That he had brought his eminence a dainty white *palfry*, but he fell lame by the way: Why then, ſaid the cardinal to him, I'll tell thee what thou ſhalt do; go to ſuch a cardinal, and ſuch a one, naming half a dozen, and tell them the ſame; and ſo as thy horſe, if it had been *found*, could have pleaſed but *one*, with this *lame horſe* thou ſhalt pleaſe half a dozen.

124. The emperor Auguſtus being ſhewn a young Grecian, who very much reſembled him, aſked the young man, if his *mother* had not been at Rome? No, Sir, anſwered the Grecian, but my *father* has.

125. Cato, the cenſor, being aſk'd, How it came to paſs, that he had no ſtatue erected for him, who had ſo well deſerved of the common-wealth? I had rather, ſaid he, have this queſtion aſk'd, than *Why I had one?*

126. A lady coming into a room haſtily, with her Mantua bruſh'd down a Cremona fiddle, that lay on a chair, and broke it; upon which, a gentleman that was preſent, burſt into this exclamation from Virgil:

Mantua *væ miſeræ nimium vicina* Cremona.

Ah! miſerable Mantua, *too near a neighbour to* Cremona.

127. George Ch—n, who was always accounted a very blunt ſpeaker, aſking a young lady, one day, What it was o'clock? She told him her watch *ſtood: I don't wonder at that, madam, ſaid he, when it is ſo near your* ——.

128. A modeſt gentlewoman being compelled by her mother to accuſe her huſband of inſufficiency, and being in the court, ſhe humbly deſired of the judge, that ſhe might write her mind, and not be obliged to ſpeak it, for modeſty's ſake: The judge gave her that liberty, and the clerk was immediately ordered to give her pen, ink, and paper; whereupon ſhe took the pen without dipping it into the ink, and made as if ſhe would write. Says the clerk to her, madam, there's no ink in your pen. *Truly, Sir*, ſays ſhe, *that's juſt my caſe, and therefore I need not explain myſelf any further.*

129. A lieutenant-colonel to one of the Iriſh regiments in the French ſervice, being diſpatched by the duke of Berwick, from Fort-Keil, to the king of France, with a complaint relating to ſome irregularities that had happen'd

in

in the regiment; his majeſty, with ſome emotion of mind, told him, that the Iriſh troops gave him more uneaſineſs than all his forces beſides. *Sir*, ſays the officer, *all your majeſty's enemies make the ſame complaint.*

130. Mr. G—n, the ſurgeon, being ſent for to a gentleman who had juſt received a ſlight wound in a rencounter, gave orders to his ſervant to go home with all haſte imaginable, and fetch a certain plaiſter; the patient turning a little pale, *Lord, Sir*, ſaid he, *I hope there is no danger? Yes, indeed is there*, anſwered the ſurgeon, *for if the fellow don't ſet up a good pair of heels, the wound will heal before he returns.*

131. Not many years ago, a certain temporal peer having, in a moſt pathetic and elegant ſpeech, expoſed the vices and irregularities of the clergy, and vindicated the gentlemen of the army from ſome imputations unjuſtly thrown upon them: A prelate, irritated at the nature, as well as at the length of the ſpeech, deſired to know when the noble lord would leave off preaching? The other anſwer'd, *The very day he was made a biſhop.*

132. It chanced that a merchant ſhip was ſo violently toſſed in a ſtorm at ſea, that all, deſpairing of ſafety, betook themſelves to prayer, ſaving one mariner, who was ever wiſhing to ſee two *ſtars*: Oh! ſaid he, that I could ſee two *ſtars*, or but one of the two; and of theſe words he made ſo frequent repetition, that diſturbing the meditations of the reſt, at length one aſked him, what two ſtars, or what one ſtar he meant? To whom he replyed, *O! that I could ſee the* Star *in Cheapſide, or the* Star *in Coleman-Street, I care not which.*

133. A country fellow ſubpœna'd for a witneſs upon a trial on an action for defamation; he being ſworn, the judge bade him repeat the very ſame words he had heard ſpoken: The fellow was loth to ſpeak, and humm'd and haw'd for a good ſpace; but being urged by the judge, he at laſt ſpoke: *My lord*, ſaid he, *you're a cuckold:* The judge, ſeeing the people begin to laugh, call'd to him, and bad him ſpeak to the jury, *there were twelve of them.*

134. A courtier, who was a confidant in the amours of Henry IV. of France, obtained a grant from the king, for the diſpatch whereof he apply'd himſelf to the lord high chancellor; who finding ſome obſtacle in it, the courtier ſtill inſiſted upon it, and would not allow of any impe-

impediment. *Que chacun ſe mele de ſon metier*, ſaid the chancellor to him; that is, *Let every one meddle with his own buſineſs.* The courtier imagining he reflected upon him for his pimping: My employment, ſaid he, is ſuch, that if the king was twenty years younger, I would not exchange it for three of your's.

135. A young fellow in the country, after having an affair with a girl in the neighbourhood, cried, What ſhall we do, Beſs, if you prove with child? Oh! very well, ſaid ſhe, for I'm to be married tomorrow.

136. A gentleman ſaying one day at table, that he could not endure a breaſt of mutton: You ſaid ſo the other day, cried another, of a breaſt of veal. Very true, anſwered the firſt, I do not love the breaſt of any thing but of a woman, and that goes againſt my *ſtomach.*

137. A gentleman in the country having the misfortune to have his wife hang herſelf on an apple-tree, a neighbour of his came to him, and begged he would give him a cyon of that tree, that he might graft it upon one in his own orchard; *For who knows*, ſaid he, *but it may bear the ſame fruit?*

138. A gentlewoman who thought her ſervants always cheated her when they went to Billingſgate to buy fiſh, was reſolved to go thither one day herſelf; and aſking the price of ſome fiſh, which ſhe thought too dear, ſhe bid the fiſh-wife about half what ſhe aſk'd. Lord, madam, ſaid the woman, I muſt have ſtole it to ſell it at that price; but you ſhall have it, if you will tell me what you do to make your hands look ſo white. Nothing, good woman, anſwered the gentlewoman, but wear *dog-ſkin gloves. D—n you for a lying b—h*, replied another, *my huſband has worn* dog-ſkin breeches *theſe ten years, and his —— is as brown as a nutmeg.*

139. Dr. Heylin, a noted author, eſpecially for his *Coſmography*, happening one day to loſe his way going to Oxford, in the foreſt of Whichwood, being then attended by one of his brother's men, the man earneſtly entreated him to lead the way; but the doctor telling him he did not know it: *How!* ſaid the fellow, *that's very ſtrange, that you who have made a book of the whole world, cannot find the way of this little wood.*

140. Monſieur Vaugelas having obtained a penſion from the French king, by the intereſt of cardinal Richlieu, the

cardinal told him, he hoped he would not forget the word *penſion* in his dictionary. No, my lord, ſaid Vaugelas, nor the word *gratitude*.

141. A melting ſermon being preach'd in a country church, all fell a weeping but one man, who being aſk'd, Why he did not weep with the reſt? *Oh!* ſaid he, *I belong to another pariſh.*

142. A gentlewoman growing big with child, who had two gallants, one of them with a wooden leg, the queſtion was put, which of the two ſhould father the child? He who had the wooden leg offer'd to decide it thus; *If the child*, ſays he, *comes into the world with a wooden leg, I will father it, if not, it muſt be yours.*

143. A gentleman who had been out a ſhooting, brought home a ſmall bird with him, and having an Iriſh ſervant, he aſk'd him if he had ſhot that little bird? Yes, he told him. *Arrah! by my ſhoul, honey*, reply'd the Iriſhman, *it was not worth powder and ſhot; for this little thing wou'd have* died in the fall.

144. The ſame Iriſhman being at a tavern where the cook was dreſſing ſome carp, he obſerv'd that ſome of the fiſh mov'd after they were gutted and put in the pan, which very much ſurpriſing Teague; *Well now, faith*, ſaid he, *of all the Chriſtian creatures that ever I ſaw, this ſame carp will live the longeſt after it is dead.*

145. A gentleman happening to turn up againſt a houſe to make water, did not ſee two young ladies looking out of a window cloſe by, till he heard them gigling; then looking towards them, he aſk'd, What made them ſo merry? Oh! Lord, ſaid one of them, *a very little thing* will make us laugh.

146. A gentleman hearing a parſon preach upon the ſtory of the children being devoured by the two *ſhe bears* who revil'd the old man, and not much liking his ſermon, ſome time after ſeeing the ſame parſon come into the pulpit to preach at another church, *Oh, oh!* ſaid he, *what are you here with your bears again?*

147. A young fellow riding down a ſteep hill, and doubting the foot of it was boggiſh, call'd out to a clown that was ditching, and aſk'd him if it was hard at the bottom. Ay, anſwer'd the countryman, it is hard enough at the bottom, I'll warrant you: But in half a dozen ſteps the horſe ſunk up to the ſaddle ſkirts, which made the young gallant whip,

whip, ſpur, curſe, and ſwear. Why thou whoreſon raſcal, ſaid he to the ditcher, didſt thou not tell me it was hard at the bottom? *Ay*, replied the other, *but you are not half way to the bottom yet.*

148. It was ſaid of one that remember'd every thing that he lent, but nothing that he borrow'd, that *he had loſt half his memory.*

149. One ſpeaking of *Titus Oates*, ſaid, he was a villain in *grain*, and deſerv'd to be *well threſh'd.*

150. It was ſaid of Henry Duke of Guiſe, that he was the greateſt uſurer in all France, for he turn'd all his eſtate into *obligations*; meaning he had ſold and mortgag'd his patrimony, to make preſents to other men.

151. An Engliſhman and a Welchman diſputing in whoſe country was the beſt living; ſaid the Welchman, There is ſuch noble houſe-keeping in Wales, that I have known above a dozen cooks employ'd at one wedding dinner. *Ay*, anſwer'd the Engliſhman, *that was becauſe every man toaſted his own cheeſe.*

152. The late Sir Godfrey Kneller had always a great contempt, I will not pretend to ſay how juſtly, for Jervais the painter; and being one day about twenty miles from London, one of his ſervants told him at dinner, That there was Mr. Jervais come that day into the ſame town with a coach and four. *Ay*, ſaid Sir Godfrey, *if his horſes draw no better than himſelf, they'll never carry him to town again.*

153. Some women ſpeaking of the pains of child-birth, For my part, ſaid one of them, it is leſs trouble to me, than to ſwallow a poach'd egg; Then ſure, madam, anſwer'd another, your *throat* is very narrow.

154 A gentleman aſk'd Nanny Rochford, Why the *Whigs*, in their mourning for queen Anne, all wore ſilk ſtockings? *Becauſe*, ſaid ſhe, *the Tories were* worſted.

155. A counſellor pleading at the bar with ſpectacles on, who was blind with one eye, ſaid he would produce nothing but what was *ad rem*. *Then*, ſaid one of the adverſe party, *you muſt take out one of the glaſſes of your ſpectacles, which I am ſure is of no uſe.*

156. The famous Tom Thynne, who was very remarkable for his good houſekeeping and hoſpitality, ſtanding one day at his gate in the country, a beggar coming up to him, cry'd, he begg'd his worſhip would give him a

mug of his ſmall beer. *Why, how now*, ſaid he, *what times are theſe, when beggars muſt be chooſers! I ſay, bring this fellow a mug of ſtrong beer.*

157. It was ſaid of a perſon, who always eat at other people's tables, and was a great *railer*, That he never open'd his mouth but to ſomebody's coſt.

158. Pope Sixtus Quintus, who was a poor man's ſon, and his father's houſe ill thatch'd, ſo that the ſun came in at many places of it, would himſelf make a jeſt of his birth, and ſay, *That he was* nato di caſa illuſtre, *ſon of an illuſtrious houſe.*

159. Diogenes begging, as was the cuſtom among many philoſophers, aſk'd a prodigal man for more than any one elſe; whereupon one ſaid to him, *I ſee your buſineſs, that when you find a liberal mind, you will make the moſt of him. No*, ſaid Diogenes, *but I mean to beg of the reſt again.*

160. A gentleman ſpeaking of his ſervant, ſaid, *I believe I command more than any man; for before my ſervant will obey me in any thing, I muſt command him ten times over.*

161. A poor fellow who was carrying to execution, had a reprieve juſt as he came to the gallows, and was carried back by a ſheriff's officer, who told him he was a happy fellow, and aſk'd him, if he knew nothing of the reprieve before-hand? *No*, reply'd the fellow, *nor thought any more of it, than I did of my dying-day.*

162. A Spaniſh lady reading in a French romance, a long converſation between two lovers; *What a deal of wit*, ſaid ſhe, *is here thrown away, when two lovers are got together by themſelves, and nobody by.*

163. Two very honeſt gentlemen, who dealt in brooms, meeting one day in the ſtreet, one aſk'd the other, How the devil he could afford to under-ſell him every where as he did, when he ſtole the ſtuff, and made the brooms himſelf? *Why, you ſilly dog*, anſwered the other, *I ſteal them ready made.*

164. An Iriſhman, admiring the ſtately fabrick of St. Paul's, aſk'd, *whether it was made in England, or brought from beyond ſea?*

165. Fabricius, the Roman conſul, ſhew'd a great nobleneſs of mind, when the phyſician of king Pyrrhus made him a propoſal to poiſon his maſter, by ſending the phyſician back to Pyrrhus, with theſe memorable words; *Learn, O King,*

O king, to make better choice both of thy friends and of thy foes.

166. A lady who had generally a pretty many intrigues upon her hands, not liking her brother's extravagant paſſion for play, aſked him, when he deſigned to leave off *gaming? When you ceaſe loving*, ſaid he; *Then*, replied the lady, *you are like to continue a gameſter as long as you live.*

167. A ſoldier was bragging before Julius Cæſar of the wounds he had received in his face. Cæſar, knowing him to be a coward, told him, *He had beſt take heed the next time he ran away, how he looked back.*

168. The Trojans ſending ambaſſadors to condole with Tiberius, upon the death of his father-in-law Auguſtus, it was ſo long after, that the emperor hardly thought it a compliment; but told them he was likewiſe ſorry, that they had loſt ſo valiant a knight as Hector, who was ſlain above a thouſand years before.

169. Cato Major uſed to ſay, *That wiſe men learnt more from fools, than fools from wiſe men.*

170. A *braggadocia* chancing, upon an occaſion, to run away full ſpeed, was aſked by one, What was become of that courage he uſed ſo much to talk of? *It is got*, ſaid he, *all into my heels.*

171. Somebody aſked my lord Bacon what he thought of poets? *Why*, ſaid he, *I think them the very beſt writers next to thoſe who write in proſe.*

172. A profligate young nobleman, being in company with ſome ſober people, deſired leave to toaſt the devil. The gentleman, who ſat next to him, ſaid, *He had no objection to any of his lordſhip's friends.*

173. A Scotſman was very angry with an Engliſh gentleman, who he ſaid had abuſed him, and called him, *falſe Scot. Indeed*, ſaid the Engliſhman, *I ſaid no ſuch thing, but that you were a true Scot.*

174. Curll, the bookſeller, being under examination at the bar of the houſe of lords, for publiſhing the Poſthumous Works of the late duke of Buckingham, without leave of the family, told their lordſhips in his defence, *That if the duke was living, he was ſure he would readily pardon the offence.*

175. A gentleman ſaid of a young wench, who conſtantly plied about the Temple, that if ſhe had as much law

in her *head* as ſhe had in her *tail*, ſhe would be one of the ableſt *counſel* in England.

176. Mr. E——ll——s, the painter, having finiſh'd a very good picture of Fig the prize-fighter, who had been famous in getting the better of ſeveral Iriſhmen of the ſame profeſſion, the piece was ſhewn to old Johnſon the player, who was told at the ſame time, that Mr. E——ll——s deſigned to have a metzotinto print taken from it, but wanted a motto to be put under it. Then, ſaid old Johnſon, I'll give you one; *A* Fig *for the Iriſh.*

177. Some gentlemen going into a bawdy-houſe tavern at Charing Croſs, found great fault with the wine, and ſending for the maſter of the houſe, told him it was ſad ſtuff, and very *weak*. *It may be ſo*, ſaid he, *for my trade don't depend upon the ſtrength of my wine, but on that of my tables and chairs.*

178. A gentleman coming to an Inn in Smithfield, and ſeeing the oſtler expert and tractable about the horſes, aſk'd how long he had liv'd there, and what countryman he was. *I'ſe Yerkſhire*, ſaid the fellow, *an ha lived ſixteen years here. I wonder*, replied the gentleman, *that in ſo long a time, ſo clever a fellow as you ſeem to be, have not come to be maſter of the inn yourſelf. Ay*, anſwered the oſtler, *but maiſter's Yerkſhire too.*

179. The late colonel Chartres reflecting on his ill life and character, told a certain nobleman, That if ſuch a thing as a good name was to be purchaſed, he would freely give 10,000 pounds for one. The nobleman ſaid, It would certainly be the worſt money he ever laid out in his life. Why ſo, ſaid the *honeſt* colonel? *Becauſe*, anſwered the lord, *you would forfeit it again in leſs than a week.*

180. A ſeedy, poor, half-pay captain, who was much given to blabbing every thing he heard, was told, There was but one ſecret in the world he could keep, and that was, *where he lodg'd.*

181. Jack M——n going one day into the apartments in St. James's, found a lady of his acquaintance ſitting in one of the windows, who very courteouſly aſk'd him to ſit down by her, telling him there was a place. *No, madam*, ſaid he, *I do not come to court for a place.*

If the gentle reader ſhould have a deſire to repeat this ſtory, let him not make the ſame blunder that a certain Engliſh-

Engliſh-Iriſh fooliſh lord did, who made the lady aſk Jack to ſit down by her, telling him there was *room.*

182. A certain lady of quality ſending her Iriſh footman to fetch home a pair of new ſtays, ſtrictly charged him to take coach if it rained, for fear of wetting them: But a great ſhower of rain falling, the fellow returned with the ſtays dropping wet; and being ſeverely reprimanded for not doing as he was ordered, he ſaid, he had obeyed his orders. How then, anſwered the lady, could the ſtays be wet, if you took them into the coach with you? *No,* replied honeſt Teague, *I know my place better, I did not go into the coach, but rode behind, as I always uſed to do.*

183. Tom Warner, the late publiſher of news papers and pamphlets, being very near his end, a gentlewoman in the neighbourhood ſending her maid to enquire how he did, he bid the girl tell her miſtreſs, That he hop'd he was going to the New Jeruſalem. *Ay, dear Sir,* ſaid ſhe, *I dare ſay the air of Iſlington would do you more good.*

184. A perſon ſaid, The Scotch were certainly the beſt trained up for ſoldiers of any people in the world; for they began to *handle their arms* almoſt as ſoon as they were born.

185. A woman once proſecuted a gentleman for a rape: Upon the trial, the judge aſked her if ſhe made any reſiſtance. *I cry'd out, an pleaſe you, my lord. Ay,* ſaid one of the witneſſes, *but that was nine months after.*

186. A young lady, who had been married but a ſhort time, ſeeing her huſband going to riſe pretty early in the morning, ſaid, What, my dear, are you getting up already? Pray lie a little longer and reſt yourſelf. *No, my dear,* replied the huſband, *I'll get up and reſt myſelf.*

187. The deputies of Rochelle attending to ſpeak with Henry the Fourth of France, met with a phyſician who had renounced the Proteſtant religion, and embraced the Popiſh communion, whom they began to revile moſt grievouſly. The king hearing of it, told the deputies, he adviſed them to change their religion too; *For it is a dangerous ſymptom,* ſaid he, *that your religion is not long liv'd, when a phyſician has given it over.*

188. A Weſtminſter juſtice taking coach in the city, and being ſet down at Young Man's Coffee-houſe, Charing Croſs, the driver demanded eighteen-pence as his fare. The juſtice aſk'd him, if he would ſwear that the ground came

to

to the money. The man ſaid, He would take his oath on't. The juſtice replied, *Friend, I'm a magiſtrate*; and pulling the book out of his pocket, adminiſtred the oath, and then gave the fellow his ſix-pence, ſaying, *He muſt reſerve the ſhilling to himſelf for the affidavit.*

189. A countryman paſſing along the Strand, ſaw a coach over-turned, and aſking what the matter was, he was told, That three or four members of parliament were over-turned in that coach. Oh, ſays he, there let them be, my father always adviſed me not to meddle with ſtate affairs.

190. One ſaying that Mr. Dennis was an excellent critic, was anſwered, That indeed his writings were much to be valued; for that by his criticiſm he taught men how to write well; and by his poetry ſhew'd them what it was to write ill; ſo that the world was ſure to edify by him.

191. The late earl of S——— kept an Iriſh footman, who, perhaps, was as expert in making bulls as the moſt learned of his countrymen. My lord having ſent him one day with a preſent to a certain judge, the judge in return ſent my lord half a dozen live partridges with a letter; the partridges fluttering in the baſket upon Teague's back, as he was carrying them home, he ſet down the baſket, and opened the lid of it to quiet them, whereupon they all flew away. Oh! the devil burn ye, ſaid he, I am glad you are gone; but when he came home, and my lord had read the letter, Why, Teague, ſaid my lord, *I find* there are half a dozen partridges in the letter; Now, arrah, dear honey, ſaid Teague, I am glad you have found them in the *letter*, for they are all *loſt* out of the baſket.

192. The ſame nobleman going out one day, called Teague to the ſide of his chariot, and bade him tell Mr. Such-a-one, if he came, that he ſhould be at home at dinner. But when my lord was got acroſs the ſquare in which he lived, Teague came puffing after him, and calling to the coachman to ſtop; upon which my lord, pulling the ſtring, deſired to know what Teague wanted; My lord, ſaid he, you bade me tell Mr. Such-a-one, if he came, that you would dine at home; *but what muſt I ſay if he don't come?*

193. A drunken fellow carrying his wife's Bible to pawn for a quartern of gin to the ale-houſe, the man of

of the houſe refuſed to take it. *What a pox*, ſaid the fellow, *will neither my own word nor the word of God paſs with you?*

194. A certain juſtice of the peace, that was not far from Clerkenwell, in the firſt year of king George I. when the fellow, whom he hired to officiate as his clerk, was reading a mittimus to him, coming to *Anno Domini* 1714, *How now*, ſaid he with ſome warmth, *and why not* Georgio Domini? *ſure you forgot yourſelf ſtrangely.*

195. A little daſtardly half-witted ſquire being once ſurprized by his rival in his miſtreſs's chamber, of whom he was ſorely afraid, deſired, for God's ſake, to be concealed; but there being no cloſet or bed in the room, nor, indeed, any place proper to hold him, but an Indian cheſt the lady put her cloaths in, they lock'd him in there. His man being in the ſame danger with himſelf, ſaid, rather than fail, he would creep under the maid's petticoats, *Oh, you ſilly dog*, ſays his maſter, *that's the commoneſt place in the houſe.*

196. The lord N——th and G—y, when Mrs. Rogers the actreſs was young and handſome, uſed to dangle after her; and one night being behind the ſcenes, ſtanding with his arms folded in the poſture of a deſponding lover, aſk'd her, with a ſigh, *What was a cure for love? Your lordſhip*, ſaid ſhe; *the beſt in the world.*

197. A young fellow praiſing his miſtreſs before a very amorous acquaintance of his, after having run through moſt of her charms, he came at length to her majeſtic gait, fine air, and delicate ſlender waiſt: Hold, ſays his friend, go no lower, if you love me. *But by your leave*, ſays the other, *I hope to go lower if ſhe loves me.*

198. The old lord Strangford taking a bottle with the parſon of the pariſh, was commending his own wine: Here, doctor, ſaid he, I can ſend a couple of ho-ho-hounds to Fra-Fra-France (for his lordſhip had a great impediment in his ſpeech) and have a ho-ho-hogs-head of wine for them: What do you ſay to that, doctor? Why, replied he, I ſay, that your lordſhip has your wine *dog cheap.*

199. In eighty-eight, when queen Elizabeth went from Temple-Bar along Fleet-ſtreet on ſome proceſſion, the lawyers were ranged on one ſide of the way, and the citizens on the other; ſays the lord Bacon, then a ſtudent, to a lawyer that ſtood next to him, *Do but obſerve the courtiers;*

if

if they bow firſt to the citizens, they are in debt: If to us, they are in law.

200. Some gentlemen having a hare for ſupper at a tavern, the cook, inſtead of a pudding, had crammed the belly full of thyme, but had not above half roaſted the hare, the legs being almoſt raw; which one of the company obſerving, ſaid, There was too much thyme (time) in the belly, and too little in the legs.

201. Two countrymen, who had never ſeen a Play in their lives, nor had any notion of it, went to the theatre in Drury-Lane, when they placed themſelves ſnug in the corner of the middle-gallery; the firſt muſic played, which they liked well enough; then the ſecond and third, to their great ſatisfaction: At length the curtain drew up, and three or four actors entered to begin the Play; upon which one of the countrymen cried to the other, *Come, Hodge, let's be going, ma hap the gentlemen are talking about buſineſs.*

202. Two inſeparable comrades in the guards in Flanders, had every thing in common between them. One of them being an extravagant fellow, and unfit to be truſted with money, the other was always purſe bearer, which yet he gained little by, for the former would at night frequently pick his pocket to the laſt ſtiver; to prevent which, he bethought himſelf of a ſtratagem; and coming among his companions the next day, he told them he had bit his comrade. *Ay, how?* ſaid they. *Why*, replied he, *I hid my money in his own pocket laſt night, and I am ſure he would never look for it there.*

203. The famous Sir George Rooke, when he was a captain of marines, was quartered at a village where he buried a pretty many of his men; at length the parſon refuſed to perform the ceremony of their interment any more, unleſs he was paid for it; which being told captain Rooke, he ordered ſix men of his company to carry the corpſe of the ſoldier then dead, and lay him upon the parſon's hall-table. This ſo embarraſſed the prieſt, that he ſent the captain word, *If he would fetch the man away, he would bury him and all his company for nothing.*

204. A reverend and charitable divine, for the benefit of the country where he reſided, cauſed a large cauſeway to be begun: And as he was one day overlooking the work, a certain nobleman came by; *Well, doctor*, ſaid he,

for

for all your great pains and charity, I don't take this to be the highway to Heaven. Very true, my lord, replied the doctor, *for if it had, I ſhould have wondered to have met your lordſhip here.*

205. Two Jeſuits having packed together an innumerable parcel of miraculous lies, a perſon who heard them, without taking upon him to contradict them, told them one of his own: That at St. Alban's there was a ſtone ciſtern, in which water was always preſerved for the uſe of that ſaint; and that ever ſince, if a ſwine ſhould eat out of it, he would inſtantly die. The Jeſuits hugging themſelves at the ſtory, ſet out the next day to St. Alban's, where they found themſelves miſerably deceived. On their return, they upbraided the perſon with telling them ſo monſtrous a ſtory. *Look ye there now,* ſaid he, *you told me a hundred lies t'other night, and I had more breeding than to contradict you; I told you but one, and you have rid twenty miles to confute me, which is very uncivil.*

206. A Welſhman and an Engliſhman vapouring one day at the fruitfulneſs of their countries, the Engliſhman ſaid, There was a cloſe near the town where he was born, which was ſo very fertile, that if a Kiboo was thrown in over night, it would be ſo covered with graſs, that it ſhould be difficult to find it the next day. *Splut,* ſays the *Welſhman, what's that? There's a cloſe where hur was born, where you may put your horſe in over night, and not be able to find him next morning.*

207. A country fellow in Charles the Second's time, ſelling his load of hay in the Haymarket, two gentlemen, who came out of the Blue Poſts, were talking of affairs; one ſaid, that things did not go right, the king had been at the houſe, and *prorogued* the parliament. The countryman coming home, was aſked, What news in London? *Odd's heart,* ſaid he, *there's ſomething to do there; the king has, it ſeems,* berogued *the parliament ſadly.*

208. A wild young Gentleman having married a very diſcreet, virtuous, young lady, the better to reclaim him, ſhe cauſed it to be given out, at his return from his travels, that ſhe was dead, and had been buried; in the mean time, ſhe had ſo placed herſelf in diſguiſe, as to be able to obſerve how he took the news; and finding him ſtill the ſame gay, inconſtant man, he always had been, ſhe appeared to him

as

as the ghoſt of herſelf, at which he ſeemed not at all diſmayed; at length, diſcloſing herſelf to him, he then appeared pretty much ſurprized; a perſon by ſaid, *Why, Sir, you ſeem more afraid now than before.* *Ay*, replied he, *moſt men are more afraid of a living wife than of a dead one.*

209. An under officer of the cuſtoms at the port of Liverpool, running heedleſsly along the ſhip's gunnel, happened to tip over board, and was drown'd; being ſoon after taken up, the Coroner's jury was ſummoned to ſit upon the body. One of the jurymen returning home, was called to by an alderman of the town, and aſked, what verdict they brought in, and whether they found it *Felo de ſe? Ay, ay*, ſays the juryman, ſhaking his noddle, *he fell into the ſea, ſure enough.*

210. One loſing a bag of money of about 50 l. between the Temple-Gate and Temple-Bar, fixed a paper up, offering 10 l. reward to thoſe who took it up, and ſhould return it; upon which the perſon that had it, came and writ underneath to the following effect; *Sir, I thank you, but you really bid me to my loſs.*

211. Two brothers coming once to be executed for ſome enormous crime, the eldeſt was turned off firſt, without ſpeaking one word; the other mounting the ladder, began to harangue the crowd, whoſe ears were attentively open to hear him, expecting ſome confeſſion from him. *Good people*, ſays he, *my brother hangs before my face, and you ſee what a lamentable ſpectacle he makes; in a few moments I ſhall be turned off too, and then you will ſee a pair of ſpectacles.*

212. It was an uſual ſaying of king Charles II. that ſailors got their money like horſes, and ſpent it like aſſes. The following ſtory is ſomewhat an inſtance of it; one ſailor coming to ſee another on pay-day, deſired to borrow twenty ſhillings of him. The monied man fell to telling out the ſum in ſhillings, but a half-crown thruſting its head in, put him out, and he began to tell again; but then an impertinent crown-piece was as officious as his half brother had been, and again interrupted the tale; ſo that taking up a handful of ſilver, he cried, Here, Jack, give me a handful when your ſhip's paid; *what a pox ſignifies counting it?*

213. A

213. A perſon enquiring what became of Such-a-one? Oh, dear, ſays one of the company, poor fellow, he died inſolvent, and was buried by the pariſh. Died *inſolvent*, cries another, that's a lie, for he died in *England*. *I am ſure I was at his burying.*

214. A humorous countryman having bought a barn in partnerſhip with a neighbour of his, neglected to make the leaſt uſe of it, whilſt the other had plentifully ſtor'd his part with corn and hay. In a little time the latter came to him, and conſcientiouſly expoſtulated with him about laying out his money ſo fruitleſsly. *Pray neighbour*, ſays he, *ne'er trouble your head, you may do what you will with your part of the barn, but I will ſet mine on fire.*

215. An Iriſhman, whom king Charles II. had ſome reſpect for, being only an inferior ſervant of the houſhold, one day coming into the king's preſence, his majeſty aſk'd him, How his wife did? who had juſt before been cut for a *fiſtula* on her backſide. I humbly thank your majeſty, replied Teague, ſhe's like to do well, but the ſurgeon ſays, *It will be an eye-ſore as long as ſhe lives.*

216. A young gentlewoman, who had married a very wild ſpark, that had run through a plentiful fortune, and was reduced to ſome ſtraights, was innocently ſaying to him one day, *My dear, I want ſome ſhifts ſadly. D——me, madam*, replied he, *how can that be, when we make ſo many every day?*

217. A fellow once ſtanding in the pillory at Temple-Bar, it occaſion'd a ſtop, ſo that a carman with a load of cheeſes had much ado to paſs; and driving juſt up to the pillory, he aſk'd, What that was that was wrote over the perſon's head? They told him, it was a paper to ſignify his crime, that he ſtood there for *forgery*. Ay, ſaid he, What is *forgery?* They anſwer'd him, That *forgery* was counterfeiting another's hand, with intent to cheat people. To which the carman replied, looking up at the offender, *Oh, pox, this comes of your writing and reading, you filty dog* *.

218. Maſter

---

* *This joke, as well as ſeveral others, in this our inimitable, and we may ſay, juſtly admired collection, Dr. Grey has done us the honour to quote in his notes on his late edition*

218. Maſter Johnny, ſitting one ſummer's evening on the green with his mother's chambermaid, among other little familiarities, as kiſſing, preſſing her bubbies, and the like, took the liberty, unawares, to ſatisfy himſelf whereabouts ſhe tied her garters, and by an unlucky ſlip, went farther than he ſhould have done: At which, the poor creature bluſhing, cried, *Be quiet, Mr. John, I'll throw a ſtone at your head elſe.* *Ay, child,* ſaid he, *I'll fling two at your tail if you do.*

219. When the prince of Orange came over at the time of the Revolution, five of the ſeven biſhops who were ſent to the Tower declar'd for his highneſs, and the two others would not come into meaſures; upon which, Mr. Dryden ſaid, *That the* ſeven golden candleſticks *were ſent to be aſſayed in the Tower, and five of them prov'd to be prince's metal.*

220. A dog coming open-mouth'd at a ſerjeant upon a march, he ran the ſpear of his halbert into his throat and kill'd him. The owner coming out, rav'd extremely that his dog was kill'd, and aſk'd the ſerjeant, *Why he could not as well have ſtruck at him with the blunt end of his halbert? So I would,* ſaid he, *if he had run at me with his tail.*

221 King Charles II. being in company with the lord Rocheſter, and others of the nobility, who had been drinking the beſt part of the night, Killigrew came in. Now, ſays the king, we ſhall hear of our faults; *No, faith,* ſays Killigrew, *I don't care to trouble my head with that which all the town talks of.*

222. A rich old miſer finding himſelf very ill, ſent for a parſon to adminiſter the laſt conſolation of the church to him. Whilſt the ceremony was performing, old Gripewell falls into a fit; on his recovery, the doctor offer'd the chalice to him. *Indeed,* cries he, *I can't afford to lend you above twenty ſhillings upon't; I can't upon my word.*

223. A perſon who had a chargeable ſtomach, uſed often to aſſuage his hunger at a lady's table, having promis'd, one time or other, to help her to a huſband. At length he came to her, Now, madam, ſays he, I have

---

of Hudibras, which certainly ſhews that gentleman to be a man of great reading, and to know perfectly well, how to make choice of well cultivated authors.

brought

brought you a knight, a man of worſhip and dignity, one that will furniſh out a table well. Phoo, ſays the lady, your mind's ever running on your belly; *No*, ſays he, *'tis ſometimes running o'your's, you ſee.*

224. One, who had been a very termagant wife, lying on her death bed, deſir'd her huſband, That as ſhe had brought him a fortune, ſhe might have liberty to make her will, for beſtowing a few legacies to her relations. *No, by G—d, madam*, ſays he, *you have had your will all your life time, and now I will have mine.*

225. When the lord Jefferies, before he was a judge, was plead ng at the bar once, a country fellow giving evidence againſt his client, puſh'd the matter very home on the ſide he ſwore of. Jefferies, after his uſual way, called out to the fellow, Hark you, you fellow, in the leather doublet, what have you for ſwearing? To which the countryman ſmartly reply'd, *Faith, Sir, if you had no more for lying than I have for ſwearing, you might e'en wear a leather doublet too.*

226. The ſame Jefferies afterwards on the bench, told an old fellow with a long beard, that he ſuppoſed he had a conſcience as long as his beard. *Does your lordſhip*, reply'd the old man, *meaſure conſciences by beards? If ſo, your lordſhip has no beard at all.*

227. Apelles, the famous painter, having drawn the picture of Alexander the Great on horſeback, brought it and preſented it to the prince; but he not beſtowing that praiſe on it which ſo excellent a piece deſerv'd, Apelles deſir'd a living horſe might be brought; who, mov'd by nature, fell a prancing and neighing, as though it had been actually a living creature of the ſame ſpecies; whereupon Apelles told Alexander, That his horſe underſtood painting better than himſelf.

228. An old gentleman who had married a fine young lady, being terribly afraid of cuckoldom, took her to taſk one day, and aſk'd her if ſhe had conſidered what a crying ſin it was in a woman to cuckold her huſband? Lord, my dear, ſaid ſhe, what do you mean? I never had ſuch a thing in my head, nor never will. *No, no*, reply'd he, *I ſhall have it in my head, you will have it ſomewhere elſe.*

229. The lord Dorſet, in a former reign, was aſking a certain biſhop, Why he conferr'd orders on ſo many block-

heads? *Oh, my lord,* ſaid he, *it is better the ground ſhould be ploughed by aſſes, than lie quite untilled.*

230. A certain lady, to excuſe herſelf for a frailty ſhe had lately fallen into, ſaid to an intimate friend of her's, *Lord! how is it poſſible for a woman to keep her cabinet unpick'd, when every fellow has got a key to it.*

231. Mr. Dryden once at dinner, being offer'd by a lady the rump of a fowl, and refuſing it, the lady ſaid, Pray, Mr. Dryden, take it, the rump is the beſt part of the *fowl. Yes, madam,* ſaid he, *and ſo I think it is of the* fair.

232. A company of gameſters falling out at a tavern, gave one another very ſcurvy language: At length thoſe dreadful meſſengers of anger, the bottles and glaſſes, flew about like hail ſhot; one of which miſtaking its errand, and hitting the wainſcot, inſtead of the perſon's head it was thrown at, brought the drawer ruſhing in; who cry'd, D'ye call, gentlemen? *Call gentlemen!* ſays one of the ſtanders by, *no, they don't call gentlemen, but they call one another rogue and raſcal as faſt as they can.*

233. An amorous young fellow making very warm addreſſes to a married woman. Pray, Sir, be quiet, ſaid ſhe, I have a huſband that won't thank you for making him a cuckold. *No, madam,* reply'd he, *but you will, I hope.*

234. One obſerving a crooked fellow in cloſe argument with another, who would have diſſuaded him from ſome inconſiderable reſolution, ſaid to his friend, *Prithee let him alone, and ſay no more to him, you ſee he's* bent *upon it.*

235. Bully Dawſon was over-turn'd in a hackney coach once, pretty near his lodgings, and being got on his legs again, he ſaid, 'Twas the greateſt piece of Providence that ever befell him, for it had ſav'd him the trouble of bilking the coachman.

236. A vigorous young officer, who made love to a widow, coming a little unawares upon her once, caught her faſt in his arms. Hey-day, ſaid ſhe, what! do you fight after the French way, take towns before you declare war? No, faith, widow, ſaid he, but I ſhould be glad to imitate them ſo far as to be in the middle of the country before you could reſiſt me.

237. Sir Godfrey Kneller, the painter, and the late Dr. Ratcliffe, had a garden in common, but with one gate: Sir Godfrey, upon ſome occaſion, order'd the gate to be nail'd up. When the doctor heard of it, he ſaid, he did not

care

ca e what Sir Godfrey did to the gate, ſo he did not *paint* it. This being told Sir Godfrey, *Well*, reply'd he, *I can take that, or any thing elſe but* phyſic, *from my good friend Dr. Ratcliffe.*

238. The ſame phyſician, who was not the *humbleſt* man in the world, being ſent for by Sir Edward Seymour, who was ſaid to be one of the *proudeſt*; the knight receiv'd him while he was dreſſing his feet and picking his toes, being at that time troubled with a *diabetes*, and upon the doctor's entering the room, accoſted him in this manner; *So, quack*, ſaid he, *I'm a dead man, for I piſs ſweet. Do you!* reply'd the doctor, *then prithee piſs upon your toes, for they ſtink damnably*; and ſo turning round on his heel, went out of the room.

239. A certain worthy gentleman having among his friends the nick name of *Bos*, which was a kind of contraction of his real name; when his late majeſty conferr'd the honour of peerage upon him, a pamphlet was ſoon after publiſh'd, with many ſarcaſtical jokes upon him, and had this part of a line from Horace as a motto, *viz.*

———*Optat epipipa Bos*———

My lord aſk'd a friend who could read Latin, What that meant? It is as much as to ſay, my lord, ſaid he, that you become *honours as a ſow does a ſaddle.* Oh! very fine! ſaid my lord. Soon after, another friend coming to ſee him, the pamphlet was again ſpoken of. I would, ſays my lord, give five hundred pounds to know the author of it. I don't know the author of the pamphlet, ſaid his friend, but I know who wrote the *motto.* Ay, cry'd my lord, prithee who was it? Horace, anſwered the other. *How*, reply'd his lordſhip, *a dirty r——l, is that the return he makes for all the ſervices I have done him and his brother?*

240. A wild gentleman having pick'd up his own wife, in diſguiſe, for a miſtreſs, the man, to keep his maſter in countenance, got to bed to the maid too. In the morning, when the affair was diſcover'd, the fellow was oblig'd, in atonement for his offence, to make the girl amends by marrying her. *Well*, ſays he, *little did my maſter and I think, laſt night, that we were robbing our own orchards.*

241. One ſeeing a kept whore, who made a very great

figure, aſk'd what eſtate ſhe had? *Oh!* ſays another, *a very good eſtate in tail.*

242. In the great diſpute between South and Sherlock, the latter, who was a great courtier, ſaid, His adverſary reaſon'd well, but he bark'd like a cur. To which the other reply'd, *That fawning was the property of a cur as well as barking.*

243. Second thoughts, we commonly ſay, are beſt, and young women, who pretend to be averſe to marriage, deſire not to be taken at their words. One aſking a girl, If ſhe would have him? *Faith, no, John,* ſays ſhe, *but you may have me, if you will.*

244. A gentleman lying on his death-bed, call'd to his coachman, who had been an old ſervant, and ſaid, *Ah, Tom, I am going a long and rugged journey, worſe than ever you drove me. Oh, dear Sir,* reply'd the fellow, (he having been but an indifferent maſter to him) *ne'er let that diſcourage you, for it is all down hill.*

245. An honeſt bluff country farmer, meeting the parſon of the pariſh in a bye lane, and not giving him the way ſo readily as he expected, the parſon, with an erected creſt, told him he was better fed than taught. Very true, indeed, Sir, reply'd the farmer, for you teach me, and I feed myſelf.

246. A famous teacher of *arithmetic*, who had long been married, without being able to get his wife with child, one ſaid to her, Madam, your huſband is an excellent *arithmetician. Yes,* reply'd ſhe, *only he cannot multiply.*

247. An arch boy being at a table where there was a piping hot apple-pye, putting a bit into his mouth, burnt it ſo that the tears ran down his cheeks. A gentleman that ſat by, aſk'd him, Why he wept? Only, ſaid he, becauſe it is juſt come into my remembrance, that my poor grandmother died this day twelvemonth. Phoo, ſaid the other, is that all? So whipping a large piece into his mouth, he quickly ſympathiz'd with the boy; who ſeeing his eyes brim full, with a malicious ſneer, aſk'd him, Why he wept? *A pox on you,* ſaid he, *becauſe you were not hang'd, you young dog, the ſame day your grandmother died.*

248. A lady who had married a gentleman that was a tolerable poet, one day ſitting alone with him, ſhe ſaid, Come, my dear, you write upon other people, prithee write ſomething for me; let me ſee what epitaph you'll beſtow

ſtow upon me when I die. Oh, my dear, reply'd he, that's a melancholy ſubject, prithee don't think of it. Nay, upon my life you ſhall, adds ſhe; come, I'll begin,

Here lies Bid:

To which he anſwer'd,

Ah! I wiſh ſhe did.

249. A cowardly ſervant having been hunting with his lord, they had kill'd a wild-boar; the fellow ſeeing the boar ſtir, betook himſelf to a tree; upon which his maſter call'd to him, and aſk'd him what he was afraid of, the boar's guts were out; *No matter for that*, ſaid he, *his teeth are in.*

250. One telling another that he had once ſo excellent a gun that it went off immediately upon a thief's coming into the houſe, altho' it was not charg'd. How the devil can that be? ſaid the other. *Becauſe*, ſaid the firſt, *the thief* carried *it off*; *and what was worſe, before I had time to* charge *him with it.*

251. Some gentlemen coming out of a tavern pretty merry, a link-boy cry'd, Have a light, gentlemen? Light yourſelf to the devil, you dog, ſays one of the company. *Bleſs you, maſter*, reply'd the boy, *we can find the way in the dark: Shall we light your worſhip thither?*

252. A perſon was once tried at Kingſton before the late lord chief juſtice Holt, for having two wives, where one *Unit* was to have been the chief evidence againſt him. After much calling for him, word was brought that they could hear nothing of him. *No!* ſays his lordſhip, *why then all I can ſay is, Mr.* Unit *ſtands for a* cypher.

253. It is certainly the moſt tranſcendent pleaſure to be agreeably ſurpriz'd with the confeſſion of love, from an ador'd miſtreſs. A young gentleman, after a very great misfortune, came to his miſtreſs, and told her, he was reduc'd even to the want of five guineas. To which ſhe reply'd, I am glad of it, with all my heart. Are you ſo, madam? adds he, ſuſpecting her conſtancy: Pray, why ſo? *Becauſe*, ſaid ſhe, *I can furniſh you with five thouſand.*

254. A young fellow who had made an end of all he had, even to his laſt ſuit of cloaths; one ſaid to him, Now, I hope, you'll own yourſelf a happy man, for you have made an end of all your cares. How ſo? ſaid the gentleman.

tleman. *Becauſe*, ſaid the other, *you have nothing left to take care of.*

255. Some years ago, when his majeſty us'd to hunt frequently in Richmond-Park, it brought ſuch crowds of people thither, that orders were given to admit none, when the king was there himſelf, but the ſervants of his houſhold. A fat country parſon having on one of thoſe days a great inclination to make one of the company, captain B——d——ns promis'd to introduce him; but coming to the gate, the keepers would have ſtopp'd him, by telling him that none but the houſhold were admitted. Why, d—mn you, ſaid the captain, don't you know the gentleman? *He's his majeſty's hunting chaplain.* Upon which the keepers aſked pardon, and ſuffered the reverend gentleman to follow his ſport.

256. The learned Mr. Charles Barnard, ſerjeant ſurgeon to queen Anne, being very ſevere upon parſons having *pluralities*, a reverend and worthy divine heard him a good while with patience, but at length took him up with this queſtion; *Why do you, Mr. Serjeant Barnard, rail thus at* pluralities, *who have always ſo many* fine cures *upon your hands?*

257. Dr. Lloyd, biſhop of Worceſter, ſo eminent for his *prophecies*, when by his ſollicitations and compliance at court he got remov'd from a poor Welſh biſhopric to a rich Engliſh one, a reverend dean of the church ſaid, *That he found his brother Lloyd ſpelt* prophet *with an* F *.

258. A worthy old gentleman in the country having employ'd an attorney, of whom he had a pretty good opinion, to do ſome law buſineſs for him in London, he was greatly ſurpriz'd on his coming to town, and demanding his bill of law charges, to find that it amounted to at leaſt three times the ſum he expected; the *honeſt* attorney aſſur'd him, that there was no article in his bill but what was *fair and reaſonable:* Nay, ſaid the country gentleman, there's one of them I am ſure cannot be ſo, for you have ſet down three ſhillings and four pence for going to Southwark, when none of my buſineſs lay that way; pray what is the meaning of that, Sir? *Oh, Sir,* ſaid he, *that was for fetch-*

* *Moſt of the clergy follow this ſpelling.*

ing

ing the chine *and* turkey *from the carrier's that you ſent me for a* preſent *out of the country.*

259. A gentleman going into a meeting-houſe, and ſtumbling over one of the forms that were ſet there, cry'd out in a paſſion, *Who the devil expected* ſet forms *in a meeting houſe.*

260. My lord chief juſtice Jefferies had a cauſe before him between a *Jew* that was plaintiff, and a *Chriſtian* defendant. The latter pleaded, though the debt was very juſt, that the *Jew* had no right, by the laws of England, to bring an action. Well, ſays my lord, have you no other plea? No, my lord, ſays he, I inſiſt on this plea. *Do you?* ſays my lord, *then let me tell you, you are the greater* Jew *of the two.*

261. A butcher in Smithfield, that lay on his death-bed, ſaid to his wife, My dear, I am not a man for this world, therefore I adviſe you to marry our man John, he is a luſty ſtrong fellow, fit for your buſineſs. *Oh, dear huſband,* ſaid ſhe, *if that's all, never let it trouble you, for John and I have agreed that matter already.*

262. A gentleman having beſpoke a ſupper at an inn, deſir'd his landlord to ſup with him. The hoſt came up, and thinking to pay a greater compliment than ordinary to his gueſt, pretended to find fault with the laying the cloth, and took the plates and knives, and threw them down ſtairs. The gentleman reſolving not to balk his humour, threw the bottles and glaſſes down alſo; at which the hoſt being ſurpriz'd, enquired the reaſon of his ſo doing. *Nay, nothing,* reply'd the gentleman; *but when I ſaw you throw the plates and knives down ſtairs, I thought you had a mind to ſup below.*

263. A philoſopher carrying ſomething hid under his cloak, an impertinent perſon aſk'd him what he had under his cloak? To which the philoſopher anſwer'd, *I carry it there that you might not know.*

264. When his late majeſty, in coming from Holland, happen'd to meet with a violent ſtorm at ſea, the captain of the yacht cried to the chaplain, In five minutes more, doctor, we ſhall be with the Lord. *The Lord forbid,* anſwer'd the doctor.

265. A gentleman, who had been a great traveller, would oftentimes talk ſo extravagantly of the wonderful things he had ſeen abroad, that a friend of his took notice

tice to him of his expoſing himſelf as he did to all companies, and aſk'd him the meaning of it? Why, ſays the traveller, I have got ſuch a habit of lying ſince I have been abroad, that I really hardly know when I lye, and when I ſpeak truth; and ſhould be very much oblig'd to you, if you would tread upon my toe at any time, when I am likely to give myſelf too much liberty that way. His friend promis'd he would; and accordingly not long after, being at a tavern with him and other company, when the traveller was, amongſt other ſtrange things, giving an account of a church he had ſeen in Italy, that was above two miles long, he trod on his toe, juſt as one of the company had aſk'd, How broad that ſame church might be? Oh, ſaid he, not above two feet. Upon which, the company burſting into a loud laugh; *Zounds*, ſaid he, *if you had not trod upon my toe, I ſhould have made it as* broad *as it was* long.

266. A juſtice of peace ſeeing a parſon on a very ſtately horſe, riding between London and Hampſtead, ſaid to ſome gentlemen who were with him, Do you ſee what a beautiful horſe that proud parſon has got? I'll banter him a little. *Doctor*, ſaid he, *you don't follow the example of your great maſter, who was humbly content to ride upon an aſs.* *Why really, Sir*, reply'd the parſon, *the king has made ſo ſo many aſſes juſtices, that an honeſt clergyman can hardly find one to ride, if he had a mind to it.*

267. A great deal of company being at dinner at a gentleman's houſe, where a ſilver ſpoon was laid at the ſide of every plate, one of the company watching for a convenient oportunity, as he thought, ſlid one of them into his pocket; but being obſerv'd more narrowly than he was aware of, the gentleman who ſat oppoſite to him, took up another, and ſtuck it in the button-hole of his boſom; which the maſter of the houſe perceiving, aſk'd him in good humour, What was his fancy in that? *Why*, ſaid he, *I thought every man was to have one, becauſe I ſaw that gentleman, over-againſt me, put one in his pocket.*

268. The ducheſs of Newcaſtle, who wrote plays and romances, in king Charles the Second's time, aſk'd biſhop Wilkins, How ſhe could get up to the world in the moon, which he had diſcover'd; for as the journey muſt needs be very long, there would be no poſſibility of going through it, without reſting on the way? *Oh, madam*, ſaid the biſhop,

your

your grace has built ſo many caſtles *in the air, that you cannot want a place to bait at.*

269. An old man who had marry'd a young wife, complain'd to a friend, how unhappy he had always been: *When I was young*, ſaid he, *I went abroad for want of a wife; and now I am old, my wife goes abroad for want of a huſband.*

270. A rich farmer's ſon, who had been bred at the Univerſity, coming home to viſit his father and mother, they being one night at ſupper on a couple of fowls, he told them, that by Logic and Arithmetic, he could prove thoſe two fowls to be three. Well, let us hear, ſaid the old man. Why this, cry'd the ſcholar, *is one*, and this, continu'd he, *is two*, two and one, you know make three. *Since you have made it out ſo well*, anſwer'd the old man, *your mother ſhall have the firſt fowl, I will have the ſecond, and the third you may keep yourſelf for your great learning.*

271. A young ſpark dining at a friend's houſe, and having promis'd a lady to meet her in the afternoon, but being oblig'd to ſtay and play at cards, he ſent his man with an excuſe to the lady, and whiſper'd him, that when he came back, he might deliver his anſwer before the company aloud, as if he came from a gentleman: accordingly away went his ſervant, and being call'd in on his return, Well, ſaid his maſter, was the gentleman at home? Yes, Sir, anſwer'd the man. And what ſaid he? reply'd the maſter. That it was very well; for he was engag'd this evening. And what was he doing? *Putting on his hood* and *manteel to go to the play, Sir*, ſaid the footman.

272. A gentleman who had a ſuit in Chancery, was call'd upon by his counſel to put in his anſwer, for fear of incurring contempt. And why, ſaid the gentleman, is not my anſwer put in? How ſhould I draw your anſwer, cry'd the lawyer, 'till I know what you can ſwear? *Pox on your ſcruples*, reply'd the client, *prithee, do your part as a lawyer, and draw a ſufficient anſwer, and let me alone to do the part of a gentleman, and ſwear to it.*

273. A country laſs with a pail of milk on her head going to market, was reckoning all the way, what ſhe might make of it. This milk, ſaid ſhe, will bring me ſo much money, that money will buy ſo many eggs, thoſe eggs ſo many chickens, and with the Fox's leave, thoſe chickens will make me miſtreſs of a pig, and that pig may grow

grow a fat hog, and when I have ſold that, I may buy a cow and calf: And then, ſays ſhe, comes a ſweetheart, perhaps a farmer; him I marry, and my neighbours will ſay, *How do you do, goody Such a-one?* and I'll anſwer, *Thank you neighbour, how do you?* But may be my ſweetheart may be a yeoman, and then it will be, *How do you do, Mrs. Such a-one?* I'll ſay, *Thank you.* Oh! but ſuppoſe I ſhould marry a gentleman; then they'll ſay, *Your ſervant, madam,* but then I'll toſs up my head, and ſay nothing. Upon the ſudden tranſport of this thought, and with the motion of her head, down came the milk, which put an end at once to her fine ſcheme of her eggs, her chickens, her pig, her hog, and her huſband.

274. Daniel Purcell, who was a nonjuror, was telling a friend of his, when king George the firſt landed at Greenwich, that he had a full view of him. Then, ſaid his friend, you know him by ſight? *Yes,* reply'd Daniel, *I think I know him, but I can't* ſwear *to him.*

275. An Engliſhman going into one of the French ordinaries in Soho, and finding a large diſh of ſoup with about half a pound of mutton in the middle of it, began to pull off his wig, his ſtock, and then his coat; at which one of the monſieurs, being much ſurpriz'd, aſk'd him what he was going to do? *Why, monſieur,* ſaid he, *I mean to ſtrip, that I may ſwim thro' this ocean of porridge, to yon little iſland of mutton.*

276. A countryman driving an aſs by St. James's gate one day, which being dull and reſtif he was forced to beat it very much; a gentleman coming out of the gate, chid the fellow for uſing his beaſt ſo cruelly; *Oh, dear, Sir,* ſaid the countryman, *I am glad to find my aſs has a friend at court.*

277. A lady perceiving her maid to be with child, aſk'd her, Who was the father of it? Indeed, madam, ſaid ſhe, my maſter. And where did he get it? ſaid the lady. In your chamber, madam, anſwer'd the other, after you were gone to bed. And why did not you cry out? ſaid the lady. *Indeed, madam,* reply'd the other, *I made no noiſe for fear of awaking you.*

278. One Iriſhman meeting another, aſk'd, What was become of their old acquaintance Patrick Murphy? *Arrah, now, dear honey,* anſwer'd the other, *poor Patty was condemn'd to be hang'd; but he ſav'd his life by dying in priſon.*

279. Another

279. Another Iriſhman, getting on a high mettled horſe, it ran away with him; upon which, one of his companions called to him to ſtop him: *Arrah, honey*, cried he, *how can I do that, when I have got no ſpurs?*

280. An honeſt Welch carpenter, coming out of Cardiganſhire, got work in Briſtol, where, in a few months, he had ſaved, beſides his expences, about Twelve Shillings; and with this prodigious ſum of money, returning into his own country, when he came upon Mile Hill, he look'd back on the town: *Ah, poor Priſtow*, ſaid he, *if one or two more of hur countrymen were to give hur ſuch another ſhake as hur has done, it would be poor Priſtow indeed.*

281. It being aſk'd in company with my lord C—d, whether the piers of Weſtminſter-Bridge would be of ſtone or wood, *Oh*, ſaid my lord, *of ſtone to be ſure, for we have too many* wooden piers (peers) *already at Weſtminſter.*

282. When the late lords L—ch—re and Ca—d—n had a rencounter in the Upper-Park, the firſt coming home to his lady, told her what had happened, and ſaid, He was ſure he was touch'd by my lord C——n's ſword; and ſtripping himſelf, deſired her to look if he had no wound or prick about him; upon which, the good lady, ſearching very diligently, told him, *She ſaw but one, and that was a very ſmall one, at the bottom of his belly.*

283. One telling Charles XII. of Sweden, juſt before the battle of Narva, that the enemy was three to one: *I am glad to hear it*, anſwered the king, *for then there will be enough to kill, enough to take priſoners, and enough to run away.*

284. A poor ingenious lad, who was a ſervitor at Oxford, not having wherewithal to buy a new pair of ſhoes, when his old ones were very bad, got them capp'd at the toes, upon which being banter'd by ſome of his companions, *Why ſhould they not be capp'd*, ſaid he, *I am ſure they are* FELLOWS.

285. The ſtanders-by, to comfort a poor man, who lay on his death-bed, told him, He ſhould be carried to church by four very proper fellows: *I thank ye*, ſaid he, *but I had much rather go by myſelf.*

286. When poor Daniel Button died, one of his punning cuſtomers being at his burial, and looking on the grave, cried out, *This is a more laſting* Button-hole, *than any made by a taylor.*

287. One aſking a painter how he could paint ſuch pretty faces in his pictures, and yet get ſuch homely children? *Becauſe*, ſaid he, *I make the firſt by day light, and the other in the dark.*

288. A toping fellow was one night making his will over his bottle; I will give, ſaid he, fifty pounds to five taverns, to drink to my memory when I am dead; ten pounds to the Salutation for courtiers; ten pounds to the Caſtle for ſoldiers; ten pounds to the Mitre for parſons; ten pounds to the Horn for citizens; and ten pounds to the Devil for the lawyers.

289. A gentleman calling for ſmall beer at another gentleman's table, finding it very hard, gave it the ſervant again without drinking. What, ſaid the maſter of the houſe, Don't you like the beer? *It is not to be found fault with*, anſwered the other, *for one ſhould never ſpeak ill of the dead.*

290. Some men and their wives, who all liv'd in the ſame ſtreet, and on the ſame ſide of the way, being merry-making at a neighbour's houſe, ſaid one of the huſbands, It is reported, that all the men in our row are cuckolds but one: His wife ſoon after being a little thoughtful, What makes you ſo ſad, my dear? ſaid her huſband, I hope you are not offended at what I ſaid? *No*, replied ſhe, *I am only conſidering who that one can be in our row that is not a cuckold.*

291. A certain lord who had a termagant wife, and at the ſame time a chaplain who was a tolerable poet, my lord deſired him to write him a copy of verſes on a ſhrew. *I cannot imagine*, ſaid the parſon, *why your lordſhip ſhould want a copy, who have ſo good an original.*

292. A parſon in his ſermon having vehemently inveighed againſt uſury, and ſaid, That lending money upon uſe was as great a ſin as *wilful murder*; having ſome time after an occaſion to borrow twenty pounds himſelf, and coming to one of his pariſhioners with that intent; the other aſked him, If he would have him guilty of a crime he had ſpoke ſo much againſt, and lend out money upon uſe. No, ſaid the parſon, I would have you lend it *Gratis*. *Ay*, replied the other, *but in my opinion, if lending money upon uſe be as bad as* wilful murder, *lending it* gratis *can be little better than* Felo de-ſe.

293. A gentle-

293. A gentleman talking of his travels, a lady in company ſaid, She had been a great deal farther, and ſeen more countries than he. *Nay, then, madam*, replied the gentleman, *as travellers, we may lie together by authority.*

294. One aſk'd his friend, Why he, being ſo proper a man himſelf, had married ſo ſmall a wife. *Why, friend*, ſaid he, *I thought you had known, that of all evils we ſhould chuſe the leaſt.*

295. A lady ſeeing a gentleman dance, found fault with him, and ſaid, He ſtraddled too much. *Oh, madam*, replied the gallant, *if you had that between your legs that I have, you would ſtraddle a great deal more, I dare ſay.*

296. A gentleman ſpeaking of Peggy Yates, the famous courtezan, who had always an abundance of fine cloaths, ſaid, *She was like a ſquirrel, for ſhe always covered her back with her tail.*

297. A gentleman threatening to go to law, was diſſuaded from it by his friends, who deſired him to *conſider*, for the law was chargeable: I don't care, replied the other, I will not conſider, I will go to law. *Right*, ſaid his friend, *for if you go to law, I am ſure you don't conſider.*

298. A man and his wife being in bed together, towards morning, madam pretending to be much out of order, deſired to lie on her huſband's ſide; the good man, to humour her, came over, but made ſome ſhort ſtay in the middle; about half an hour after, ſhe wanted to come on her own ſide of the bed again; the good old man obliged her the ſecond time; but, not content with this, a little while after ſhe would needs change places again: How can it be, ſaid the huſband? Why, can't you come the ſame way you did before? anſwered the wife. *No, by my troth*, replied he, *I would rather go five miles about.*

299 One good houſewife, who was a notable woman at turning and torturing her old rags, was recommending her dyer to another, as an excellent fellow in his way: That's impoſſible, ſaid the other, for I hear he is a great drunkard, and beats his wife, and runs in every body's debt. What then, ſaid the firſt, he may never be the worſe dyer for all theſe things. *No*, anſwer'd the other, *can you imagine ſo bad a liver can die well!*

300. A wench ſwearing a baſtard child to a gentleman in the country, the juſtice having a reſpect for the gentleman's lady, took upon him to joke the gentleman, and aſk'd him, Why he would defile his marriage bed? *There was no bed in the caſe*, anſwered the gentleman, *good Mr. Juſtice, for it was done in a field.*

301. One wiſhed a young married man joy, for ſhe heard his wife was *quick* already, ſhe told him. *Ay*, ſaid he, quick *indeed, for I have been married but ſix months, and ſhe was brought to-bed yeſterday.*

302. A certain lieutenant of a man of war, under the command of the late lord Torrington, having in the engagement with the Spaniards in the Mediterranean, one of his arms ſhot off within a few inches of his ſhoulder, while the ſurgeon was dreſſing it, could not forbear laughing; one ſtanding by, aſked him the reaſon, *Why*, ſaid he, *I cannot help thinking of a wiſh that I have often made, that a certain part about me was as long as my arm, and now I believe it is three or four inches longer.*

303. A poor fellow, who growing rich on a ſudden, from a very mean and beggarly condition, and taking great ſtate upon him, was met one day by one of his poor acquaintance, who accoſted him in a very humble manner, but having no notice taken of him, cried out, *Nay, it is no great wonder that you ſhould not know me, when you have forgot yourſelf.*

304. A country fellow getting into a gentleman's orchard one night, with the deſign of robbing a mulberry-tree, had not been long in it, before one of the men and one of the maids came juſt under the place where he was, which made him lay as ſnug as he could, till the buſineſs they came about was over; when the chambermaid began to give vent to thoſe fears which the fury of her appetite would not admit into her thoughts before. Lord, John, ſaid ſhe, now you have had your filthy will, what if I ſhould prove with child, who will take care of it? There is one above, replied John, I hope will provide for it. *Is there ſo*, ſaid the countryman, *but I'd have you to know, that if I provide for any body's baſtard, it ſhall be for one of my own begetting.*

305. Marcus Livius, who was governor of Tarentum when Hannibal took it, being envious to ſee ſo much honour

nour done to Fabius Maximus, ſaid one day in open ſenate, That it was himſelf, not Fabius Maximus, that was the cauſe of re-taking the city of Tarentum. Fabius ſaid ſmilingly, *Indeed thou ſpeakeſt truth, for had'ſt thou not loſt it, I ſhould never have retaken it.*

306. One aſking another which way a man might uſe tobacco to have any benefit from it: *By ſetting up a ſhop to ſell it*, ſaid he, *for certainly there is no profit to be had from it any other way.*

307. The ſame wag, an arch one to be ſure, ſaid, taylors were like woodcocks, for they got their ſuſtenance by their *long bills.*

308. Ben Johnſon being one night at the Devil tavern, there was a country gentleman in the company, who interrupted all other diſcourſe, with an account of his land and tenements; at laſt Ben, able to bear it no longer, ſaid to him, What ſignifies your dirt and your clods to us? where you have one acre of land I have ten acres of wit. *Have you ſo*, ſaid the countryman, *good Mr.* Wiſe-acre? This unexpected repartee from the clown, ſtruck Ben quite mute for a time: Why, how now, Ben, ſaid one of the company, you ſeem to be quite ſtung? *I never was ſo prick'd by a hobnail before*, replied he.

309. A taylor ſent his bill to a lawyer for money: the lawyer bid the boy tell his maſter, that he was not running away, but very buſy at that time. The boy comes again, and tells him he muſt needs have the money. Did'ſt tell thy maſter, ſaid the lawyer, that I was not running away? Yes, ſir, anſwer'd the boy, but he bade me tell you *that he was.*

310. A certain ancient dutcheſs having had a preſent made to her of a fine ſtallion, going the next day into her ſtable-yard, ordered him to be brought out for her to ſee, and then would needs have a mare brought to him: the groom aſking her which? Old Beſs, ſaid ſhe. Lord, madam, anſwer'd the groom, that will be to little purpoſe; Old Beſs is too old to be with foal. No matter for that, cry'd ſhe, it will *refreſh* the poor old creature.

By this we may gueſs what her grace thought a *refreſhment* for a poor old creature.

311. A ſmart fellow thinking to ſhew his wit one night at the tavern, called to the drawer, Here, Mercury, ſaid he, take away this bottle full of emptineſs. Said one of the company, *Do you ſpeak that, Jack, of your own head?*

312. An extravagant young fellow, rallying a frugal country 'ſquire, who had a good eſtate, and ſpent but little of it, ſaid, among other things, I'll warrant you that plate button'd ſuit was your great grand-father's. *Yes*, ſaid the other, *and I have my great grand father's lands too.*

313. A gentleman having ſent for his carpenter's ſervant to knock a nail or two in his ſtudy, the fellow, after he had done, ſcratched his ears, and ſaid, He hoped the gentleman would give him ſomething to make him drink. *Make you drink?* ſays the gentleman, *there's a pickle herring for you, and if that won't make you drink, I'll give you another.*

314. A young gentleman having got his neighbour's maid with child, the maſter, a grave man, came to expoſtulate with him about it. Lord, Sir, ſaid he, I wonder how you could do ſo: *Prithee, where is the wonder*, ſaid the other, *if ſhe had got me with child, you might have wonder'd indeed.*

315. Alphonſo, King of Naples, ſent a Moor, who had been his captive a long time, to Barbary, with a conſiderable ſum of money to purchaſe horſes, and to return by ſuch a time. There was about the king, a buffoon, or jeſter, who had a table book, wherein he uſed to regiſter any remarkable abſurdity that happened at court. The day the Moor was diſpatch'd to Barbary, the ſaid jeſter waiting on the king at ſupper, the king called for his table-book; in which the jeſter kept a regular Journal of abſurdities. The king took the book, and read, How Alphonſo, king of Naples, had ſent Beltram the Moor, who had been a long time his priſoner, to Morocco, his own country, with ſo many thouſand crowns to buy horſes. The king turn'd to the jeſter, and aſk'd, Why he inſerted that? Becauſe, ſaid he, I think he will never come back to be a priſoner again; and ſo you have loſt both man and money: But, if he does come, ſays the king, then your jeſt is marr'd: No, Sir, replies the buffoon,

ſoon, *for if he ſhould return, I will blot out your name, and put in his for a fool.*

316 A ſharper of the town ſeeing a country gentleman ſit alone at an inn, and thinking ſomething might be made of him, he went and ſat near him, and took the liberty to drink to him. Having thus introduced himſelf, he called for a paper of tobacco, and ſaid, Do you ſmoke, Sir? *Yes*, ſays the gentleman, very gravely, *any one that has a deſign upon me.*

317. A certain country farmer was obſerved never to be in a good humour when he was hungry: for this reaſon, his wife was fain carefully to watch the time of his coming home, and always have dinner ready on the table; one day he ſurpriz'd her, and ſhe had only time to ſet a meſs of broth ready for him; who ſoon, according to cuſtom, began to open his pipes, and maundering over his broth, forgetting what he was about, burnt his mouth to ſome purpoſe. The good wife ſeeing him in that ſputtering condition, comforted him as follows: *See what it is now, had you kept your breath to cool your pottage, you had not burnt your mouth, John.*

318. The ſame woman taking up dinner once on a Sunday, it happened that the liquoriſh plough-boy, who lay under a ſtrong and violent temptation, pinch'd off the corner of a plumb dumpling; which his dame eſpying, in a great rage, laid the wooden ladle over his pate, ſaying, *Can't you ſtay, ſirrah, till your betters are ſerved before you?* The boy clapping his hand on his head, and ſeeing the blood come, *'tis very hard*, ſaid he. *So it is, ſirrah*, ſaid ſhe, *or it had not broke my ladle.*

319. Three gentlemen being at a tavern, whoſe names were *Moore, Strange*, and *Wright:* Said the laſt, there is but one cuckold in company, and that is *Strange:* Yes, anſwered *Strange*, there is one *Moore:* Ay, ſaid *Moore*, that's *Wright.*

320. A Scotch bag-piper travelling to Ireland, open'd his wallet by a wood ſide, and ſat down to dinner; no ſooner had he ſaid grace, but three wolves came about him. To one he threw bread, to another meat, till his provender was all gone—At length he took up his bag-pipes, and began to play, at which the wolves ran away. *The deil ſaw me*, ſaid Sawney, *an I had keen'd you lov'd muſic ſo, you ſhould have had it before dinner.*

321. Me-

321. Metullus Nepos, aſking Cicero, the Roman orator, in a ſcoffing manner, Who was his father? Cicero replied, *Thy mother has made that queſtion harder for thee to anſwer.*

322. The arch duke of Auſtria having been forced to raiſe the ſiege of a town called Grave, in Holland, and to retreat privately in the night; Queen Elizabeth ſaid to his ſecretary here,—*What, your maſter is riſen from the grave without ſound of trumpet.*

323. Soon after the death of a great officer, who was judged to have been no great advancer of the king's affairs; the king ſaid to his ſolicitor Bacon, who was kinſman to that lord: Now, Bacon, tell me truly, what ſay you of your couſin? Mr. Bacon anſwer'd, ſince your majeſty charges me to ſpeak, I will deal plainly with you, and give you ſuch a character of him, as though I was to write his ſtory. I do think he was no fit counſellor to have made your affairs better, yet he was fit to have kept them from growing worſe. O' *my ſoul*, quoth the king, *in the firſt thou ſpeak'ſt like a true man; and in the latter like a kinſman.*

324. The ſame king, in one of his progreſſes aſk'd, How far it was to ſuch a town? They told him ſix miles and a half. He alighted out of his coach, and went under the ſhoulder of one of the led horſes. When ſome aſk'd his majeſty what he meant? *I muſt ſtalk*, ſays he, *for yonder town is ſhy, and flies me.*

325. Lawyers and chambermaids, ſaid a wicked young fellow, are like Balaam's aſs, *they never ſpeak, unleſs they ſee an angel.*

326. One being at his wife's funeral, and the bearers going pretty quick along, he cry'd out to them, *Don't go ſo faſt, what need we make a toil of pleaſure?*

327. A country 'ſquire being in company with his miſtreſs, and wanting his ſervant, cry'd out, Where is this blockhead? *Upon your ſhoulders*, ſaid the lady.

328. A philoſopher being aſk'd, Why learned men frequented rich men's houſes, but rich men ſeldom viſited the learned, anſwered, *That the firſt know what they want, but the latter do not.*

329. Among the articles exhibited to king Henry by the Iriſh, againſt the earl of Kildare, the laſt concluded thus:

thus:—*And finally all Ireland cannot rule the earl.* Then, ſaid the king, *The earl ſhall rule all Ireland:* And ſo made him deputy.

330. Some divines make uſe of the fathers and councils, as beaus do of their canes, not for ſupport or defence, but mere ſhow and ornament. Is not one good argument worth a thouſand citations? To quote St. Gregory, St. Auſtin, or any other rubric Saint, to prove any ſuch important truth as this; *That virtue is commendable, and all exceſs to be avoided,* is like ſending for the ſheriff to come with his *poſſe comitatus,* to diſperſe a few boys that are robbing an orchard.

331. Plutarch uſed to ſay of men of ſmall capacities put into great places, like ſtatues ſet upon great pillars, are made to appear the leſs by their advancement.

332. A young fellow being told that his miſtreſs was married; to convince him of it, the young gentleman who told him, ſaid, he had ſeen the bride and bridegroom. Prithee, ſaid the forſaken ſwain, do not call them by thoſe names; I cannot bear to hear them.—Shall I call them dog and cat? anſwer'd the other. *Oh, no, for heaven's ſake,* replied the firſt, *that ſounds ten times more like man and wife than t'other.*

333. A ſea officer, who, for his courage in a former engagement, where he had loſt his leg, had been preferred to the command of a good ſhip; in the heat of the next engagement, a cannon-ball took off his wooden deputy, ſo that he fell upon the deck: A ſeaman thinking he had been freſh wounded, called out for a ſurgeon. *No, no,* ſaid the captain, *the carpenter will do.*

334. A gentleman ſaying he had bought the ſtockings he had on, in Wales. *Really, Sir,* anſwer'd another, *I thought ſo, for they ſeem to be* Well-choſe, *i. e.* Welch-hoſe.

335. A nobleman, in a certain king's reign, being appointed groom of the ſtole, his majeſty took notice to him of the odd ſort of perukes he uſed to wear, and deſir'd that he would now get ſomething that was graver, and more ſuitable to his age, and the high office he had conferred on him. The next Sunday his lordſhip appeared at court in a very decent peruke, which being obſerved by another nobleman, famous for the art of punning, he came up

up to him, and told him, *That he was obliged to alter his* locks *now he had got the* key. *

336. The late Sir Robert Henley, having received a commiſſion, conſtituting him captain of the Eleanor fire-ſhip, was the ſame evening paſſing home to his lodgings, when a fine madam meeting him in the ſtreet, earneſtly intreated the favour of a glaſs of wine; the baronet cu-ſing her for a ſilly whore, ſaid, *He was well content with one fireſhip in one day.*

337. A gentleman named Ball being about to purchaſe a cornetcy in a regiment of horſe, was preſented to the colonel for approbation, who being a nobleman, declared he did not like the name, and would have no *Balls* in his regiment: *Nor powder neither*, ſaid the gentleman, *if your lordſhip cou'd help it.*

338. Two Iriſhmen having travelled on foot from Cheſter to Barnet, were confoundedly tired and fatigued with their journey; and the more ſo, when they were told they had ſtill about ten miles to London. *By my ſoul and St. Patrick*, cries one of them, *it is but five miles a piece, let's e'en walk on.*

339. Young fellows, ſaid a mettled girl, are generally in the wrong, ſo very impudent that they are nauſeous, or ſo modeſt that they are uſeleſs.

340. Married women, ſaid one, uſually ſhew all their modeſty the firſt day, as married men ſhew all their love the firſt night.

341. For a king to engage his people in a war, to carry off every little humour in the ſtate, is like a phyſician's ordering his patient to be flux'd for a pimple.

342. A country fellow being ſent to a notorious bawdy-houſe, formerly in Saliſbury-court, and having remembered to forget his errand, when he came into the neighbourhood, he ſaid, He wanted a Bedfordſhire woman, but had forgot her name.—Forgot her name? ſaid one, then who the devil ſhould tell you any thing of her? Now you name the *devil*, ſaid the fellow, you have brought it into my head: it is the ſign of the *angel*. *Nay*, anſwered, another,

* *The* Groom of the Stole *wears a gold key, tied with a blue ribbon, at his left pocket.*

another, *if you had named the* devil *at firſt, we had ſent you thither.*

343. A certain lord would fain have perſuaded a dependant on his lordſhip to marry his caſt-off miſtreſs, For though, ſays he, ſhe has been a little uſed, when ſhe has got a good huſband ſhe may turn. *Ay, but, my lord,* replied the other, *ſhe has been ſo much uſed, that I fear ſhe is not worth turning.*

344. An amorous young fellow, who deſign'd a favour to his neighbour's wife, the chambermaid came running in, and told them her maſter was at the door. 'Sdeath, ſaid the lover, can't I get through the parlour window? *No, no,* replied the girl, *there are ſome iron bars; but if you will run up three pair of ſtairs, you may jump out of the garret window eaſy enough.*

345. Mr. Pope, being at dinner with a noble duke, had his own ſervant in livery waiting on him: The duke aſk'd him, Why he, that eat moſtly at people's tables, ſhould be ſuch a fool as to keep a fellow in livery only to *laugh at him?* 'Tis true, anſwer'd the poet, *he kept but one to laugh at him; but his grace had the honour to keep a dozen.*

346. An Iriſh fellow, vaunting of his birth and family, affirmed, That when he came firſt to England, he made ſuch a figure, that the bells rang through all the towns he paſſed to London: *Ay,* ſaid a gentleman in company, *I ſuppoſe that was becauſe you came up in a waggon with a bell team.*

347. One meeting an old acquaintance, whom the world had frown'd upon a little, aſk'd him, Where he liv'd? *Where I live,* ſaid he, *I don't know, but I ſtarve down towards Wapping and that way.*

348. Two country attornies overtaking a waggoner on the road, and thinking to break a joke upon him, aſk'd him, Why his fore-horſe was ſo fat and the reſt ſo lean? The waggoner knowing them to be limbs of the law, anſwer'd them, *That his fore-horſe was his lawyer, and the reſt were his clients.*

349. An old bawd being carried before juſtice M—s, for keeping a diſorderly houſe, ſtrongly denied all that was charged upon her: *Houſewife! houſewife!* ſaid the juſtice, how have you the aſſurance to deny it; you do keep a bawdy houſe, and I will *maintain it.* *Will you?* replied

replied the old lady, *the Lord bleſs you! I always heard you were a kind hearted gentleman.*

350. At a cauſe tried at the King's Bench bar, a witneſs was produced who had a very red noſe, and one of the counſel, a good impudent fellow, being deſirous to put him out of countenance, called out to him, after he was ſworn, Well, let's hear what you have to ſay with your copper noſe; *Why, Sir*, ſaid he, *by the oath I have taken, I would not exchange my copper noſe for your brazen face.*

351. A gentleman in the country who had three daughters, diſcourſing one evening on rural affairs, and the nature of vegetation, aſk'd one of his daughters what plant or herb ſhe thought grew the faſteſt? The young lady replied, *aſparagus.* Then he aſk'd the ſecond, ſhe anſwer'd, a *pompion* or *gourd:* And when the ſame queſtion was put to the youngeſt, ſhe replied, *The pommel of a ſaddle*; which very much ſuprizing the old gentlemen, he deſired to know what ſhe meant, and how ſhe could make it out? Why, ſaid ſhe, when I was one day riding behind our John, and the ways being ſo rough that I was afraid I ſhould fall off, he cry'd, *Miſs, put your hand about my waiſt, and lay hold of the pommel of the ſaddle*; and I am ſure, papa, when I firſt took hold of it, it was not much bigger than my finger, and in leſs than a minute, it was thicker than my wriſt.

352. A gentleman having received ſome abuſe, in paſſing through one of the Inns of Chancery, from ſome of the impudent clerks, he was adviſed to complain to the *Principal*, which he did accordingly; and coming before him, accoſted him in the following manner; *I have been groſly abuſed here by ſome of the* raſcals *of this houſe, and underſtanding you are the* principal, *I am come to acquaint you with it.*

353. An old roundhead in Oliver's time, complaining of ſome heavy rain that fell, ſaid a cavalier, ſtanding by, *What unreaſonable fellows you roundheads are, who will neither be pleaſed when God rains, nor when the king reigns.*

354. An old cavalier told a great rumper, that he ſaw his maſter Oliver hanged, and he ſtunk damnably. *Ay*, ſaid the laſt, *no doubt but he ſtunk after he had been dead ſo long, but he would have made you ſtink if he had been alive.*

355. A young curate, with more pertneſs than wit, or learning, being aſk'd in company, How he came to take it into his head to enter into the miniſtry of the church? Becauſe, ſaid he, the Lord had need of me. *That may be,*

replied

reply'd a gentleman preſent, *for I have often read that the Lord had once need of an aſs.*

356. A very ignorant, but very foppiſh young fellow, going into a bookſeller's ſhop with a relation, who went thither to buy ſomething he wanted, ſeeing his couſin look into a particular book, and ſmile, aſk'd him, What there was in that book that made him ſmile? Why, anſwer'd the other, this book is dedicated to you, couſin Jack: Is it ſo? ſaid he, pray let me ſee it, for I never knew before that I had ſuch an honour done to me: Upon which, taking it into his hands, he found it to be Perkin's Catechiſm, dedicated *to all ignorant perſons.*

357. There was a ſhort time when Mr. Handel, notwithſtanding his merit, was deſerted, and his opera at the Hay-Market neglected almoſt by every body but his m—y, for that of Porpora at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields; at this time another nobleman aſking the earl of C—— d if he would go one night to the opera? My lord aſk'd, Which? Oh, to that in the Hay-Market, anſwer'd the other. *No, my lord,* ſaid the earl, *I have no occaſion for a private audience of his m——y to-night.*

358. Some ſcholars, on a time, going to ſteal conies, by the way they warn'd a novice amongſt them to make no noiſe, for fear of ſpoiling their game: But he no ſooner eſpy'd ſome, but he cry'd out aloud, *Ecce conniculi multi.* Whereupon the conies ran with all ſpeed into their burrows; upon which his fellows chiding him; *Who the devil,* ſays he, *would have thought that the conies underſtood Latin?*

359. A fellow and a wench being taken in comical circumſtances in a *pound,* and brought before a juſtice of peace; but both averring their innocence, the juſtice call'd the wench aſide, and promis'd her, if ſhe would confeſs, ſhe ſhould go free for that fact; upon which ſhe own'd the truth, and the fellow was ſent to priſon: But upon taking her leave, the juſtice call'd the wench back again, and aſk'd her, What the fellow gave her? If it pleaſe your worſhip, ſaid ſhe, *Half a crown. Truly woman,* anſwer'd he, *that does not pleaſe me; and though for the fact you have confeſs'd, I have acquitted you, as I promis'd; yet I muſt commit you for ſuch extortion, as taking* half a crown *in the* pound.

360. One was joking with a lawyer for tarrying ſo long from his wife upon the circuit, ſaying, in his abſence ſhe

might want due benevolence: I ſhall give her uſe for that, anſwer'd the lawyer, at my return; and put the caſe any one ow'd you fifty pounds, wou'd you not rather have it in a lump, than ſhilling by ſhilling? *It is true*, reply'd the other, *moſt people would; but it would vex you if your wife ſhould want a* ſhilling *in your abſence, and be forced to borrow it.*

361. A drunken fellow having ſold all his goods, to maintain himſelf at his pot, except his feather bed, at laſt made away with that too; when being reprov'd for it by ſome of his friends; *Why*, ſaid he, *I am very well, thank God, and why ſhould I keep my bed?*

362. An old lady meeting a Cambridge man, aſk'd him, How her nephew behav'd himſelf? Truly, madam, ſays he, he's a brave fellow, and ſticks cloſe to *Catherine Hall* *. *I vow*, ſaid ſhe, *I fear'd as much, he was always hankering after the wenches from a boy.*

363. A gentleman being arreſted for a pretty large ſum of money, ſent to an acquaintance, who had often profeſs'd a great friendſhip for him, to beg he would bail him; the other told him, That he had promis'd never to be bail for any-body; but with much kindneſs ſaid, *I'll tell you what you may do, you may get ſomebody elſe if you can.*

364. In a town where there had been a remarkable ſlaughter of maidenheads, and as great a propagation of horns, by a ſmall body of *red coats*, which had been quarter'd there; one was ſaying, That he wonder'd why the women were ſo fond of ſoldiers! Phoo, ſays another, I don't wonder at it; the gentlemen in *red*, and their brethren in *black*, have, for many ages, been in poſſeſſion of the ſex; the latter, upon the account of their ſecrecy, and the other, from the heroic performances they may expect from them. *In fine*, adds he, *women are like mackarel, bait but a hook with a piece of ſcarlet cloth*†, *and you infallibly take them.*

365. When king Charles the firſt was in great anxiety about ſigning the warrant for the earl of Strafford's execution, ſaying, It was next to death to part with ſo able a miniſter, and ſo loyal a ſubject; a certain favourite of the king's ſtanding by, ſoon reſolv'd his majeſty, by telling him,

---

* *The name of a college in that univerſity.*

† *A piece of red cloth, the common bait for mackarel.*

him, *That in ſuch an exigence, a man had better part with his crutch than his leg.*

366. Some rattling young fellows from London putting into a country inn, ſeeing a plain rough-hewn farmer there; ſays one of them, You ſhall ſee me dumb-found that countryman:—So coming up to him, he gives his hat a twirl round, ſaying, *there's half a crown for you, countryman.* The former, after recovering a little from his ſurprize, reared his oaken towel, and ſurveying him very gravely, gave him two very handſome drubs on the ſhoulder, ſaying, *I thank you for your kindneſs, friend, there's two ſhillings of your money again.*

367. One of the aforeſaid rattling blades having been once a little kick'd for his impertinence, demanded of his benefactor, with a bluff face, Whether he was in earneſt, or not? Yes, faith, ſaid the other, in very good earneſt, laying his hand on his ſword.—*Say you ſo*, reply'd he, *I'm glad of that with all my heart*, for I don't like ſuch jeſts.

368. A poet going over Lincoln's Inn-Fields, one, who pretended to be a poor maim'd ſoldier, begg'd his charity. The poet aſk'd him by what authority he went a begging? I have a licence for it, anſwer'd the ſoldier. *Licence*, ſaid the poet; lice *thou may'ſt have, but* ſenſe *thou can'ſt have none, to beg of a poet.*

369. At the maſquerade in the Hay-Market, one appearing in the habit of a biſhop, another, for the jeſt's ſake, bow'd his knee to aſk a bleſſing. The former laying his hand on his head, very demurely ſaid, *Prithee riſe, there's nothing in't indeed, friend.*

370. A certain humorous old knight nam'd Sir Sampſon, thinking to recommend himſelf to the favour of a fine lady, in the way of marriage, ſaid, in the concluſion of his compliments, Oh! madam, we *Sampſons* were ſtrong dogs from the beginning. Take care, Sir Sampſon, reply'd the young lady, *remember the ſtrongeſt of your name pulled an old houſe over his head.*

371. A parſon thinking to banter an honeſt Quaker, aſk'd him, Where his religion was before George Fox's time? Where thine was, ſays the Quaker, before Harry Tudor's time. Now thou haſt been free with me, added the Quaker, prithee let me aſk thee a queſtion.—Where was Jacob going when he was turn'd of ten years of age? can'ſt thou tell that? No, ſaid the parſon, nor you neither, I be-

lieve. *Yes, I can*, reply'd the Quaker, *he was going into his eleventh year; was he not?*

372. A merchant in London, having bought a pretty eſtate in Surry, and afterwards two or three *more* fields adjoining to it, a perſon ſpeaking of his purchaſe to a friend, ſaid, he did not think Mr. Such-a-one had been in circumſtances to make ſo large a purchaſe. O! dear, ſaid the other, you don't know how conſiderable a man he is; why ſince he bought that eſtate in Surry, he has bought *Moor fields. That muſt be a great purchaſe, indeed*, reply'd the other.

373. The old earl of B——d, one of the moſt facetious men of his time, being once in waiting at court, made an excuſe one morning to leave the king, aſſuring his majeſty he would be back to wait on him before 12 o'clock, there being great occaſion for his attendance. The king had enquir'd for him ſeveral times, his lordſhip having exceeded his time: at length he came, and going to the clock in the drawing room, heard it ſtrike one; at which, being a little enrag'd, he up with his cane, and broke the glaſs of the clock. The king aſk'd him afterwards, What made him break the clock? I am ſure, ſays my lord, your majeſty won't be angry when you hear: Prithee, ſaid the king, what was it? *Why, blood, my liege, the clock ſtruck firſt.*

374. Æmilia, ſays one, give her her due, has the beſt reputation of any one young woman in town, who has beauty enough to provoke detraction; I grant you, replies another, her virtue and diſcretion are ſufficient to keep her from being corrupted by any thing but a huſband. How! a huſband, ſays the former. Yes, a huſband, anſwer'd the other.——*I have known many a woman make a difficulty of loſing a maidenhead, who have made none afterwards of making a cuckold.*

375. A perſon having been put to great ſhifts to get money to ſupport his credit; ſome of his creditors at length ſent him word, that they would give him trouble. *Pox*, ſays he, *I have had trouble enough to borrow the money, and had not need to be troubled to pay it again.*

376. A country woman being ſick, bequeath'd her ſow with pig to the parſon, who thinking ſhe would hardly recover, came ſoon after, and took the ſow away. The good wife recovering, aſk'd for her ſow, and being told the parſon ſhe had left it to came, when ſhe was very bad, and had

taken

taken her away. *Bleſs us*, ſays ſhe, *the parſon is worſe than the devil, for one may call upon him twenty times to take one before he'll do it; but I did but once bid the parſon take my ſow, and he fetch'd her immediately.*

377. Queen Elizabeth ſeeing a gentleman in her garden, who had not felt the effect of her favours ſo ſoon as he expected, looking out of her window, ſaid to him in Italian, *What does a man think of, Sir Edward, when he thinks of nothing?* After a little pauſe, he anſwer'd, *He thinks, madam, of a woman's promiſe.* The queen ſhrunk in her head, but was heard to ſay, *Well, Sir Edward, I muſt not confute you: Anger makes dull men witty, but it keeps them poor.*

378. A lady whoſe beauty was very much upon the decline, having ſent her picture to a gentleman that was to come a wooing to her, bid her chambermaid, when ſhe was coming to dreſs her, take care in repairing her decays a little, or ſhe ſhould not look like her picture. *I warrant you, madam,* ſays ſhe, laying on the Bavarian red, *a little art once made your picture like you, now a little of the ſame art ſhall make you like your picture; your picture muſt fit to you.*

379. A beautiful young lady, but extremely fanciful and humorous, being on the point of reſigning herſelf into the arms of her lover, began to enter on the conditions that ſhe expected ſhould be obſerv'd after the articles were ſign'd and executed. Among the reſt, ſays ſhe, poſitively, I will lie in bed as long as I pleaſe in the morning: *With all my heart, madam,* ſays he, *provided I may get up when I pleaſe.*

380. A termagant ſempſtreſs coming to dun a young fellow at his lodgings, where he was terribly afraid to have his landlady hear; ſhe began to open her quail pipes at a great rate, but was preſently ſeized with a fit of coughing. Lord, ſays ſhe, I have got ſuch a cold I can hardly ſpeak. Nay, as to that, ſays he, I don't care how ſoftly you ſpeak. Don't tell me of ſpeaking ſoftly, ſays ſhe, let me have my money, or I'll take the law of you.—*Do,* ſays he, *then you'll be forc'd to hold your tongue, for the law allows no body to ſcold in their own cauſe.*

381. One who had marry'd a light heel'd wife, inſtead of an innocent country girl, which he took her for, was ſeverely rally'd, upon the diſcovery, by his acquaintance.

Among the reſt, a young lady having been very ſevere with him, he call'd to her lover, who was preſent, ſaying, Sir, take off your waſp, I'll have a fly-flap elſe.——*You'll have occaſion for it*, ſays ſhe, *your wife has been blown upon.*

382. Some perſons talking of a fine lady that had many ſuitors: Well, ſays one of them, you may talk of this great man, and that great man, of this lord, and t'other knight; but I know a fellow without a foot of eſtate, that will carry her before them all. *Pho, damme, that's impoſſible*, ſays another, *unleſs you mean her coachman.*

383. A woman may learn one uſeful hint from the game of *back gammon*, which is, not to take up her man till ſhe is ſure of binding him.——Had poor M——d thought of this, when ſhe had once gain'd her point, ſhe would never afterwards have made ſuch a blot in her tables.

384. Count Gondemar, the Spaniſh ambaſſador here, in Queen Elizabeth's time, ſent a compliment to the lord St. Alban's, whom he liv'd in no good terms with, wiſhing him a merry Eaſter. My lord thank'd the meſſenger, and ſaid, he could not requite the count better *than by wiſhing him a good* paſs-over.

385. A certain philoſopher, when he ſaw men in a hurry to finiſh any matter, uſed to ſay, *Stay a little, that we may make an end the ſooner.*

386. Sir Francis Bacon was wont to ſay of a paſſionate man, who ſuppreſs'd his anger, *that he thought worſe than he ſpoke*; and of an angry man, that would vent his paſſion in words, *That he ſpoke worſe than he thought.*

387. The ſame gentleman us'd to ſay, that power in an ill man, was like the power of a witch, he could do harm, but no good; as the magicians, ſays he, could turn water into blood, but could not turn blood into water again.

388. He was likewiſe wont to commend much the advice of a plain old man at Buxton, who ſold brooms. A proud lazy young fellow came to him for a beeſom upon truſt, to whom the old man ſaid, *Friend, haſt thou no money? Borrow of thy back and of thy belly, they'll never aſk thee for't, I ſhall be dunning thee every day.*

389. When recruits were raiſing for the late wars, a ſerjeant told his captain, that he had got him a very extraordinary man: Ay, ſays the captain, prithee what's he? *A butcher, Sir*, replies the ſerjeant, *and your honour will have*

have double ſervice of him, for we had two ſheep-ſtealers *in the company before.*

390. A harmleſs country fellow having commenced a ſuit againſt a gentleman that had beat down his fences, and ſpoil'd his corn; when the aſſizes grew near, his adverſary brib'd his only evidence to keep out of the way: Well, ſays the fellow, I'm reſolv'd I'll up to town, and the king ſhall know it. The king know it, ſays his landlord, who was an attorney, prithee what good will that do you, if the man keeps out of the way? *Why, Sir,* ſays the poor fellow, *I have heard you ſay, the king could make a man A PEER, at any time.*

391. One ſpeaking of an agreeable young fellow, ſaid, He had wit enough to call his good nature in queſtion, and yet good nature enough to make his wit ſuſpected.

392. To what an ebb of taſte are women fallen, that it ſhould be in the power of a lac'd coat and a feather to recommend a gallant to them: Taylors and perriwig-makers are become the bawds of the nation: That fop that has not wherewithal by nature to move a cook-maid, ſhall by a little of their aſſiſtance, be able to ſubdue a counteſs.

393. A lady ſeeing a tolerable pretty fellow, who by the help of a taylor and ſempſtreſs had transform'd himſelf into a beau, ſaid, What pity 'tis to ſee one, whom nature has made no fool, ſo induſtrious to paſs for an aſs: Rather, ſays another, one ſhould pity thoſe whom nature abuſes than thoſe who abuſe nature; *beſides, the town would be robbed of one half of its diverſion, if it ſhould become a crime to laugh at a fool.*

394. Of all coxcombs, the moſt intolerable in converſation is your fighting fool, and your opiniated wit; the one is always talking to ſhew his parts, and the other always quarrelling to ſhew his valour.

395. In Oliver's time, when people were marry'd by a juſtice of peace, one giving a reaſon for it, ſaid, *That none was ſo fit to marry others, as he that, by virtue of his office, was impower'd to lay people by the heels.*

396. When the late dauphin of France ſaid to the facetious duke of Roquelaure, Stand farther off, Roquelaure, for you ſtink. The duke reply'd, *I aſk your pardon, Sir, 'tis you that ſmell, not I.*

397. One ſaid of a fantaſtical fellow, that he was the

folio of himſelf, bound up in his own calf's leather, and gilt about the edges.

398. A decay'd gentleman coming to one who had been a ſervant to borrow money of him, receiv'd a very ſcurvy anſwer, concluding in the following words; *Lord, Sir, what do you trouble me for? I've no money to lend. I'm ſure you lye*, ſays the gentleman, *for if you was not rich you durſt not be ſo ſaucy.*

399. The Roman Catholicks make a ſacrament of matrimony, and in conſequence of that notion, pretend that it confers grace: The Proteſtant divines do not carry matters ſo high, but ſay, This ought to be underſtood in a qualify'd ſenſe; and that marriage ſo far confers grace, as that, generally ſpeaking, *it brings repentance, which every body knows is one ſtep towards grace.*

400. A lady, who had a mind, ſhe told another, to quarrel with an impertinent teazing young fellow ſhe did not like, ſaid, ſhe could not tell how to provoke him, he was ſo very aſſiduous and ſubmiſſive. 'Slife, ſaid her friend, I'd ſpit in his face. *Alas*, reply'd ſhe, *that won't do, when men are fawning like lap-dogs, they'll take that for a favour.*

401. An extravagant young gentleman, to whom the title of lord, and a good eſtate, was juſt fallen, being a little harraſs'd by duns, bid his ſteward tell them, *That whilſt he was a private gentleman he had leiſure to run in debt, but being now advanced to a higher rank, he was too buſy to pay them.*

402. A wild young fellow, that had ſpent his fortune, being aſk'd, What he intended to do with himſelf? ſaid, he deſign'd to go into the army. How can that be? ſays one, you are a *Jacobite*, and can't take the oaths. You may as well tell me, ſays he, that I can't take orders, becauſe I am an *atheiſt*. I aſk your pardon, reply'd the other, *I did not know the ſtrength of your conſcience ſo well as I did the weakneſs of your purſe.*

403. An old fellow having a great itch after his neighbour's wife, employ'd her chambermaid in the buſineſs. At the next meeting he enquir'd, what anſwer the lady had ſent him? Anſwer! ſaid the girl, why ſhe has ſent you this for a token; (giving him a ſmart ſlap in the face.) *Ay*, cry'd the old fellow, rubbing his chaps, *and you have loſt none of it by the way: I thank you.*

404.

404. A gentleman complaining of a misfortune, ſaid it was along with that drunken ſot his man, who could not keep himſelf ſober. *With reſpect to your worſhip*, ſaid the fellow, *I know very few drunken ſots that do keep themſelves ſober.*

405. One ſaid of a young woman, whoſe chaſtity was violently aſſaulted by a handſome young fellow, *That ſhe was in as fair a way to be ruined, as a boy was to be a rogue, when he was firſt put clerk to an attorney.*

406. A certain Iriſhman making ſtrong love to a great fortune, told her, *He could not ſleep for dreaming of her.*

407. A plain country yeoman bringing his daughter to town, ſaid, for all ſhe was brought up altogether in the country, ſhe was a girl of ſenſe. Yes, ſays a pert young female in the company, *Country ſenſe. Why, faith, madam*, ſays the fellow, *country ſenſe is better ſometimes than London impudence.*

408. A thouſand actions paſs in the world for virtuous, tho' they proceed from a quite different principle. My lord releas'd Arſennus out of priſon, and paid his debts; this every one applauded as an act of the higheſt and moſt diſintereſted generoſity. They little knew that his lordſhip lay every night with Arſennus's ſiſter.

409. Give me a man without a fortune, ſaid a ſenſible young lady, rather than a fortune without a man.

410. I'll ſwear, ſays a gentleman to his miſtreſs, you are very handſome. Phoo, ſays ſhe, ſo you'd ſay, tho' you did not think ſo. *And ſo you'd think*, anſwer'd he, *though I ſhould not ſay ſo.*

411. A gentleman in king Charles the IId's time, who had paid a tedious attendance at court for a place, and had a thouſand promiſes, at length reſolv'd to ſee the king himſelf; ſo getting himſelf introduced, he told his majeſty what pretenſions he had to his favour, and boldly aſk'd him for the place juſt then vacant. The king hearing his ſtory, told him he had juſt given the place away. Upon which the gentleman made a very low obeiſance to the king, and thank'd him extremely; which he repeated often. The king obſerving how over thankful he was, called him again, and aſk'd the reaſon, why he gave him ſuch extraordinary thanks, when he had deny'd his ſuit: The rather, an't pleaſe your majeſty, reply'd the gentleman; your courtiers have kept me waiting here theſe two years,

years, and gave me a thouſand put-offs; but your majeſty has ſav'd me all that trouble, and generouſly given me my anſwer at once. *Gods fiſh, man,* ſays the king, *thou ſhalt have the place for thy downright honeſty.*

412. A merry drolling fellow, who liv'd with a lady that was juſt on the point of matrimony, being ſent with a how d'ye to an acquaintance of her's, who liv'd a few miles off, was aſk'd how his lady did? *Ah, dear madam,* reply'd the fellow, *ſhe can never live long in this condition.*

413. 'Twas a beautiful turn given by a great lady, who being aſk'd, Where her huſband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concern'd in a conſpiracy? reſolutely anſwer'd, *She had hid him.* This confeſſion drew her before the king, who told her, Nothing but her diſcovering where her lord was conceal'd, could ſave her from the torture. And will that do, ſays the lady? Yes, ſays the king, I give you my word for it. *Then,* ſays ſhe, *I have hid him in my heart, there you'll find him.* Which ſurprizing anſwer charm'd her enemies.

414. A perſon adviſing a lady in town to marry a country gentleman; to recommend the match in the ſtronger terms, told her it would be more convenient for her, becauſe his *concerns* in the country join'd to her's. *Ay,* ſays the lady, *but his CONCERNS ſhall never join to mine in the city.*

415. An Engliſh gentleman travelling to France, had made choice of an abbot as wicked as himſelf, for the companion of his pleaſures: One of his countrymen told him, *That tho' the abbot and he differ'd about the way to heaven, they were in a fair way of going to the devil together.*

416. Two perſons quarrelling at a tavern; after the heat was a little over, one of them being ſtraiten'd for a conveniency to make water, but being hemm'd in, ſaid to his antagoniſt,—*How ſhall I get by you?* Get by me, ſays the other, *Why, what a pox did I ever get by you?*

417. A very grave perſon being carry'd before a magiſtrate, for having a little thing as big as a baſtard laid to him; one that was paſſing by, aſk'd what was the matter? Only, ſays another, an old gentleman is apprehended upon ſuſpicion of *manhood.* Manhood! ſays the former, What! has he committed murder? *Quite contrary,* reply'd the other; *he has committed fornication, and got a ſubject, not killed one.*

418. A

418. A petulant ſelf-will'd coxcomb was threatning, if his humour was not gratified, to leave his relations and family, and go away to France. *Let him alone*, ſays one, *he will come back from* France, *before he gets half way to* Dover.

419. A countryman in the ſtreet enquiring the way to Newgate, an arch fellow that heard him, ſaid, he'd ſhew him preſently. *Do but go croſs the way*, ſaid he, *to yon Goldſmith's ſhop, and move off with one of thoſe ſilver tankards, and it will bring you thither preſently.*

420. Men ſometimes blurt out very unlucky truths. A town beggar was very importunate with a rich miſer, whom he accoſted in the following phraſe: Pray, Sir, beſtow your charity; good, dear Sir, beſtow your charity. *Prithee, friend, be quiet*, replied old Gripus, *I have it not.*

421. A certain prieſt in a rich abbey in Florence, being a fiſherman's ſon, caus'd a net to be ſpread every day, on a table in his apartment, to put him in mind of his original: the abbot dying, this diſſembled humility procur'd him to be choſen abbot; after which, the net was us'd no more. Being aſk'd the reaſon, he anſwer'd, *there is no occaſion for the net now the fiſh is caught.*

422. A farmer who had a very great name in the country for his dexterity in manly exerciſes, ſuch as wreſtling, throwing the bar, and the like, drew upon himſelf many occaſions to try his ſkill, with ſuch as came far and near to challenge him: among the reſt, a conceited fellow rode a great way to viſit this champion: and being told that he was in his ground behind the houſe, he alighted, and walked with his horſe in his hand, till he came where he found him at work; ſo hanging his horſe upon the pails, he accoſted him thus: that having heard much of his fame, he was come forty miles to try a fall with him. The champion, without more words, came up to him, and cloſing with him, took him upon ſuch an advantageous lock, that he pitch'd him clear over the pails; ſo with a great deal of unconcern, took up his ſpade, and fell to work again: the fellow getting upon his legs again, as nimble as he could, call'd to ſpeak to him. Well, ſays the champion, have you any more to ſay to me? *No, no*, reply'd the fellow, *only to deſire you would be ſo kind as throw my horſe after me.*

423. A buſy impertinent entertaining Ariſtotle, the philoſopher, one day with a tedious diſcourſe, and obſerving

that

that he did not much regard him, made an apology, That he was afraid he had interrupted him. *No, really*, replied the philoſopher, *you han't interrupted me at all, for I have not minded one word you ſaid.*

424. If your wife has cuckolded you, 'tis in vain to grieve; e'en ſhake hands with your neighbours. One telling his friend he was a cuckold,—*If I had not known it*, replies he, *I ſhould have been angry with you for telling me on't.*

425. Two conceited coxcombs wrangling and expoſing one another before company, one told them, That they had both done like wits: *For you wits*, ſays he, *never give over, till you prove one another fools.*

426. One ſeeing an affected coxcomb buying books, told him, His bookſeller was properly his upholſterer, for he furniſh'd his room rather than his head.

427. A young lady, with a good fortune, having beſtow'd herſelf on a wild young fellow, *Well*, ſays the old lady her aunt, *for all you were ſo eager to have him, you'll have your* belly *full of him, in a little time, I'll warrant you.*

428. A lawyer and a phyſician having a diſpute about precedence, referr'd it to Diogenes, who gave it in favour of the lawyer, in theſe terms: *Let the thief go before, and the executioner follow.*

429. A perſon having two very ungracious ſons, the one robb'd him of his money, and t'other of his goods: His neighbour coming to condole with him, told him, *He might ſue the county, for he had been robb'd between ſon and ſon.*

430. Du Val, who was a very famous highwayman, and at length ſuffered for his robberies, was likewiſe as famous for gaining the hearts of the women, being a ſmart dapper fellow: After his death, he had this epitaph beſtowed on him:

Here lies Du Val——Reader, if male thou art,
Look to thy purſe;——if female, to thy heart:
Much havock he has made in both;——for all
The men he made to ſtand,——the women fall.

431. A perſon ſpeaking to the earl of C————d of the falſe taſte of ſeveral people of quality, and their ignorance

rance in many things that they pretend to underſtand; *Why*, ſaid my Lord, *moſt of our people of quality judge of every thing by their ears but the* opera, *and that they go to ſee.*

432. Tom P——, a good honeſt fellow, but with very little manners, being one day at dinner at Lord L—'s, ſeveral ladies being at table, my Lord told him, that Mr. Such-a-one, naming a gentleman in the neighbourhood, had taken ſomething very ill of him, and wou'd take an occaſion, he heard, to reſent it. Mr. Such-a-one, reply'd Tom, may kiſs my a—. Upon ſuch a coarſe expreſſion, the ladies all ſtarted, and my Lord cry'd, Fie, Tom, I thought you would not have uſed ſuch a word before ladies. Why, my Lord, ſaid Tom, a— an't bawdy, is it? *No*, ſaid my Lord, *but it is within half an inch of it.*

433. A citizen dying greatly in debt, it coming to his creditors ears, Farewell, ſaid one, there is ſo much of mine gone with him: And he carried ſo much of mine, ſaid another: One hearing them make their ſeveral complaints, ſaid, *Well, I ſee now, that though a man can carry nothing of his own out of the world, yet he may carry a great deal of other mens.*

434. A mad crew went to a tavern with a (deviliſh) reſolution to be damnable drunk; one being more overpower'd than the reſt, ſpew'd perpetually; and ſeeing that he could no longer bear them company, call'd for the reckoning: Why, ſaid one, cannot you tell that, that have ſo often caſt up what you drank? *No marry, I cannot*, ſaid he, *for I was ſo buſy in caſting up the account, that I did not mind the reckoning.*

435. Three young conceited wits, as they thought themſelves, paſſing along the road near Oxford, met a grave old gentleman, with whom they had a mind to be rudely merry; Good-morrow, father Abraham, ſaid one: Good-morrow, father Iſaac, ſaid the next: Good-morrow, father Jacob, cry'd the laſt. *I am neither Abraham, Iſaac, nor Jacob*, reply'd the old gentleman, *but Saul, the ſon of Kiſh, who went out to ſeek his father's aſſes, and lo! here I have found them.*

436. A young maid coming freſh out of the country, was courted by a perſon of quality, who ſhe underſtood was infected by the foul diſeaſe: My Lord paid his conſtant devoirs to her, and promiſed her marriage; which

ſhe refuſing, ſome of her friends aſk'd her, Why ſhe, who was meanly born, would not marry one that would not only enrich her, but enoble her blood: *I will not*, ſays ſhe, *corrupt my fleſh, to better my blood, for any Lord in Chriſtendom.*

437. An ingenious young gentleman, at the Univerſity of Oxford, being appointed to preach before the Vice-Chancellor, and the heads of the colleges, at St. Mary's, and having formerly obſerved the drowſineſs of the Vice-Chancellor, took this place of ſcripture for his text. *What! cannot ye watch one hour?* at every diviſion he concluded with his text; which by reaſon of the Vice-Chancellor ſitting ſo near the pulpit, often awak'd him: This was ſo noted among the wits, that it was the talk of the whole Univerſity, and withal it did ſo nettle the Vice-Chancellor, that he complain'd to the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, who willing to redreſs him, ſent for this ſcholar up to London, to defend himſelf againſt the crime laid to his charge; where coming, he gave ſo many proofs of his extraordinary wit, that the Archbiſhop enjoined him to preach before King James. After ſome excuſes, he at length condeſcended; and coming into the pulpit, begins, *James the firſt, and the ſixth, waver not*; meaning the firſt king of England, and the ſixth of Scotland; at firſt the king was ſomewhat amazed at the text, but in the end was ſo well pleaſed with his ſermon, that he made him one of his chaplains in ordinary: After this advancement, the Archbiſhop ſent him down to Oxford to make his recantation to the Vice-Chancellor, and to take leave of the Univerſity, which he accordingly did, and took the latter part of the verſe of the former text, *Sleep on now and take your reſt*: Concluding his ſermon, he made his apology to the Vice-Chancellor, ſaying, *Whereas I ſaid before*, which gave offence, *What, cannot ye watch one hour?* I ſay now, *Sleep on and take your reſt*; and ſo left the Univerſity.

438. A plain country fellow, born in Eſſex, coming to London, which place he had never ſeen before, as he walk'd in a certain ſtreet, not a great way from Mark-lane, eſpy'd a rope hanging at a merchant's door, with a handle to it; and wondering what it meant, he takes it in his hand, and play'd with it to and fro; at length, pulling it hard, he heard a bell ring; it ſo happen'd, that the merchant being near the door, went himſelf, and demanded what the fellow wou'd have. Nothing, Sir, ſaid he, I did but play with this

this pretty thing which hangs at your door. What countryman are you? ſaid the merchant. An Eſſex man, an't pleaſe you, replied the other. I thought ſo, replied the merchant, for I have often heard ſay, that if a man beat a buſh in Eſſex, there preſently comes forth a calf. *It may be ſo*, replied the countryman, *and I think a man can no ſooner ring a bell in London, but out pops a cuckold.*

439. A young man married to an ill-temper'd woman, who not contented, though he was very kind to her, made continual complaints to her father, to the great grief of both families; the huſband being no longer able to endure this ſcurvy humour, bang'd her ſoundly. Hereupon ſhe complain'd to her father, who underſtanding well the perverſeneſs of her humour, took her to taſk, and lac'd her ſides ſoundly too; ſaying, *Go, and commend me to your huſband, and tell him, I am now even with him, for I have cudgell'd his wife, as he hath beaten my daughter.*

440. A fellow hearing one ſay, according to the Italian proverb, *That three women make a market with their chatting; Nay then*, ſaid he, *add my wife to them, and they will make a fair.*

441. A gentlewoman delighting in plurality of lovers, chanced to admit to her embraces two gentlemen who loved one another entirely, but were unacquainted with each other's intrigue. One of them having lain with this gentlewoman one night, loſt his ring in the bed, which the other found in it the morning after; the day following the firſt ſees it on his friend's finger; after a great many arguings about it, they came to underſtand one another's intrigue: The man who loſt it demands his ring, the other refuſes; at laſt, it was agreed, that it ſhould be left to the next comer-by, who ſhould have the ring; it chanced to be the huſband of the woman, who hearing the whole matter, adjudg'd the ring ſhould belong to him who own'd the ſheets; *Marry then*, ſaid they, *for your excellent judgment, you ſhall have the ring.*

442. A man and his dog, named Cuckold, going out together in the evening, in returning home, the dog ran in a doors firſt; Oh, mother, ſays the boy, Cuckold's come; *Nay then*, ſays the mother, *your father's not far off, I am ſure.*

443. A ſcholar, in College-hall, declaiming, having a bad memory, was at a ſtand; whereupon in a low voice,

he desired one that stood close by, to help him out: *No*, says the other, *methinks you are out enough already.*

444. A country gentleman riding down Cornhill, his horse stumbled, and threw him at a shop door, the mistress whereof being a pleasant woman, and seeing there was no hurt done, ask'd him, Whether his horse used to serve him so? Yes, said he, whenever he comes to the door of a cuckold: *Lord, Sir*, said she, *I would advise you to go back again, for you will have a hundred falls else before you come to the top of Cheapside.*

445. A gentleman riding near the forest of Which-wood, in Oxfordshire, ask'd a fellow, What that wood was call'd; he said, Which-wood, Sir: Why, that wood, said the gentleman. Which-wood, Sir: Why that wood, I tell thee; he still said Which-wood. I think, said the gentleman, thou art as senseless as the wood that grows there: *It may be so*, replied the other, *but you know not* Which-wood.

446. A young buxom baggage, with a candle in her hand, was set upon by a Hotspur, who by all means must have a bout with her; but she vow'd, if he meddled with her, she would *burn* him: Will you so? says he, *I'll try that; and thereupon blew out the candle, thinking himself safe from the threat; however, not long after, he found she was as good as her word.*

447. A physician was wont to say, when he met a friend, *I am glad to see you well. In troth, Sir*, said one, *I think you do but dissemble, for the world always goes ill with you, when it goes well with your friends.*

448. A gentleman falling to decay, shifted where he could; among the rest, he visited an old acquaintance, and stay'd with him seven or eight days, in which time the man began to be weary of his guest, and to be rid of him, feign'd a falling out with his wife, by which means their fare was very slender: The gentleman perceiving their drift, but not knowing whither to go to better himself, told them, *He had been there seven days, and had not seen any falling out betwixt them before; and that he was resolved to stay seven weeks longer, but he would see them friends again.*

449. A gentleman who loved every thing that was foreign, and was extremely fond of hard names, dining at a friend's house, ask'd him, What the name of the wine was, of which he had just drank a glass at table; his friend

friend knowing that it was but indifferent, and recollecting that he had bought it at Stocks Market, told him, it was the true Stoko Marketto; upon which he found the wine excellent, and gave it great encomiums.

450. A Romiſh prieſt, on a faſt-day, going to officiate at a convent of nuns, received by the way a preſent of a live carp, which he fixed, as well as he could, under his caſſock. The women perceiving an unuſual motion about his middle, expreſſed great ſigns of ſurprize; but the holy prieſt, deſirous to remove all occaſions of ſcandal, addreſſing himſelf to them, and holding aſide his garment, ſaid *Good ſiſters, I pray you be not offended, behold, it is nothing but FISH.*

451. A young woman in France, whoſe brother had embraced the Proteſtant religion, was convicted of having a baſtard child, and obliged to do public penance. The prieſt, after a ſevere reprimand, warned her, that as ſhe had made a reparation for her own crime, ſhe ſhould never fall into her brother's. *Oh, Sir,* ſaid ſhe, *I would rather commit my fault a thouſand times, than be once guilty of my brother's.*

452. Fond wives, ſaid one, do by their huſbands as barren wives do by their lap-dogs, cram them with ſweetmeats, 'till they cloy their ſtomachs.

453. A knaviſh attorney aſking a very worthy gentleman, what was honeſty? *What is that to you,* ſaid he, *meddle with thoſe things that concern you.*

454. A ſimple bumpkin, coming to London, was very much taken with the ſight of a chair, or ſedan, and bargained with the chairmen to carry him to a place he named. The chairmen, obſerving the curioſity of the clown to be ſuitable to the meanneſs of his habit, privately took out the bottom of the chair, and then put him into it, which when they took up, the countryman's feet were upon the ground, and as the chairmen advanced, ſo did he; and to make the better ſport, if any place was dirtier in the way than the reſt, that they choſe to go through; the countryman not knowing but others uſed to be carried, or rather driven in the ſame manner, coming to his lodgings, gave them their demand. Returning into the country, he related what rare things he had ſeen in London, and withal, that he had been carried in a ſedan: Sedan, quoth one, what is that? *Why,* ſaid he, *like our watch-*

houſe, only it is covered with leather; but were it not for the name of a ſedan, a man might as well walk on foot.

455. A conceited perſon, after he had written ſeveral verſes in praiſe of his miſtreſs, beginning firſt with her head, and ſo proceeding upon every member down to her feet, miſſing no part but the neck: *Oh*, ſaid one, *there is good reaſon for that, he reſerves the neck-verſe for himſelf, knowing he ſhall have occaſion for it hereafter.*

456. An ignorant clown, who had the reputation of being a great ſcholar in the country, becauſe he could write and read, coming to London, and enquiring into all the ſtrange things he ſaw, at laſt read on a ſign-poſt, *Here are horſes to be lett*, 1748. *Jeſu*, ſaid he, *if there are ſo many horſes in one inn, how many are there in the whole city?*

457. One reading a witty preface before a dull book, ſaid, he wondered how ſuch a preface came to be match'd ſo prepoſterouſly to ſuch a book. *In truth, Sir*, ſaid another, *I ſee no reaſon why they may not be match'd, for I'm ſure they are not at all a-kin.*

458. A very honeſt and prudent gentleman had the ill fortune to marry a wife a grain too light; one day returning home, he went up ſtairs, and found his chamber door open; entering, he caught his wife and the adulterer, who were ſo intent upon their ſport, that they minded nothing elſe, in the very act; the gentleman, ſeemingly unmov'd, ſaid, *Wife, wife, indeed you don't do well to expoſe your own and my reputation thus to the hazard of being loſt by careleſſneſs; ſure, in a buſineſs that ſo nearly concerns us both, you might have ſhut the door; I pray conſider what if any one elſe had come and caught you in this poſture?* and ſo went and left them: The mildneſs of this reproof ſo effectually wrought upon this woman, that ſhe ever after abhorred the thought of enjoying any other man but her huſband.

459. A perſon not belonging to Merton College, put his horſe in a field thereunto appertaining; being warn'd of ſo doing, and he taking no notice thereof, the maſter of that College ſent his man to him, bidding him ſay, if he continued his horſe there, he would cut off his tail. Say you ſo? ſaid the perſon: Go tell your maſter, if he cuts off my horſe's tail, I will cut off his ears. The ſervant returning, told his maſter what he ſaid: Where-

upon

upon he was ſent back to bring the perſon to him; who appearing, ſaid the maſter, How now, Sir, what mean you by that menace you ſent me? *Sir*, ſaid the other, *I threatened you not, for I only ſaid, if you cut off my horſe's tail, I could cut off his ears.*

460. One ſeeing a ſcholar that look'd very much aſquint, *Sure*, ſays he, *this man muſt be more learned than his fellows, for with one caſt of his eyes he can read both ſides of the book at once.*

461. A youth ſtanding by whilſt his father was at play, obſerving him to loſe a great deal of money, burſt into tears; his father aſk'd him the reaſon why he wept? *Oh, Sir, I have heard that Alexander the Great wept when he heard his father Philip had conquered a great many towns, cities, and countries, fearing that he would leave him nothing to win; but I wept the contrary way, fearing you will leave me nothing to loſe.*

462. A rich citizen of London, in his will, left ſomething conſiderable to Chriſt's Hoſpital, but little or nothing to one of his extravagant ſons; at the funeral the Blue-coat boys were ordered, in acknowledgment of ſo great a gift, to ſing before the corpſe to the grave: As they march'd through Cheapſide, this extravagant ſon led his mother, who obſerving the boys made a reſt, he opened his pipes in ſuch a manner, that he was heard almoſt from one end of the ſtreet to the other; and ſtill leading his mother, he continued thus ſinging, 'till a kinſman came to him, and ſtopping his mouth, aſk'd him his reaſon for his irreverent and indecent carriage. *Why, couſin*, quoth this Ne'er-be-good, *the boys there at my father's death ſing for ſomething, and won't you let me ſing for nothing?*

463. The famous Mr. Amner going through a ſtreet in Windſor, two boys looked out of a one pair of ſtairs window, and cry'd, There goes Mr. Amner that makes ſo many bulls. He hearing them, look'd up, ſaying, *You raſcals, I know you well enough, and if I had you here, I'd kick you down ſtairs.*

464. The ſame gentleman croſſing the water in a ferry-boat at Datchet, the good man of the ferry being from home, his wife did his office; and not putting in the boat juſt at the landing place, Mr. Amner at his landing ſunk into the mud over his ſhoes; and going a little farther he met with a friend, who aſk'd, How he came ſo dirty?

dirty? 'Fore God, reply'd Mr. Amner, *no man was ever ſo abuſed as I have been; for, coming over Datchet ferry, a ſcurvy woman waterman put over his boat, and landed me clean in the mire.*

465. A gentleman having invited ſeveral friends to ſupper, a couple of rabbits in a diſh being under his hand, as he was carving, his wife called to him, Huſband, prithee give me a flap of the coney: the good man, ſeeming abaſhed at her words, anſwer'd her, *How now, wife! not before all this company.*

466. A poor woman in the country ſent her ſon to a gentleman's houſe, upon ſome errand or other: The loitering lad ſtaid ſomewhat too long, looking upon a dog in the wheel that turned the ſpit; ſo that when he came home, his mother beat him ſoundly: Execution ended, the boy told her, If ſhe had been there, ſhe would have ſtaid as long as he; and ſhe demanding the reaſon, he ſaid, *Oh, mother, it would have done you good to have ſeen how daintily a dog in a wheel ſpun roaſt meat.*

467. In Flanders, by accident, a Flemiſh tyler falling from the top of a houſe upon a Spaniard, killed him, though he eſcaped himſelf. The next of the blood proſecuted his death with great violence againſt the tyler; and when he was offered pecuniary recompence, nothing would ſerve him but *lex talionis.* Whereupon the judge ſaid unto him, That if he did urge that kind of ſentence, it muſt be, *that he ſhould go up to the top of the ſame houſe, and from thence fall down upon the tyler.*

468. A bridegroom, the firſt night he was in bed with his bride, ſaid unto her; When I ſolicited thy chaſtity, had'ſt thou then condeſcended, I would never have made thee my wife, for I did it only to try thee. *Faith,* ſaid ſhe, *I did imagine as much, but I had been cozened ſo three or four times before, and I was reſolved to be fooled ſo no more.*

469. A lord intended to take in a great part of the common belonging to the town, and he agreed with a carpenter to have it railed in: My lord, ſays he, it ſhall be done, and I think I can ſave you ſome charges in the buſineſs; *For,* ſays he, *do you but get poſts, and I doubt not but all the neighbours round about will find you railing enough.*

470. A young Italian gentleman being led by curioſity into Holland, where having lived ſome time converſing with the moſt ingenious, was one day ſet upon by a Proteſtant

teſtant miniſter, who would needs engage him in a controverſy about religion. The young gentleman, knowing himſelf too weak for the encounter, begg'd his diverſion, and endeavoured to wave the diſcourſe; but the more he avoided it, the more hotly was he preſs'd by the miniſter; whereupon the young Italian, in a very great paſſion, conjur'd him by all that is good, to let him alone in peace with his religion. *For*, ſaid he, *I cannot embrace your's, and if you make me loſe my own, I will never make choice of any other.*

471. A brave Dutch captain being commanded by his colonel to go on a dangerous exploit againſt the French, with forces that were unlikely to atchieve the enterprize, the captain adviſ'd his colonel to ſend but half ſo many men: Why ſo, ſaid the colonel, to ſend but half ſo many men? *Becauſe*, replied the captain, *they are enough to be knock'd on the head.*

472. A fellow hearing the drums beat up for volunteers for France, in the expedition againſt the Dutch, imagin'd himſelf valiant enough, and thereupon liſted himſelf; returning again, he was aſk'd by his friends, What exploits he had done there? He ſaid, *That he had cut off one of the enemy's legs*; and being told that it had been more honourable and manly to have cut off his head; *Oh*, ſaid he, *you muſt know his head was cut off before.*

473. A perſon of quality coming into a church to the place where ſeveral of his anceſtors were buried, after he had ſaid much in their commendation, and prais'd them for worthy men; *Well*, ſaid he, *I am reſolv'd, if I live, to be buried as near them as poſſible.*

474. An Iriſhman having been obliged to live with his maſter ſome time in Scotland; when he came home again, ſome of his companions aſk'd him, How he lik'd Scotland? *I will tell you now*, ſaid he, *by Chreſt I was ſick all de while I was dere, and if I had lived dere till this time, I had been dead a year ago.*

475. A certain ducheſs, in a late reign, hearing that a man in a high office, which gave him an opportunity of handling much caſh, had married his kept miſtreſs; *Good Lord*, ſaid ſhe, *that old fellow is always robbing the public.*

476. A book being publiſh'd in queen Elizabeth's time that gave her much offence, ſhe aſk'd Bacon if he could find no treaſon in it? *No, madam*, ſaid he, *but abundance of felony, for the author hath ſtole half his conceits out of Tacitus.*

477. A

477. A young lady being ſick, a phyſician was ſent for to feel her pulſe; ſhe being very coy, and loth he ſhould touch her naked ſkin, pull'd her ſmock ſleeve over her hand; the doctor obſerving it, took a corner of his coat, and laid it upon her ſmock ſleeve; at which a lady that ſtood by wondered; O, *madam*, ſaid he, *a linnen pulſe muſt always have a woollen phyſician.*

478. Tom Clarke, of St. John's, deſired a fellow of the ſame college to lend him Biſhop *Burnet's Hiſtory of the Reformation*; the other told him, He could not ſpare it out of his chamber, but, if he pleaſed, he might come there and read in it all day long: Some time after the ſame gentleman ſends to Tom to borrow his bellows: Tom ſent him word, That he could not poſſibly ſpare them out of his chamber, but he might come there and uſe them all day long if he would.

479. The biſhop of D——m had a ſlovenly cuſtom of keeping one hand always in his breeches, and being one day to bring a bill into the houſe of peers relating to a proviſion for officer's widows, he came with the papers in one hand, and the other, as uſual, in his breeches; and beginning to ſpeak, I have ſomething in my hand, my lords, ſaid he, for the benefit of the officer's widows. —Upon which the duke of Wharton, immediately interrupting him, aſk'd, *In which hand, my lord?*

480. King Charles II. on a certain time paying a viſit to Dr. Buſby, the Doctor is ſaid to have ſtrutted thro' his ſchool with his hat upon his head, while his majeſty walk'd complaiſantly behind him, with his hat under his arm; but, when he was taking his leave at the door, the Doctor, with great humility, thus addreſs'd himſelf: *Sir, I hope your majeſty will excuſe my want of reſpect hitherto; but if my boys were to imagine there was a greater man in the kingdom than myſelf, I ſhould never be able to rule them.*

481. Dr. Hickringal, who was one of king Charles the ſecond's chaplains, whenever he preached before his majeſty, was ſure to tell him of his faults, and to ſcold him from the pulpit very ſeverely. One day his majeſty, walking in the Mall, obſerved the Doctor before him, and ſent to ſpeak to him: When he came, Doctor, ſays the king, what have I done to you that you are always quarrelling with me? I hope your majeſty is not angry with me, quoth the doctor, for telling the truth. No, no, ſays the king, but

but I would have us for the future be friends. Well, well, quoth the Doctor, I'll make it up with your majesty on these terms. *as you'll mend, I'll mend.*

482. In a little country town, it happened that the 'squire of the parish's lady came to church after her lying-in, to return thanks to God, or as it is commonly called, to be churched: The parson aiming to be complaisant, and thinking plain *woman* a little too familiar, instead of saying, *O Lord save this woman*, said, *O Lord save this lady.* The clerk resolving not to be behind hand with him, answer'd, *Who putteth her ladyship's trust in thee.*

483. One of king James the first's chaplains preaching before the court at Whitehall, made use of the following quibbles in his discourse. Speaking of the depravity of the age, almost *all houses*, he said, were made *ale houses*; that men made *matrimony* a *matter of money*; and placed their *Paradise* in a *pair of dice*; Was it so in the days of *Noah? ah no!*

484. The Rev. Mr. Henley waiting one day at Sir Robert's levee, was ask'd by the knight what brought him there? The orator reply'd, *I hear you want a* good *pen. No*, said Sir Robert, *I don't. Then*, said the orator, *I have a* bad *one, which perhaps you may'nt like. Well*, said the knight, *if it is very* bad, *I must get one of the secretaries of state to mend it.*

485. Two ladies just returned from Bath were telling a gentleman how they liked the place, and how it agreed with them; the first had been ill, and found great benefit from the waters: But pray what did you go for? said he to the second. *Mere wantonness*, replied the. And pray, madam, said he, *did it cure you?*

486. A very fine lady, who had the gout, ask'd Dr. M——— what was the occasion of the gout? *Whoring and drinking, madam*, said he.

487. Several press-gangs infesting the streets of the city and suburbs, one of which giving umbrage to a merry punster, who had just staggered from a tavern into the middle of them: He said pleasantly enough, *God bless his majesty's arms! But, as to the supporters, they are beasts.*

488. It was well answer'd by archbishop Tillotson to king William, when he complained of the shortness of his sermon. *Sir*, said the bishop, *could I have bestowed more time on it, it would not have been so long.*

489.

489. Mr. Prior, when ambaſſador, being at one of the French opera's at Paris, and ſeated in a box with a nobleman he was free with, who, as uſual in France, ſung louder than the performer, burſt into bitter invectives againſt the laſt; upon which his lordſhip gave over to enquire the reaſon, adding, that the perſon he exclaimed againſt ſo fiercely, was one of the fineſt voices they had. *Yes*, replies his excellency, *but he makes ſuch a horrid noiſe, that I can't have the pleaſure to hear your lordſhip.*

490. A living of 500*l.* *per annum*, falling in the gift of the late lord chancellor T—b—t, Sir R——W—— recommended one of his friends as very deſerving of the benefice, whom his lordſhip approved of. In the interim, the curate, who had ſerved the laſt incumbent many years for poor 30*l.* *per annum*, came up with a petition, ſigned by many of the inhabitants, teſtifying his good behaviour, ſetting forth that he had a wife and ſeven children to maintain, and begging his lordſhip would ſtand his friend, that he might be continued in his curacy; and, in conſideration of his large family, if he could prevail with the next incumbent to add 10*l.* a year, he ſhould for ever pray. His lordſhip, according to his uſual goodneſs, promiſed to uſe his utmoſt endeavours to ſerve him; and the reverend gentleman, for whom the living was deſigned, coming ſoon after to pay his reſpects, my lord told him the affair of the curate, with this difference only, that he ſhould allow him 60*l.* a year inſtead of 30*l.* The parſon, in ſome confuſion, replied, He was ſorry that he could not grant his requeſt, for that he had promiſed the curacy to another, and could not go back from his word. *How!* ſays my lord, *have you promiſed the curacy before you was poſſeſſed of the living? Well, to keep your word with your friend, if you pleaſe, I'll give him the curacy, but the living, I aſſure you, I'll give to another:* And ſaying this he left him. The next day the poor curate coming to know his deſtiny, my lord told him, That he had uſed his endeavours to ſerve him as to the curacy, but with no ſucceſs, the reverend gentleman having diſpoſed of it before. The curate, with a deep ſigh, return'd his lordſhip thanks for his goodneſs, and was going to withdraw, when my lord calling him back, ſaid, with a ſmile, *Well, my friend, 'tis true, I have it not in my power to give you the curacy; but if you will accept of*

the

the living, 'tis at your ſervice. The curate, almoſt ſurprized to death with joy, in the moſt moving expreſſions of gratitude, return'd his lordſhip thanks, whoſe goodneſs had in a moment raiſed him and his family from a neceſſitous condition, to a comfortable ſtate of life.

491. The ſaid noble lord, when he was under the tuition of the Reverend ———, who uſed to call him his little chancellor, one day reply'd, that when he was ſo he would give him a good living. One happening to 'fall ſoon after he was chancellor, he recollected his promiſe, and ordered the preſentation to be fil'd up for his old maſter, who ſoon after came to his lordſhip to remind him of his promiſe, and to aſk him for this living. *Why really,* ſaid my lord, *I wiſh you had come a day ſooner, but I have given it away already, and when you ſee to whom, I dare ſay you will not think me to blame*; ſo putting the preſentation into his hands, he convinc'd him that he had not forgot his promiſe.

492. A country curate being one Friday in Lent to examine his young Catechumens, and the bell tolling for prayers, he was obliged to leave a game of All fours unfiniſh'd, in which he had the advantage; but told his antagoniſt he would ſoon diſpatch his audience, and ſee him out. Now for fear any tricks ſhould be played with the cards in his abſence, he put them in his caſſock; and aſking one of the children how many commandments there were, which the boy not readily anſwering, by accident one of the cards dropp'd out of his ſleeve; he had the preſence of mind to bid the boy take it up, and tell him what card it was; which he readily did: When turning to the parents of the child, *Are you not aſhamed,* ſaid he, *to pay ſo little regard to the eternal welfare of your children, as not to teach them their commandments? I ſuſpected your neglect, and brought this card with me, to detect your immorality, in teaching your children to know their cards before their commandments.*

493. Dr. South being one morning viſiting a gentleman, he was aſk'd to ſtay dinner; which he accepting of, the gentleman ſtept in the next room, and told his wife he had invited the doctor to dinner, and deſired her to provide ſomething extraordinary. Hereupon ſhe began to murmur and ſcold, and make a thouſand words, 'till at laſt her huſband, being very much provoked at her behaviour,

viour, protested, that if it was not for the stranger in the next room, he would kick her out of doors. Upon which the doctor, who had heard all that had passed, immediately stepped out, crying, *I beg, Sir, you'll make no stranger of me.*

494. A notorious bawd of Clerkenwell, having left in her will a handsome sum of money to be given to the Rev. Doctor Lee, to preach her funeral sermon, but on condition that he should say nothing but what was *well* of her. Her executors accordingly waited on the doctor, and acquainted him with the conditions of the will; who being very much surprized at such a request, desired them to call again, and he would consider of it; soon after they came again, when he agreed that on the money's being paid directly, he would preach it the following Sunday. The doctor kept his word, and taking the text, *Blessed are they*, &c. made an excellent sermon on a well spent life, and the reward they would have in the next world; concluding, Dear friends, said he, as for the deceased of whom I am now going to speak (which caused great attention from the congregation) all I shall say of her is, *that she was born at Camberwell, lived great part of her time in Bridewell, and died at Clerkenwell, and at last has* done well; *then let us pray that she may* fare well, *&c. &c.*

495. The Rev. Mr. B————n coming from Holland with the K——g, a terrible hurricane arising, the sloop was in great danger of being lost: The facetious Mr. B——d, of Albemarle-street, being in the cabbin with him, and very willing to prepare himself for another world, desired him to take notice, that if they were cast away, the shirt he had on belonged to Mr. G—, and that he might have it again; then falling on his knees, attempted to rehearse the *Lord's Prayer*, but with such a tone as affrighted the ship's crew; on which the captain running down, desired him to pray to himself, and to his great surprize found the doctor stripping himself: *Pray, doctor*, said he, *what do you design to do? Oh*, said he, *let him pray, I design to swim for my life.*

496. The Lord chief justice Wh—d, of the King's bench in Ireland, being esteemed a very able lawyer, and Judge C——d and B——t but very indifferent ones; Well, said an attorney of that court, no bench was ever supplied like ours, for we have got an *hundred judges* upon it. An hundred! said another, how can that be? *Why,*

Why, replied the firſt, *there is a figure of* one, *and* two cyphers.

497. King Charles the ſecond coming from New-market through Shoreditch to London, obſerving a wall or bank, lately made there of horns, as is common in that road, bid Rocheſter, who was in the coach with him, take notice of it: *Ay, Sir*, ſaid he, *the Citizens ſeem to have been* laying their heads together *to mend the way againſt your Majeſty came by.*

498. One Mr. *Aſh*, who was himſelf a famous punſter in Ireland, coming into an inn, deſired the landlord to lend him a hand to pull off his great coat: Indeed, Sir, ſaid he, I dare not. Dare not, replied the other, what do you mean by that? *You know, Sir*, anſwer'd he, there *is an act of Parliament againſt ſtripping of* Aſh.

499. A Cordelier waiting to cloſe the eyes of an archbiſhop, as ſoon as he was dead, having fixed his eyes upon a rich Crucifix, ſlipped it into one of his wide ſleeves, ſaying, *He was crucified for us.*

500. King Charles the Second, after the Reſtoration, told Waller the poet, that he had made better verſes and ſaid finer things of Cromwell than of him. *That may very well be*, replied Waller, *for Poets generally ſucceed better in imaginary things, than in real ones.*

501. An honeſt French Dragoon in the ſervice of Lewis the fourteenth, having caught a fellow in bed with his wife, after ſome words, told him, he would let him eſcape that time; but by G ——, if ever he found him there again, he'd throw his hat out of the window. Notſtandſtanding this terrible threat, in a very few days he caught the ſpark in the ſame place, and was as good as his word. Knowing what he had done, he poſted away to a place, where he knew the king was to be, and throwing himſelf at his Majeſty's feet, implored his pardon. The King aſked him what his offence was? he told him how he had been abuſed, and that he had thrown the man's *hat out of the window*. Well, well, ſaid the king, laughing, I very readily forgive you, conſidering your provocation, I think you were much in the right to throw his *hat out of the window*. Yes, and it pleaſe you, my Liege, ſaid the Dragoon, but *his head was in it*. Was it ſo? replied the King: Well, my word is paſt.

502. A young and learned gentleman, who was to preach a probation ſermon for a very good lecture-ſhip in the city, and had but a bad voice, though otherwiſe an excellent preacher; a friend, when he came out of the pulpit, wiſhed him joy, and ſaid he would certainly carry the election, for he had no-body's *voice* againſt him but his own.

503. Some repartees, if, ſtrictly ſpeaking, not to be brought under the head of jeſts, yet, for the readineſs of the thought, and the politeneſs of the expreſſion, are ſomewhat better. Of this ſort was the anſwer made by Sir Robert Sutton to the late King of Pruſſia, on his aſking him at a review of his tall grenadiers, if he would ſay an equal number of Engliſhmen could beat them? No, Sir, anſwer'd Sir Robert, I won't pretend to ſay that, but I believe *half the number would try*.

504. Sir John H. C. being in the Court of Requeſts one morning, ſoon after Sir Rob. W———— had married Miſs S————, and overhearing him tell a gentleman, who congratulated him upon that occaſion, that he was glad his *friends* were pleaſed with what he had done. *Ay, by G—, and ſo are your enemies too*, ſaid he.

505. The Earl of C———d, notwithſtanding his great good nature, upon ſome provocation was, at a certain time, forced to lay his cane croſs the ſhoulders of Sir Harry ———, who took it very patiently. Some time after Sir Harry himſelf can'd a fellow, who was a great coward: Upon which my Lord meeting him the next day, told him, he was glad to hear he behaved ſo gallantly yeſterday. Ay, my Lord, ſaid he, *You and I know who we beat.*

506. The Cardinal de Retz being out of favour at court, and at laſt recalled to kiſs the King's hand, the King ſaid to him, your Eminence's hair is grown quite white. To which he replied, *It would make a younger man than I am look grey, to be ſo long in diſgrace with your Majeſty as I have been.*

507. Upon the death of the famous Moliere, a poet waiting with his epitaph upon the Prince of Conde, the Prince told him, *he ſhould have been much better pleaſed, if Moliere had brought him his.*

508. The

508. The famous Buchanan being at dinner where the ſoop was exceeding hot, burnt his mouth, and at the ſame time breaking wind backwards: *It is well for you*, ſaid he, *that you made your eſcape, for I ſhould have burnt you alive if you had ſtaid.*

509. A biſhop going in great haſte to Rome to be cardinalized, miſſed his promotion, and returned; but got a violent cold by the way: *It is no wonder*, ſaid one that was told of it *ſince he came ſo far without his hat.*

510. Mr. Smith, the ordinary of Newgate, in the reign of King William, one of the famous ſcruple-drawers of his time, had an impenitent clipper once to deal with. Why, ſays the fellow, what harm have I done? A parcel of overgrown ſhillings fell into my hands, and I only par'd off their ſuperfluities. They would have bought but twelve pennyworth of beef and turnips at firſt, and they will buy twelve pennyworth of beef and turnips ſtill. Ay, but hark you, my friend, cries the ordinary, what is it to clip a thing, but to pare it round? And what is paring round called in ſcripture, but circumciſion? And who, under the evangelical diſpenſation, dares practiſe circumciſion, but one that has actually renounced the Chriſtian religion, and is a Jew, a moſt obſtinate and perverſe Jew in his heart? Upon this the poor clipper threw himſelf at his feet, owned the heinouſneſs of his ſin, confeſſed that ſabbath-breaking had brought him to it, and wept like a church-ſpout.

511. A gentleman being very drunk, came to a friend's houſe, and told him, he came three miles on purpoſe to ſup with him: to whom the other anſwer'd, *He was greatly obliged to him, ſince he came ſo far to ſee him before he came to himſelf.*

512. A Scotch parſon in the Rump-time, in his babbling prayer, ſaid, *Laird bleſs the grand council, the parliament, and grant they may all hang together.* A country fellow ſtanding by, ſaid, *Yes, yes, with all my heart, and the ſooner the better; and I am ſure it is the prayers of all good people.* But friends, ſaid Sawney, I don't mean as that fellow means, but pray they may all hang together in accord and concord. *No matter what cord*, replied the other, *ſo it is but a ſtrong cord.*

513. An honeſt Highlander, walking along Holbourn, heard a voice cry, *Rogue, Scot*; *Rogue, Scot*; his Northern blood fir'd at the inſult, drew his broad ſword, looking round him on every ſide, to diſcover the object of his indignation; at laſt he found that it came from a parrot, perched in a balcony within his reach; but the generous *Scot*, diſdaining to ſtain his truſty blade with ſuch ignoble blood, put up his ſword again, with a four ſmile, ſaying, *Gin ye you were a mon, as ye're a green geuſe, I would ſplit your weem.*

514. One of the Scotch teachers preaching upon drunkenneſs, told his hearers, there were four ſorts of drunkenneſs: 1. To be drunk like a ſow, tumbling in the mire, like many of this pariſh. 2. There is to be drunk like a dog; the dog fills the ſtomach of him, and ſpews all out again; and thou John Jamiſon was this way drunk the other day. 3. There is to be drunk like a gooſe. Of all drunkenneſs, Sirs, beware of the drunkenneſs of the gooſe, for it never reſts, but conſtantly dips the gobb of it in the water. You are all drunk this way, Sirs, I need name none of you. 4. There is to be drunk like a ſheep. The ſheep ſeldom or never drinks, but ſometimes wets the mouth of it in the water, and riſes up as well as ever; and I myſelf uſe to be drunk thus, Sirs. But, now, ſaid he, I ſee two gentlemen in the kirk; and, gentlemen, you are both ſtrangers to me, but I muſt vindicate myſelf at your hands. I have here the curſed'ſt pariſh that ever God put breath in; for all my preaching againſt drunkenneſs, they will gang into an alehouſe after ſermon, and get a mickle cupful of hot ale, and they will ſay, *Would we had the miniſter in the midſt of it.* Now, gentlemen, judge ye how I am rewarded for my good preaching!

515. Mr. James Kirkton preaching upon Jezebel, ſaid, That well-favoured whore, what became of her, Sirs? She fell from a window a— over head, and her black bottom was diſcovered: You may all gueſs what the beholder's ſaw, beloved, *a black ſight to be ſure.*

516. The ſame teacher, preaching on the poverty of the people of God, gave this remarkable inſtance; Brethren, ſays he, Critics, with their frim-frams, and white-whaties, may imagine an hundred reaſons for Abraham's going out of the land of Chaldea; but I will tell you what

was

was always my opinion; I believe Abraham, poor man, was forced to run out of the land of Chaldea for debt.

517. Another Scotch parſon preaching upon theſe words, *Reſiſt the devil and he will fly away from you*, began thus: My Beloved, you are all here to day, but wot ye who is among ye? Even the mickle horned devil. Ye cannot ſee him, but by the eye of Faith I ſee him. But ſome of you ſay, What ſhall we do with him, now we have him here? How ſhall we deſtroy him? We will hang him. Alas! my Beloved, there are not ſo many tows in the pariſh as will hang him, he is as light as a feather. Then ſome of you will ſay, We will drown him. Humph, my Beloved, there is too much cork in his a—, he is as ſouple as an eel, he will not ſink. Others of you will ſay, We will burn him. Na, na, Sirs, you may ſcald your Sals, but ye canna burn him, for all the fire in hell could never yet ſinge a hair of his tail. Now, Sirs, ye canna find a way among you all to kill him, but I will find it. What way will this be, Sirs? We ſhall even ſhoot him. Wherewith ſhall we ſhoot him? We ſhall ſhoot him with the Bible. Now, Sirs, I ſhall ſhoot him preſently. So, preſenting the Bible, as ſoldiers do their muſkets, he cries out, *Toot, toot, toot:* Now he is ſhot: there lies the foul thief as dead as a herring.

518. The Reverend Mr. Brodie preaching one day at the Kirk in Edinburgh on Hell torments, repreſented them to be intolerable, by the extreme cold they ſuffered there. And it being at that time very cold weather, one of his congregation, after ſermon, took upon him to aſk him the reaſon of his ſo doing, when all the eminent divines had preached it up to be the reverſe. *O Sir*, ſaid he, *I had good reaſon; for if I had told them it was hot, I ſhould have had them all run away to Hell to warm themſelves.*

519. An Iriſhman having a looking-glaſs in his hand, ſhut his eyes, and placed it before his face; another aſking him, Why he did ſo? *Upon my ſhoul*, ſays Teague, *it is to ſee how I look when I am aſleep.*

520. Two gentlemen ſtanding together, as a young lady paſſed by them, ſaid one, *There goes the handſomeſt woman I ever ſaw.* She hearing him, turned back, and ſeeing him very ugly, ſaid, *I wiſh I could, in return, ſay as much by you. So you may, by G—, Madam*, ſaid he, *and lie as I did.*

521. An

521. An impudent ridiculous fellow, being laughed at by all who came in his company, told ſome of his acquaintance, that he had a happy quality of laughing at all who laughed at him. *Then*, ſaid one of them, *you lead the merrieſt life of any man in Chriſtendom.*

522. Alexander the Great aſk'd Diomedes, a famous pirate, who was brought priſoner to him, why he was ſo bold as to rob and plunder in his ſeas? he anſwered, that he did it for his profit, and as Alexander himſelf was uſed to do it. *But becauſe I do it with one ſingle galley, I am called a pirate; but you, Sir, who do it with a great army, are called a king.* This bold anſwer ſo pleaſed Alexander, that he ſet him at liberty.

523. A ploughman ſeeing the archbiſhop of Cologn go by, attended by a great many ſoldiers, laugh'd; the archbiſhop preſſed him to know the reaſon: It is becauſe I wonder, ſaid the ploughman, to ſee an archbiſhop armed and followed, not by churchmen, but by ſoldiers, like a general of an army. Friend, replied the archbiſhop, in my church I perform the part of an archbiſhop with my clergy; but in the field I march like a duke, accompanied by my ſoldiers. *I underſtand you, my Lord*, anſwered the peaſant; *but pray tell me, when my Lord Duke goes to the devil, what will then become of my Lord the archbiſhop?*

524. The duke of Guiſe, after a battle fought between Francis I. and Charles V. reproach'd one Villandry, that tho' he was in compleat amour, yet he had not been ſeen in the fight. I'll make it out, anſwered Villandry, boldly, that I was there, and in a place where you durſt not be ſeen. The duke, nettled at this reproach, threatened to puniſh him ſeverely; but he appeaſed him with theſe words: *I was, my Lord, with the baggage, where your courage would not ſuffer you to go.*

525. Hermon was covetous, according to the teſtimony of Lucilius, that dreaming one night he had ſpent ſome money, hang'd himſelf in the morning; but Dinarchee Philo quitted the deſign he had once taken to hang himſelf, becauſe he grudged the expence of a rope.

526. A French courtier, who was a little ſuſpected of imbecility, one day meeting the poet Benferand, who had often jeer'd him: Sir, ſaid he, for all your ſilly jeſts, my wife was brought to bed of a boy two days ago. Faith, replied Benferand, I never queſtioned your wife.

527. A beautiful young creature of thirteen years of age being to be married to a ſtrapping fellow of about thirty, the young lady's mother was ſeverely rallied at a tea-table converſation, for conſenting to ſuch an unequal match: The old gentlewoman ſaid, in her defence, *that ſhe had much rather her daughter ſhould* ſmart *than* itch.

528. Dr. M——d coming out of Tom's coffee-houſe, an impudent broken apothecary met him at the door, and accoſted him with a requeſt to lend him five guineas: *Sir*, ſaid the doctor, *I am ſurpriſed that you ſhould apply to me for ſuch a favour, who do not know you! Oh, dear Sir*, replied the apothecary, *it is for that very reaſon; for thoſe who do won't lend me a farthing.*

529. A gentlewoman cheapening a cloſe ſtool, bid too little for it: the cabinet-maker, to perſuade her to give more, deſired her to look on the goodneſs of the *lock and key. As for that*, anſwered the gentlewoman, *I value it not, for I deſign to put nothing into it but what I care not who ſteals out.*

530. An old ſuperſtitious Roman, who had his buſkins rat-eaten, conſulted Cato, in a grave manner, what ſuch an accident might portend. Cato bid him ſet his mind at reſt, for there would come no miſchief on't. *But*, ſays the philoſopher, *if your buſkins had eaten the rats it might have been dangerous.*

531. Philip, king of Macedon, after the battle of Cheronea, having generouſly ſet all the Athenian priſoners free, upon their unconſcionably demanding their baggage; *Sure*, ſays he, *the men fancy we had but a mock fight.*

532. An archbiſhop finding fault with ſome actions of Queen Elizabeth, brought her good arguments out of the ſcriptures to prove, that they favoured more of the politician than the chriſtian. *I ſee*, ſaid ſhe, *my Lord, you have read the ſcriptures, but not the book of Kings.*

533. In a viſit Queen Elizabeth made to the famous Lord Chancellor Bacon, at a ſmall country-ſeat, which he had built for himſelf before his preferment; ſhe aſk'd him, *how it came that he had made himſelf ſo ſmall a houſe? It is not I, madam*, anſwered he, *who have made my houſe too ſmall for myſelf, but your majeſty, who have made me too big for my houſe.*

534. Some

534. Some perſon praiſing a generous prince for virtues he had not; *Well*, ſaid he, *I'll do my utmoſt to hinder your telling an untruth.*

535. King William III. being upon a march for ſome ſecret expedition, was intreated by a general to tell him what his deſign was: The King, inſtead of anſwering him, aſk'd him, whether, in caſe he ſhould tell him, he could keep it a ſecret, and would let it go no farther; the general promiſed it ſhould not. *Well*, anſwered his majeſty, *I know how to keep a ſecret as well as you.*

536. Mr. T——s C——r, the comedian, coming one day to his father, begg'd him to let him have an hundred pounds, which would make him perfectly eaſy in his affairs. Why, Then, ſaid the father, it is very ſtrange you can't live upon your ſalary, your benefit, and other advantages; when I was of your age, I never ſpent any of my father's money. *I do not know that*, anſwer'd the ſon, *but I am ſure you have ſpent a great many hundred pounds of* my father's money.

537. An ordinary country fellow being called as an evidence in a court of judicature, in a cauſe where the terms of *mortgager* and *mortgagee* were frequently uſed, the judge aſked the countryman if he knew the difference between the *mortgager* and the *mortgagee*: Yes, ſaid he, it is the ſame as between the *nodder* and *noddee*. How is that? replied the judge. Why, you ſit there, my lord, ſaid the clown, and I nod at you; then I am the *nodder*, and your lordſhip is the *noddee*.

538. Two fellows meeting, one aſk'd the other, why he look'd ſo ſad? I have very good reaſon for it, anſwer'd the other; poor Jack Such-a-one, the greateſt chroney and beſt friend I had in the world, was hang'd but two days ago. What had he done? ſaid the firſt. Alas, replied the other, he did no more than you or I ſhould have done on the like occaſion; he found a bridle in the road, and took it up. What, anſwer'd the other, hang a man for taking a bridle! That's hard indeed. *To tell the truth of the matter*, ſaid the other, *there was a horſe tied to the other end of it.*

539. It was a fine ſaying of my lord Ruſſel, who was beheaded in the reign of King Charles II. when on the ſcaffold, he delivered his watch to Dr. Gilbert Burnet, afterwards biſhop of Saliſbury; *Here, Sir*, ſaid he, *take this,*

it

it ſhews time: I am going into eternity, *and ſhall have no longer any need of it.*

540. In the days of yore, ſaid Winifred, an Engliſh biſhop, the prieſts were golden prieſts, and the chalices were wooden ones: But now, *O tempora! O mores!* how are things overturned? we have golden chalices, and wooden prieſts.

541. Queen Elizabeth having taken notice of the duke de Villa Medina's gallant behaviour at a tournament, told him one day, that ſhe would abſolutely know who his miſtreſs was: Villa Medina excuſed himſelf a-while, but at laſt yielding to her curioſity, he promiſed to ſend her her picture. The next morning he ſent her majeſty a packet; wherein the Queen finding nothing but a ſmall looking-glaſs, preſently underſtood the Spaniard's meaning.

It muſt needs be confeſſed, that this was a very ingenious contrivance; and there's no queſtion, but this great and witty princeſs, who was ſo well pleaſed to be counted beautiful, was well enough ſatisfied with this dumb declaration of love.

542. A dyer, in a court of juſtice, being ordered to hold up his hand, that was all black; *Take off your glove, friend,* ſaid the judge to him. *Put on your ſpectacles, my lord,* anſwer'd the dyer.

543. A ſober good woman, who was treating with a maid-ſervant about work and wages, aſk'd her, among other queſtions, *what religion ſhe was of?* A-lack-a-day, madam, ſaid the poor innocent girl, I never trouble my head about that; for religion, I thought, was only for gentlefolks.

544. A very forward ſpark being ſomewhat importunate with a marry'd lady, who was reſolved no longer to ſuffer his addreſſes, diſmiſs'd him with this modeſt anſwer: *Sir, whilſt I was a child I obeyed my mother; when I was grown up I obey'd my father; and now that I am married I obey my huſband: ſo that if you deſire any thing from me, you muſt get his conſent.*

545. Admiral Chatillon being on a holiday gone to hear maſs in the Dominican friars chapel, a poor fellow begg'd his charity, juſt as he was moſt intent on his devotions. He felt in his pocket, and gave him ſeveral pieces of gold, without counting them, or minding what they were. The conſiderable alms ſo dazzled the beggar's eyes, that he was amazed at it. As M. Chatillon was going out of the church.

church-door, where the poor man waited for him; Sir, ſaid he, ſhewing him what he had given him, I cannot tell whether you intended to give me ſo large a ſum; if not, I am very ready to return it. The admiral wondering at the honeſty of the man, ſaid, *I did not, indeed, honeſt man, intend to have given you ſo much; but, ſince you have the generoſity to offer to return it, I will have the generoſity to deſire you to keep it, and there are five pieces more for you.*

546. A certain captain, who had made a greater figure than his fortune could well bear, and the regiment not being paid as was expected, was forced to put off a great part of his equipage; a few days after, as he was walking by the road ſide, he ſaw one of his ſoldiers ſitting louſing himſelf under a hedge: *What are you doing there,* Tom? ſaid the officer. *Why faith, Sir,* anſwer'd the ſoldier, *I am following your example, getting rid of part of my retinue.*

547. One who had formerly been rich, but had ſquandered away his eſtate, and left himſelf no furniture in the houſe but a ſorry bed, a little table, a few broken chairs, and ſome other odd things, ſeeing a parcel of thieves, who knew not his condition, breaking into his houſe in the night, he cried out to them, *Are not you a damn'd pack of fools, to think to find any thing here in the dark, when I can find nothing by day light?*

548. A man of quality in the country, whoſe wife had not the beſt reputation in the world, and whoſe children had been very ſhort-liv'd, looking earneſtly one day upon a peaſant ſitting at his own door, with five or ſix luſty boys about him. *Prithee, honeſt fellow,* ſaid my lord, *how do you poor folks do to get ſo many brave healthy children, when I, who am rich, and able to maintain them handſomely, can get none that will live? Why, an't pleaſe your lordſhip,* anſwer'd the bumpkin, *we poor folks e'en take pains to get them ourſelves.*

549. A certain great lord having, by his extravagancies, run himſelf over head and ears in debt, and ſeeming very little concerned about it, one of his friends told him one day, That he wondered how he could ſleep quietly in his bed, whilſt he was ſo much in debt. *For my part,* ſaid my lord, *I ſleep very well; but I wonder how my creditors can.*

550. A biſhop of Cervia in Italy came in great haſte to the Pope, and told him, that it was generally reported his holineſs had done him the honour to make him govern or

of

of Rome. How, ſaid the Pope, *don't you know that Fame ſpreads a great many falſe reports, and I dare ſay you'll find this one of them.*

551. A Gaſcon, one day reading in company a letter he had juſt receiv'd from his father, who therein acquainted him, that he was threaten'd with an aſſeſſment, which would be very hard upon him, whoſe whole eſtate was not above two hundred livres *per annum.* This ſum was written in figures, thus (200). But the Gaſcon reading two thouſand inſtead of two hundred, a lady that ſtood behind him, and read the letter without uttering a word, ſo that he could not perceive her, hearing him ſay two thouſand; *Hold, hold, Sir,* ſaid ſhe, *there are but two hundred. Let me be hang'd,* ſaid he, turning about to her, *if the coxcomb,* meaning his father, *has not forgot a cypher.*

552. Another Gaſcon officer, who had ſerv'd under Henry IV. King of France, and not having receiv'd any pay for a conſiderable time, came to the king, and confidently ſaid to him, *Sir, three words with your majeſty. Money or diſcharge. Four with you,* anſwer'd his majeſty. *Neither one, nor t'other.*

553. A certain Italian having wrote a book upon the *art of making gold,* dedicated it to Pope Leo X. in hopes of a good reward. His holineſs finding the man conſtantly following him, at length gave him a large empty purſe, ſaying, *Sir, ſince you know how to make gold, you can have no need of any thing but a purſe to put it in.*

554. A Scotch pedlar, being very much diſtreſs'd for a lodging, came at laſt to a hut, where with ſome difficulty he prevail'd on his hoſt to put him to bed to a couple of countrymen, that were juſt got in before. They were faſt aſleep, and Sawney thruſt in between them, in hopes of warming himſelf; his bedfellows being jolly fellows, the bed none of the largeſt, and the night very cold, they endeavour'd to keep as much in the middle of it as poſſible, which made them ſqueeze the poor Scot extremely, who was very uneaſy in his poſt, and wanting to do what no body could do for him, and being unwilling to get up, leſt they ſhould refuſe his entrance again, play'd his water-engine on him that was in the front; at which the fellow awaken'd and aſk'd the pedlar what he was about? *Huſh,* ſays Sawney, *you are well off, for I am doing t'other thing upon t'other.*

555. A countryman ſeeing a lady in the ſtreet in a very odd dreſs, as he thought, begg'd her to be pleas'd to tell him what ſhe call'd it. The lady, a little ſurpriz'd at the queſtion, call'd him impertinent fellow. Nay, I hope no offence, madam, cry'd Hodge, I am a poor countryman, juſt going out of town, and my wife always expects I ſhould bring her an account of the neweſt faſhion, which occaſion'd my enquiring what you call this that you wear. It is a ſack, ſaid ſhe, in a great pet. *I have heard*, reply'd the countryman, (heartily nettled at her behaviour) *of a pig in a poke, but never ſaw a ſow in a ſack before*

556. Of all the diſintereſted profeſſors I have ever heard of, I take the boatſwain of Dampier's ſhip to be the moſt impudent, but the moſt excuſable. You are to know, that in the wild ſearches that navigator was making, they happen'd to be out at ſea, far diſtant from any ſhore, in want of all the neceſſaries of life; inſomuch, that they began to look, not without hunger, on each other. The boatſwain was a fat, healthy, freſh fellow, and attracted the eyes of the whole crew. In ſuch an extreme neceſſity, all forms of ſuperiority were laid aſide. The captain and lieutenant were ſafe only by being carrion; and the unhappy boatſwain in danger only by being worth eating. To be ſhort, the company were unanimous, and the boatſwain muſt be cut up. He ſaw their intention, and deſir'd he might ſpeak a few words before they proceeded: which being permitted, he deliver'd himſelf as follows:

Gentlemen Sailors,

Far be it that I ſhould ſpeak it for any private intereſt of my own, but I take it, that I ſhould not die with a good conſcience, if I did not confeſs to you that I am not ſound. I ſay, gentlemen, juſtice, and the teſtimony of a good conſcience, as well as love of my country, to which I hope you will all return, oblige me to own, that black Kate of Deptford has made me very unfit to eat; and I ſpeak it with ſhame, I am afraid, gentlemen, I ſhall poiſon you.

The ſpeech had a good effect in the boatſwain's favour; but the ſurgeon of the ſhip proteſted he had cur'd him very well, and offer'd to eat the firſt ſteak himſelf.

The boatſwain reply'd, (like an orator, with a true notion of the people, and in hopes to gain time) that he

was

was heartily glad if he could be for their ſervice, and thank'd the ſurgeon for his information. However, ſaid he, I muſt inform you for your own good, that I have ever ſince my cure, been very thirſty and dropſical; therefore I preſume it will be much better to tap me, and drink me off, than eat me at once, and have no man in the ſhip fit to be drank afterwards. As he was going on with his harangue, a freſh gale aroſe, and gave the crew hopes of a better repaſt at the neareſt ſhore, to which they arriv'd next morning.

557. A proud parſon, and his man, riding over a common, ſaw a ſhepherd tending his flock, and having a new coat on, the parſon aſk'd him, in a haughty tone, who gave him that coat? The ſame, ſaid the ſhepherd, that cloath'd you, the *pariſh*. The parſon, nettled at this, rode on, murmuring, a little way, and then bade his man go back, and aſk the ſhepherd if he'd come and live with him, for he wanted a fool. The man going accordingly to the ſhepherd, deliver'd his maſter's meſſage, and concluded as he was order'd, that his maſter wanted a *fool*. *Why, are* you *going away then?* ſaid the ſhepherd. *No*, anſwer'd the other. *Then you may tell your maſter*, reply'd the ſhepherd, *his living can't maintain* three *of us*.

558. An old woman, who had a very handſome daughter, had a great jealouſy and fear, that one Mr. John Turner, a young fellow in the neighbourhood, had a great mind to be too buſy with her; and as ſhe apprehended, watching them pretty narrowly, ſhe caught them in the very fact upon the bed in the garret; upon which ſhe halloo'd out, with a diſmal groan, *O! John Turner! John Turner!* No, I think, mother, ſaid he, *ſhe lies very well already*.

559. An idle young lad being lounging about in the kitchen, in a gentleman's houſe, one Sunday morning; when all the family were at church, but the cook maid and a groom, who had a mind to be about a little buſineſs by themſelves; the wench aſk'd him why he did not go to church, as the reſt of the family did? The boy ſaid, he never was at church in his life, and did not know what to do when he came there, and knew no one that was there. O, ſaid ſhe, you are to do nothing yourſelf, but mind what other people do and ſay; and as for acquaintance there, you'll find enough, and thoſe that have the moſt buſineſs there. You know Mr. Johnſon, ſaid ſhe, the parſon? Yes,

very well, anſwer'd the boy: And Mr. Adams the clerk? ſaid ſhe: Ay, to be ſure, reply'd the boy; what, will they be there? Well, they're very civil people, I ſhall come to no harm in their company; and ſo away he march'd. But in leſs than half an hour, the boy came running home again in a terrible fright; Why, what's the matter, Tom, cry'd the cook-maid, is church done already? Nay, ſaid the boy, I know not whether or no the church be done, but I am ſure there's a great deal of miſchief done by this time. How ſo? ſaid the maid. It's all owing to that rogue Adams, ſaid the boy; I ſhall never have a good opinion of him again, as long as I live. Mr. Johnſon and he have had a lamentable battle. Mr. Johnſon got up into a place and ſpoke very mildly and very civilly, I thought, to Mr. Adams, and to be ſure he gave him two words for one, and I don't know how many people join'd with him; then Mr. Johnſon ſpoke again to pacify them, but Adams and all his gang were immediately at him again, and ſo they went on for a long time, no body taking poor Mr. Johnſon's part; however, he talk'd ſo, that he made them quiet for a good while; but, upon one word, I ſuppoſe, that was taken amiſs, up ſtarted Adams, and call'd for two ſtaves at once, and then all the people fell into ſuch a ha-lo-bo-loo, that I ran out of the church, and I wiſh they have not kill'd poor Mr. Johnſon by this time.

560. As the laſt mention'd lad ſeem'd to know very little of what belong'd to the care of his ſoul, ſo that lad had as little regard to his body, who running along the gunnel of a ſhip, with a can of flip in his hand, of which he was to have part himſelf, when a cannon ball came ſuddenly, and took off one of his legs, *Look ye there now, damn it*, ſaid he, *all the flip's ſpilt.*

561. Lord Faulkland, the author of the play, call'd The Marriage Night, was choſe very young to ſit in parliament; and when he was firſt elected, ſome of the members oppoſed his admiſſion, urging, *That he had not ſown all his wild oats*; *Then*, reply'd he, *it will be the beſt way to ſow them in the houſe, where there are ſo many geeſe to pick them up.*

562. The duke of —— aſk'd a friend, Who he thought had undertaken the moſt difficult taſk, Mr. Whiſton, in his attempts to diſcover the longitude, or Mr. Liſle to find the philoſopher's ſtone? The friend anſwer'd, that he could not tell which was the moſt arduous taſk of the two, which

thoſe

thoſe gentlemen had undertaken, but he was ſure that he had himſelf engag'd in a much more difficult work than either of them. What is that? ſaid his grace. *I have been theſe ſix years endeavouring to prevail on you to pay your debts*, reply'd the friend.

563. When Mrs. W——n firſt acted Sir Harry Wildair at Drury-lane play-houſe, coming off the ſtage into the green-room, I believe, ſaid ſhe, that one half of the houſe *take* me really for a man: To which ſaid Mrs. Clive, *But the other half, Madam*, know *to the contrary*.

564. A ſchool maſter aſking one of his boys, in a ſharp wintry morning, what was Latin for cold, the boy heſitated a little: What, ſirrah, ſaid he, can't you tell? Yes, yes, reply'd the boy, *I have it at my fingers ends*.

565. When the gate, which join'd to Whitehall, was order'd by the Houſe of Commons to be pull'd down, to make the coach way more open and commodious, a member made a motion, that the other which was contiguous to it, might be taken down at the ſame time; which was oppos'd by a gentleman, who told the houſe, that he had a very high veneration for that ancient fabric, that he look'd upon it as a noble piece of antiquity, that he had *the honour to have liv'd by it* many years; and therefore humbly begg'd the houſe would continue the honour to him, which would really make him unhappy to be depriv'd of it now. Counſellor Hungerford ſeconded the gentleman, and ſaid, *'Twould be a thouſand pities, but he ſhould be indulg'd to live ſtill by his* gate, *for he was ſure he could never live by his* ſtyle.

566. Two perſons, male and female, having at once met with three irreſiſtible temptations, time, place, and conſent, made uſe of the occaſion, and were very wickedly buſy; but the wench being more troubled about her credit than conſcience, cries to him, *If this ſhould come out I am utterly undone*; to which the young fellow anſwer'd, *And if it does not I am ſure I ſhall be utterly undone*.

567. A nobleman having preſented King Charles II. with a fine horſe, his majeſty bade Killigrew, who was preſent, tell him his age; whereupon Killigrew goes and examines the tail; What are you doing? ſaid the king, this is not the place to find out his age. O! Sir, ſaid Killigrew, *Your Majeſty knows one ſhould never look a gift horſe in the mouth*.

568. A certain poetaſter, whoſe head was full of a play of his own writing, was explaining the plot and deſign of it to a courtier. *The ſcene of it*, ſaid he, *is in Cappadocia; and to judge rightly of the play, a man muſt tranſport himſelf into the country, and get acquainted with the genius of the people.* *You ſay right*, anſwer'd the courtier, *and I think it would be beſt to have it acted there.*

569. A young man, who was a very great talker, making a bargain with Iſocrates to be taught by him, Iſocrates aſk'd double the price that his other ſcholars gave him; and *the reaſon*, ſaid he, *is, that I muſt teach thee two ſciences, one to ſpeak, and the other to hold thy tongue.*

570. A captain, not far from St. James's, having an amorous deſign upon his landlady, a comely young milliner, to give her a hint of what he'd be at, clapp'd a guinea on one of his eyes, and ſtar'd her in the face with the other. The doxy, preſently taking the meaning, *Sir*, ſaid ſhe, *love, I have been told, is not blind of one only, but both eyes.*

571. A certain couple going to Dunmow in Eſſex, to claim the flitch of bacon, which is to be given to every marry'd pair, who can ſwear they have had no diſpute, nor once repented their bargain in a year and a day, the ſteward ready to deliver it, aſk'd where they would put it; the huſband produc'd a bag, and told him, *in that.* *That*, anſwer'd the ſteward, *is not big enough to hold it: So I told my wife*, reply'd the good man; *and I believe we have had an hundred words about it.* *Ay*, ſaid the ſteward, *but they were not ſuch as will butter any cabbage to eat with this bacon*; and ſo hangs the flitch up again.

572. Two gentlemen, one named *Chambers*, the other *Garret*, riding by Tyburn, ſays the firſt, *This is a very pretty* tenement, *if it had but a* Garret. *You fool*, ſays Garret, *don't you know there muſt be* Chambers *firſt?*

573. Two gentlemen, one nam'd *Woodcock*, the other *Fuller*, walking together, happened to ſee an *owl*; ſays the laſt, *That bird is very much like a* Woodcock. *You are very wrong*, ſays the firſt, *for it's* Fuller *in the head*, Fuller *in the eyes, and* Fuller *all over.*

574. An arch boy having taken notice of his ſchoolmaſter's often reading a chapter in Corinthians, wherein is this ſentence, *We ſhall all be chang'd in the twinkling of an eye*, privately eras'd the letter *c* in the word *chang'd.* The next time his maſter read it, *We ſhall all be* hang'd *in the twinkling of an eye.*

575.

575. A gentleman having occaſion for a ſmock for his miſtreſs, and but little money to buy one withal, apply'd to a pawnbroker, and aſk'd him if he had ever a *ſmock* to ſell? Who told him he had no *ſmocks*, but ſeveral *ſhifts*; and being aſk'd the difference, the pawnbroker told him, *That they were ſmocks before they came to him, but when brought to him they were ſhifts:* Which the gentleman admitted, but ſaid, *They were damnable bad ſhifts.*

576. A certain great man, who had been a furious party-man, and moſt ſurpriſingly changing ſides, by which he obtain'd a coronet, was ſoon after at cards at a place where lady T———nd was, and complaining in the midſt of the game, that he had a great pain in his *ſide*, I thought your lordſhip had *no ſide*, ſaid ſhe. Yes, but I have, anſwer'd my lord, and a *back-ſide too. Have you ſo?* reply'd my lady, *every body knows your wife has one.*

577. A gentleman living in Jamaica not long ago, had a wife not of the moſt agreeable humour in the world; however, as an indulgent huſband, he had bought her a fine pad, which ſoon after gave her a fall that broke her neck. Another gentleman in the ſame neighbourhood, bleſs'd likewiſe with a termagant ſpouſe, aſk'd the widower, if he would ſell his wife's pad, for he had a great fancy for it, and he would give him what he would for it. *No*, ſaid the other, *I don't care to ſell it, for I am not ſure that I ſhan't marry again.*

578. A gentleman ſitting by Mrs. W——ff——n at Lord Lovat's trial, took notice to her of FANNY M—'s being at a little diſtance from them. O! ſaid ſhe, I ſuppoſe FANNY *has an eye upon the whole houſe of commons. And I dare anſwer for her, Madam*, reply'd the gentleman, *if ſhe has, her eye's no bigger than her belly.*

579. A poor woman, with half a dozen children at her heels, aſk'd alms of a gentlewoman in the ſtreet: I think, ſaid the gentlewoman, that being ſo poor, you might find ſomething elſe to do, and I wonder you are not aſham'd to get ſo many children. Alas! Madam, reply'd the good woman, you don't conſider, that we poor folks have very often *nothing elſe for our breakfaſt, dinner, and ſupper.*

580 A ſcholar of Dr. Buſby's coming into a parlour where the doctor had laid a fine bunch of grapes for his own eating, takes it up, and ſays aloud, *I publiſh the banns between theſe grapes and my mouth; if any one knows any juſt cauſe*

cauſe or impediment why theſe two ſhould not be join'd together, let them declare it.

The doctor being but in the next room, overheard all that was ſaid, and coming into the ſchool, he order'd the boy who had eaten his grapes to be taken up, or, as they call'd it, hors'd on another boy's back; but before he proceeded to the uſual diſcipline, he cry'd out aloud, as the delinquent had done; *I publiſh the banns between my rod and this boy's breech, if any one knows any juſt cauſe or impediment why theſe two ſhould not be join'd together, let them declare it.* I forbid the banns, cry'd the boy. Why ſo? ſaid the doctor. Becauſe the parties *are not agreed*, reply'd the boy. Which anſwer ſo pleas'd the doctor, who lov'd to find any readineſs of wit in his ſcholars, that he order'd the boy to be ſet down.

581. A certain perſon often bidding people kiſs his a—, and uſing the ſame word very frequently, was told by a wit, that he put him in mind of the picture of the ſnake in the almanack, that always carry'd his *tail in his mouth.*

582. The late Sir Robert Henley, who was commonly pretty much in debt, walking one day with two or three other gentlemen in the Park, was accoſted by a tradeſman, who took him aſide for a minute or two, and when the baronet rejoin'd his company, he ſeem'd to be in a great paſſion, which his friends taking notice of, aſk'd him what was the matter? Why the raſcal, ſaid he, has been dunning me for money I have ow'd him theſe ſeven years, with as much impudence as if it was a debt of yeſterday.

583. The late Mr. D——t, the player, a man of great humanity, as will appear by the ſtory, having had an intrigue with his landlady's maid, who being us'd ill, or, in plain terms, got with child by him, took an opportunity to go into his chamber one afternoon, and cut her throat with one of his razors, of which an account being brought to him, behind the ſcenes during the time of the play, the ſame night: D——t with great concern and emotion, cry'd out, *Zoons, I hope it was not with my beſt razor!*

584. Joe Haines, the player, being aſk'd, what could tranſport Mr. Collier into ſo blind a zeal, for the general ſuppreſſion of the *ſtage*, when only ſome particular authors had abus'd it; whereas the *ſtage*, he could not but know, was generally allow'd, when rightly conducted, to be a delightful method of mending the morals? *For that rea-*

ſon,

ſon, reply'd Haines; Collier is, by profeſſion, a moral mender himſelf, and two of a trade, you know, can never agree.

585. The ſame player one morning meeting Tom Durfey, the poet, in the ſtreet, Tom, who had a very ſtinking breath, run his head into Joe's face, as moſt people who have that imperfection are apt to do; whereupon Joe begged him to keep at a little more diſtance, but Durfey would ſtill be mighty cloſe in his confabulation, upon which cry'd Joe, Nay, then I muſt ſtand upon my defence; ſo drawing out his ſword, and ſeeing a ſur-reverence lying under a wall, he ſtuck it upon the point of it. Now Sir, ſaid he, keeping it at arm's length, I can talk to you, and we are pretty much upon a par.

586. Some gentlemen being at a tavern together, for want of better diverſion, one propos'd play, but, ſaid another of the company, I have fourteen good reaſons againſt gaming. What are thoſe? ſaid another. In the firſt place, anſwer'd he, *I have no money:* Oh! ſaid the firſt, if you had four hundred reaſons, you need not name another.

587. A parſon, in the country, taking his text in St. Matthew, chap. viii. ver. 14. *And Peter's wife's mother lay ſick of a fever*, preach'd for three Sundays together on the ſame ſubject: Soon after two country fellows going acroſs the church-yard, and hearing the bell toll, one aſk'd the other, who it was for? *Nay, I can't tell; perhaps*, reply'd he, *it is for* Peter's wife's mother, *for ſhe has been ſick of a fever theſe three weeks.*

588. The Hon. Mr. L—— one morning, at the late Sir Robert Walpole's levee, as I ſat by them, aſk'd John Lawton for a pinch of ſnuff, who told him he had none in his box, for he ſeldom took any, but now and then to keep him awake at church. *That*, ſaid the other, *is the moſt improper thing you can do there; for it quite deſtroys the natural operation of the ſermon.*

589. I remember in the reign of the late queen Anne, when diſputes ran high between Whig and Tory, ſome perſons ſuffer'd party to mix in every their minuteſt action. A Tory would not cock his hat in the ſame manner that a Whig did, nor a Whig lady patch her face on the ſame ſide that the Tory ladies patch'd theirs. A pleaſant inſtance of this ſtrict adherence to party in trivial affairs, was Dick W——l, who, being choſe into parliament on the Tory intereſt, was reſolv'd to do nothing, but what was on

that

that ſide. The houſe a few days after he took his ſeat in it, happening to ſit late, a motion was made for candles to be brought in, which being put to the vote, Dick pull'd a high-flying member, who ſat near him, by the ſleeve, and aſk'd him if *candles were for the church!* And being anſwer'd in the affirmative, very readily gave his voice for them, which otherwiſe he would not have done.

590. A young fellow, not quite ſo wiſe as Solomon, eating ſome Cheſhire cheeſe full of mites, one night at the tavern; Now, ſaid he, have I done as much as Sampſon, for I have ſlain my thouſands and my ten thouſands. Yes, by G—d, anſwer'd one of the company, and *with the ſame weapon too, the jaw-bone of an aſs.*

591. Poor Joe Miller going one day along the Strand, an impudent Derby captain came ſwaggering up to him, and thruſt between him and the wall. *I don't uſe to give the wall*, ſaid he, *to every jackanapes. But I do*, ſaid Joe; and ſo made way for him.

592. The late lady F—w—r, meeting Con P——s one day, How goes trade, Con? ſaid ſhe. Faith, very bad, madam, anſwer'd the other, *it is almoſt ſpoil'd, for every one follows it now.*

593. When the late duke of ——— went over lord lieutenant of Ireland, he took an excellent man cook over with him, but they had not been there above a month, but finding his grace kept a very ſcurvy houſe, he gave him warning. What's the reaſon, ſaid the duke, that you have a mind to leave me? Why, if I continue with your excellency much longer, anſwer'd the cook, I ſhall quite forget my trade.

594. A gentleman, whoſe wife complain'd a little of his manhood, conſented that ſhe ſhould make choice of any one, ſo that it was but one, to do family duty in his ſtead: She choſe the coachman, a ſturdy fellow; but by ſome accident the reverend chaplain came to ſuſpect the intrigue that was carrying on by his patron's lady, and was reſolv'd to watch her waters; it was not long before he had an opportunity, by peeping through a key-hole, of being entirely confirm'd in his ſuſpicion, and being a very conſcientious man, he thought it his duty to acquaint her huſband with it: He told him he could not ſee him abus'd in ſo vile, ſo abominable a manner, without letting him know it. *Huſh, huſh, doctor*, ſaid the gentleman, *the thing is a ſecret*;

ſecret; I give my coachman twenty pounds a year extraordinary for that very ſervice. Gad take me, cry'd the conſcientious parſon, *why would you not ſpeak to me? I would have done it for half the money, and have thank'd you too.*

595. A certain officer in the guards telling one night, in company with Joe Miller, of ſeveral wonderful things he had ſeen abroad, among the reſt he told the company, he had ſeen a pike caught that was ſix feet long. *That's a trifle,* ſays Joe, *I have ſeen a half-pike, in England, longer by a foot, and yet not worth two pence.*

596. Jemmy Spiller, another of the jocoſe comedians, going one day thro' Rag-Fair, a place where they ſell ſecond-hand goods, cheapen'd a leg of mutton, he ſaw hang up there, at a butcher's ſtall. The butcher told him it was a groat a pound. *Are you not an unconſcionable fellow,* ſaid Spiller, *to aſk ſuch a price, when one may have a new one for that in Clare-Market.*

597. A gentleman having a ſervant with a very thick ſkull, us'd often to call him the *king of fools.* I wiſh, ſaid the fellow one day, you could make your words good, I ſhould then be the greateſt monarch in the world.

598. A lawyer being ſick, made his laſt will, and gave all his eſtate to fools and madmen: Being aſk'd the reaſon for ſo doing: *From ſuch,* ſaid he, *I had it, and to ſuch I give it again.*

599. A thief being brought to Tyburn to be executed, the ordinary of Newgate, in taking his laſt confeſſion, aſk'd him if he was not ſorry for having committed the robbery for which he was going to ſuffer? The criminal anſwer'd, *Yes, but that he was more ſorry for not having ſtole enough to bribe the jury.*

600. A certain poor unfortunate gentleman was ſo often pull'd by the ſleeve by the bailiffs, that he was in continual apprehenſion of them; and going one day through Tavi-ſtock-Street, his coat ſleeve, as he was ſwinging it along in a hurry, happen'd to hitch upon the iron ſpike of one of the rails; whereupon he immediately turn'd about, in a great ſurprize, and cry'd out, *At whoſe ſuit, Sir? at whoſe ſuit?*

601. Colonel Pride, the brewer, a preciſe fanatic, in the time of the uſurpation, ſitting at the quarter ſeſſions as a juſtice of the peace, a reverend old gentlewoman was indicted for a bawd, but ſhe ſtanding ſtrongly upon her defence,

defence, and proteſting ſhe never had kept any ſuch houſe, Huſwife! huſwife! ſaid he, you have kept a bawdy-houſe theſe twenty years to my knowledge. To your knowledge, brother? ſaid another of the worſhipful juſtices, *nay then we need no other evidence.*

602. During the time of the ſame uſurpation, the perſons who were appointed of the *committee of ſequeſtration*, tho' commonly very mean fellows, were uſually complimented with the title of *your honours*, by the unfortunate delinquents who were brought before them. A poor countryman being ſentenced to pay a compoſition of an hundred pounds, ſeeing one Dobbins, *his neighbour*, a ſhoemaker, among the committee-men, he told the court, that there was goodman Dobbins's honour knew, that he was not worth ſo much.

603. A worthy citizen, not far from Cheapſide, who was himſelf a little ſtricken in years, having marry'd a very pretty young wife, the journeyman, a briſk blade, fancying himſelf better able to pleaſe her than his maſter, had often ſollicited for the laſt favour, but ſhe refuſing, tho', as he thought, but faintly, his maſter having occaſion to go into the country for a few days, he thought that might be a proper opportunity to accompliſh his deſign; ſo taking his time when his miſtreſs was in the kitchen by herſelf, the maid being gone out of the way on ſome errand, he told her he would that night ſteal ſoftly into her chamber, when ſhe was in bed. If you do, ſaid ſhe, beware of yourſelf, for I will take this great kitchen knife up with me into my bed-chamber.

At night the ſpark open'd the door very gently, but, remembering the knife, was afraid to go forward. She hearing him, aſk'd who was there? 'Tis I, anſwer'd the journeyman, and was reſolv'd to come to bed to you, but that I remember'd the great knife. *Oh! what a ſilly jade was I*, ſaid ſhe, *to leave it in the kitchen!*

604. A ſoldier in the late war, a little before an engagement, found a horſe-ſhoe, and ſtuck it in his girdle; ſhortly after, in the heat of the action, a bullet came and hit him upon that part. *Well*, ſaid he, *I find a little armour will ſerve a turn, if it be put in the right place.*

605. The late famous *Arthur Moor*, who was much in favour with the Tory miniſtry, in the latter part of queen Anne's reign, had a lady who was reckon'd a woman of great

great wit and humour, but of political principles quite oppoſite to thoſe of her huſband. After the death of the queen, when it was talked of as if the late miniſters would have been called to account, my lord B——ke meeting Mrs. Moor one day, in a viſit, Well, madam, ſaid he, you hear how terribly we are threatened, you'll come, I hope and ſee me, when I go to Tower-Hill? *Upon my word, my lord*, ſaid ſhe, *I ſhould be extremely glad to do it; but I believe I ſhall be engaged another way, for I am told my Snub* (the name by which ſhe always called her huſband) *will be obliged to go the ſame day to Tyburn.*

606. The ſame lady coming home one evening, told her huſband ſhe wiſhed him joy, for ſhe heard he was to be made a lord. *(This was before the death of queen Anne.)* And pray, ſaid he, what did they ſay was to be my title? My lord *Tariff*, replied ſhe, which was a ſneer upon him, for having been engaged in ſettling a *tariff* of trade which he was thought well ſkilled in. And why don't you, when you hear any one abuſe your huſband, ſpit in their face, ſaid he. No, I thank you, anſwered the lady, *I don't intend to ſpit myſelf into a conſumption.*

607. The ſon of the aforeſaid gentleman and lady, the late Mr. James Moor Smyth, inheriting ſome portion of his mother's humour, undertook to write a comedy, which was called the Rival Modes, againſt the third night of which, he was very ſolicitous in diſpoſing of his benefit tickets, though he had juſt before a very handſome fortune left him by a grandfather, but had been pretty free with it: and coming one day, dreſſed in black velvet, to a lady of his acquaintance, he was very earneſt with her to take ſome, even though ſhe had partly refuſed him before; Lord, Mr. Moor, ſaid ſhe, this ſuit of cloaths you have on looks very well, and who would have thought *it is only beggar's velvet?*

608. The late Sir John Taſh was a famous wine merchant, and ſold great quantities of that liquor; but was ſuppoſed to make it chiefly without much of the juice of the grape; therefore alderman Parſons meeting him one day, ſaluted him by the name of brother brewer. I deal in wine, ſaid Sir John, Mr. Alderman, and am no brewer. Yes, by G—d, replied the other, but I know you are, and can brew more by an inch of candle, than I can with a chaldron of coals.

609. A late archbiſhop having promiſed one of his chaplains, who was a favourite, the firſt good living in his gift, that he ſhould like, and think worthy his acceptance: Soon after hearing of the death of an old rector, whoſe parſonage was worth about 200 pounds a year, ſent his chaplain to the place to ſee how he liked it; the doctor, when he came back again, thank'd his grace for the offer he had made him; but ſaid, he had met with ſuch an account of the country, and the neighbourhood, as was not at all agreeable to him, and therefore ſhould be glad, if his grace pleaſed, to wait till ſomething elſe fell: Another vacancy not long after happening, the archbiſhop ſent him alſo to view that; but he returned as before, not ſatisfy'd with it, which did not much pleaſe his grace: A third living much better than either of the other becoming vacant, as he was told, the chaplain was again ſent to take a view of that; and when he came back, Well, now, ſaid my lord, how do you like this living? What objection can you have to this? I like the country very well, my lord, anſwered he, and the houſe, the income, and the neighbourhood, but———— *But!* replied the archbiſhop, what *but* can there be then? *But*, my lord, ſaid he, the old incumbent is not dead, I found him ſmoaking his pipe at the gate of his houſe.

610. Two city ladies meeting at a viſit, one a grocer's wife, and the other a cheeſemonger's (who perhaps ſtood more upon the punctilio of precedence than ſome of their betters would have done at the court end of the town) when they had riſen up and took their leaves, the cheeſemonger's wife was going out of the room firſt, upon which the grocer's lady, pulling her back by the tail of her gown, and ſtepping before her, *No madam*, ſaid ſhe, *nothing comes after cheeſe.*

611. An old lady being at table, and mumbling a piece of brawn that was very horney, for a long time, at length by its elaſticity, it jumped out of her mouth upon the plate of a young gentleman, who ſat on the oppoſite ſide of the table; but he not ſeeing from whence it came, quickly eat it up, Good lord, ſaid the old lady, what a fine thing it is to be young and have one's teeth, I have been mumbling and tumbling that piece of brawn in my mouth this half hour to no purpoſe, and that young gentleman has chewed and ſwallowed it in a moment.

612.

612. A young lady of a pretty high ſpirit, who was juſt about entring into the marriage ſtate, told her gallant, that ſhe could never bring herſelf to ſay *Obey*, and was reſolved ſhe would not. When the ceremony was performing, and ſhe was to repeat that word, ſhe was for mincing the matter, and cried *honour and ley*: Nay, madam, ſaid the parſon, you muſt ſay *obey*; I cannot ſay you are married, if you do not ſpeak the words as the office directs; but ſtill ſhe would ſay only as ſhe had done before, and the parſon again reproving her: Let her alone, doctor, ſaid the huſband, let her only ſay *bey*, if ſhe has a mind to it now, and I'll make her cry O at night.

613. Old Johnſon the player, who was not only a very good actor, but a good judge of painting, and remarkable for making many dry jokes, was ſhewn a picture, done by a very indifferent hand, but much commended, and aſked his opinion of. Why, truly, ſaid he, the painter is a very good painter, and obſerves the Lord's commandments. What do you mean by that, Mr. Johnſon? ſaid one who ſtood by. Why, I think, anſwered he, that he hath not made to himſelf *the likeneſs of any thing that is in Heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth.*

614. A gentleman having a very pretty woman to his wife in a certain country place, could not forbear being a little jealous of her having too great an intimacy with, or at leaſt caſting too favourable an eye upon, a young captain in the neighbourhood; and being obliged to go a journey from home, for two or three days, his head ran ſo upon the captain and his wife, that after he was got four or five miles, the roughеſt and dirtieſt part of the whole way, he calls to his man, and orders him to go back to his wife, and tell her, that for ſome particular reaſons, he deſired ſhe would not ſee the captain in his abſence. The man was very much diſpleaſed at being ſent back again through the dirt on ſuch an idle errand, and having a little more diſcernment than his maſter, knew, that forbidding a woman to do a thing was oftentimes the readieſt way to egg her on to it, reſolved not to carry the meſſage: but when he came home, and his lady with great ſurprize aſked him the reaſon of his return ſo ſoon, and if his maſter was come to any hurt? He anſwer'd her, No, but that he had ſent him back with a very odd meſ-

ſage to her, he could not imagine the meaning of it: He deſires, ſaid he, madam, of all love and kindneſs, that you will not ride upon our great dog, Ball, during his abſence. Ride upon Ball, cried ſhe, the man's mad ſure! Well, well, you may tell him, I ſhall hardly diſobey his commands.

But the man was no ſooner out of ſight, but ſhe calls to her maid, and tells her of the ridiculous orders her huſband had ſent her; and that Harry came back four or five miles upon no other account; for my part, continued ſhe, ſuch a thing would never have come into my head, if he had not taken ſuch pains to have put it there, and now, methinks, I long to ride upon Ball. Do you think he can carry me, Betty? I ſhall never be eaſy till I try.

The maid, who was always ready to aſſiſt her miſtreſs in any thing, to gratify her inclinations, told her, ſhe would go and bring the dog to her, and that ſhe verily believed he could carry her.

Ball being brought forth, and his miſtreſs mounted on his back, begun to curvet and praunce round the hall, but unfortunately threw his rider with her head againſt the frame of the great old faſhioned table, which gave her ſuch a cut in the forehead, that ſhe was obliged to have it plaiſter'd and bound up with a linen cloth, which ſhe could not get well enough to leave off before her huſband returned, who enquiring with much concern into the occaſion of it, *Why, what did you ſend me word for* (ſaid ſhe,) *that I ſhould not ride upon Ball?* The man that ſtood cloſe by his maſter, whiſpered in his ear, *Better ſo, Sir, than worſe.*

615. A certain noble lord in the county of Hants, who had not much applied himſelf to letters, and was remarkable for his ill ſpelling, dining at a neighbouring gentleman's houſe, took notice ſeveral times, and commended a ſnuff-box he made uſe of; when my lord was gone away, the gentleman's wife ſaid to her huſband, *My dear, you did not obſerve how often my lord commended your ſnuff-box; I dare ſay he would have been highly pleaſed if you had made him an offer of it; if I was you, I would ſend it after him.* The gentleman took his lady's advice, and the next morning ſent a ſervant away with a letter, and the ſnuff-box, as a preſent to the lord.

The lady judged right, for my lord was mightily delighted with it, and returned a moſt complaiſant letter of thanks for the preſent, and told the gentleman, in his

ill

ill ſpelling, that he was greatly obliged to him, and in a few days would ſend him an *elephant* (*equivalent* he would have ſaid.) The gentleman not at all liking my Lord's propoſal, ſent his ſervant with a letter again the next day, telling his lordſhip, that he was very glad the box was ſo acceptable to him, and thanking him for the honour he deſigned him, but begged he would not think of ſending what he mentioned, for it would not only be attended with an expence, which he could not very well afford, being ſuch a devouring animal, but would bring ſuch numbers of people to ſee it, that it would make his houſe a perfect Lake-houſe. My lord, a little while after, meeting the gentleman, told him, he was ſurprized at his letter, and could not imagine what he meant by it. The *Elephant*, ſaid he, that your Lordſhip ſpoke of ſending to me. *Elephant*, ſaid the learned Lord, how could a man of your underſtanding make ſuch a miſtake? I ſaid I would ſend you an *equivalent*. I beg your Lordſhip's pardon, returned the gentleman, and am aſhamed of being ſuch a dunce that I could not read your Lordſhip's letter.

616. Young Griffith Lloyd of the county of Cardigan, being ſent to Jeſus-college, in the Univerſity of Oxford, where he was looked upon as an errant dunce, had a calf-ſkin waiſtcoat, tann'd with the hair on, and trimmed with a broad gold-lace, and gold buttons. One of the *Oxonians*, an eminent punſter, ſaid, that Griffith was like a dull book, bound in calf-ſkin, and gilt, but very ill letter'd.

617. Old G———, the rich miſer of Glouceſterſhire, going home one day, between Wickivarr and Badminton, the way being greaſy, after a ſhower of rain, his foot ſlipped, and he fell off a high bank into a wet ditch, where he was almoſt ſmother'd; a countryman, who knew his character, coming by, he begged him, for God's ſake, to help him; ay, ſaid the countryman, *give* me your hand. *Give* being a word that old G——— had a great averſion to, cried out, I thank you, honeſt friend, I will *lend* you my hand with all my heart. I have often heard, ſaid the other, that you would never *give* any thing in your life, ſo lie there and be d——'d; and on he walk'd.

618. An old woman at the head of a table, ſaid a ſatyrical young one, ſeems to revive the old Grecian cuſtom of ſerving a death's head with their banquets.

619. The *Independant Whig*, an author who was no great friend to the clergy, tells us the following ſtory of a parſon.

An unfortunate *Levite* ſome years ſince, having an intrigue with a butcher's wife, and being caught in bed with her by the huſband, had his head cleft by him; and when the butcher was brought upon his trial for the ſame, neither the number of reverend auditors, who attended the ſame, a due regard to the cloth, or an apprehenſion of the carnage it might produce, could hinder the judge from directing the jury to call the crime only *manſlaughter*. This ſo provoked the weak ſpirit and patience of a holy brother, then preſent, that he cried out in the court, *Here's a fine world: If theſe things be ſuffered, there will be no living for us.*

620. The famous Tony Lee, a player in K. Charles the ſecond's reign, being killed in a tragedy, having a violent cold, could not forbear coughing as he lay dead upon the ſtage, which occaſioned a good deal of laughter and noiſe in the houſe, he liſted up his head, and ſpeaking to the audience, ſaid, This makes good what my poor mother uſed to tell me; for ſhe would often ſay that *I ſhould cough in my grave, becauſe I uſed to drink in my porridge.* This ſet the houſe in ſuch good humour, that it produced a thundering clap, and made every one very readily pardon the ſoleciſm he had before committed.

621. Tom S——, the organiſt of St. M——, being reckoned to have a fine finger, drew many people to hear him, whom he would oftentimes entertain with a voluntary after evening ſervice; and his auditory ſeeming one day greatly delighted with his performance, after the church was cleared, *Adad*, Sir, ſaid his organ-blower, *I think we did rarely to-day. We, ſirrah*, ſaid Tom. *Ay, we, to be ſure*, anſwered the other, *what would you have done without me?* The next Sunday Tom ſitting down to play, could not make his organ ſpeak, whereupon calling to the bellows-blower, aſked him what he meant? Why he did not blow? *Shall it be we then*, ſaid the other? Which Tom was forced to conſent to, or there had been no muſic.

622. A certain French gentleman, having been but a very little while in England, was invited to a friend's houſe, where a large bowl of punch was made, a liquor he had never

never ſeen before, and which did not at all agree with him; but having forgot the name of it, he aſked a perſon the next day, *What dey call a dat liquor in England, which is all de contradiction; where is de brandy to make it ſtrong, and de water to make it ſmall, de ſugar to make it ſweet, and de lemons to make it ſower? Punch*, anſwered the other, *I ſuppoſe you mean. Ay, ponche, begar*, cried Monſieur, *it almoſt ponche my brain out laſt night.*

623. The famous captain Fitzpatrick, who married 'Squire Weſtern's neice, and was reckoned an excellent hand at making bulls, was walking one day with two or three ladies a little way out of Weſt Cheſter, with his hat under his arm; the wind blowing very hard, one of the ladies ſaid, *I wonder, captain, you will be ſo ceremonious to walk bare-headed in ſuch boiſterous weather; pray, Sir, put on your hat. Arrah, by my ſhoul, dear Madam*, anſwered the captain, *I have been after trying two or three times already, and the wind is ſo high, that I can't keep my hat upon my head any longer than 'tis under my arm.*

624. The ſame gentleman being with the aforeſaid ladies, in a nobleman's garden, where there was a large iron roller, told them, he thought it was the biggeſt *iron rolling-ſtone* he ever ſaw in his life.

625. A philoſopher being blamed by a ſtander-by, for defending an argument weakly againſt the emperor Adrian, replied, *What, would you have me contend with a man that commands thirty legions of ſoldiers?*

626. A painter turned phyſician; upon which change, a friend applauded him, ſaying, *You have done well, for before your faults could be diſcovered by the naked eye, but now they are hid.*

627. Biſhop Latimer preaching at court, ſaid, that it was reported the king was poor, and that they were ſeeking ways and means to make him rich; but he added, *For my part, I think the beſt way to make the king rich, is to give him a good poſt, or office, for all his officers are rich.*

628. Zelim, the firſt of the Ottoman Emperors that ſhaved his beard, his predeceſſors having always worn it long, being aſked by one of his baſhaws, why he altered the cuſtom of his predeceſſors? anſwered, *Becauſe you baſhaws ſhall not lead me by the beard, as you did them.*

629. It

629. It being told Antigonus, in order to intimidate him, as he marched to the field of battle, that the enemy would ſhoot ſuch vollies of arrows as would intercept the light of the ſun. *I am glad of it*, replied he, *for it being very hot, we ſhall then fight in the ſhade.*

630. A ſailor having received ten guineas for turning Roman Catholick, ſaid to the prieſt who paid him the money, *Sir, you ought to give me ten guineas more, becauſe it is ſo damnable hard to believe tranſubſtantiation.*

MORAL SENTENCES.

WIT is a juſtneſs of thought, and a facility of expreſſion; or, in the midwives phraſe, a perfect conception with an eaſy delivery.

WIT depends very much on the circumſtance of time and place. It muſt deſcribe it's proper circumference, and not go beyond it, leſt (like little boys when they ſtraggle out of their own pariſh) it wander to places where it is not known, and be loſt.

Not to laugh with honeſty, when nature prompts, or folly, (which is ſecond nature) is but a knaviſh, hypocritical way of making a maſk for one's own face.

Weak heads, like weak ſtomachs, immediately throw out what they received laſt; and what they read floats upon the ſurface of the mind, like oil upon water, without incorporating.

When men imagine others entertain ſome eſteem for their abilities, they often expoſe all their imperfections and fooliſh works to the diſparagement of the little wit they were thought maſters of.

Silence is the ſureſt friend of him who ſtands in diſtruſt of himſelf.

The defects of wit increaſe in growing old, as well as thoſe of the face.

A poet's

A poet's ſucceſs at firſt, like a gameſter's fortune at firſt, is like to make him a loſer at laſt, and to be undone by his good fortune and merit.

If a book can't anſwer for itſelf to the public, it is to no ſort of purpoſe for its author to do it.

The greater a man's merit, the more obnoxious it is to be traduced.

The chattering of monkies is a better noiſe than a concert of ſenſeleſs mirth.

Great dealers in wit, like thoſe in trade, take leaſt pains to ſet off their goods, while the haberdaſhers of ſmall wit ſpare for no decorations or ornaments.

Praiſe to a young wit, is like rain to a tender flower; if it be moderately beſtowed it chears and revives; but if too laviſhly, over-charges and depreſſes him.

A man who refuſes praiſe, by that lays claim to more, as a biſhop gains his biſhoprick, by ſaying he will not epiſcopate.

It is a fooliſh gaiety to take notice of things which puts others to the bluſh.

To refuſe a praiſe is only to invite and draw on another.

There are few perſons ſo wiſe as to prefer the gentle reproaching council that avails them, before the praiſes which betray them.

Praiſe is a kind of delicate concealed flattery, which differently ſatisfies him who gives it, and him who receives it For this receives it as due to his merit, and the other gives it as a teſtimony of his juſtice and judgment.

A woman takes compliment for demonſtration, and ſets it up as an evidence even againſt her looking-glaſs.

Vanity makes a woman, tainted with it, ſo topful of herſelf, that ſhe ſpilleth it upon the company.

The greateſt part of a fine lady's fancy is laid out in chooſing her gown, as her diſcretion is chiefly employed in not paying for it.

She is faithful to the faſhion, to which not only her opinion, but her ſenſes are wholly reſigned; ſo obſequious ſhe is to it, that ſhe would be ready to be reconciled even to virtue with all its faults, if ſhe had her dancing-maſter's word that it was practiſed at court.

A wo-

A woman ſhould not be proud of her fine gown, nor when ſhe has leſs wit than her neighbours, comfort herſelf that ſhe has more lace.

Some ladies put ſo much weight upon ornament, that if one could ſee into their hearts, it would be found, that even the thoughts of death are made leſs heavy to them, by the contemplation of their being laid out in ſtate, and honourably attended to the grave.

A coquet is a ſort of beautiful deſert in wax-work, that tempts the fool to an entertainment, merely to baulk his appetite.

People at any time change a preſent uneaſineſs for any other condition, tho' a worſe.

It is wrong to lay out friendſhip too laviſhly at firſt, ſince it will, like other things, be ſo much the ſooner ſpent.

No enmity is ſo bitter as that of alienated friends, and no perſecution ſo bad as that of apoſtates.

Perſecutions for conſcience ſake have occaſioned violent diſorders, and vaſt effuſion of blood; and to compel men by fire and faggot, to partake even of a delicious entertainment, is a ſavage ſort of hoſpitality.

The danger of ſuperſtition is even greater than that of atheiſm; for atheiſm leaves men to ſenſe, to philoſophy, to laws, to reputation; all which may be guides to moral virtue, tho' religion were not; but ſuperſtition diſmounts all theſe, and erects an abſolute monarchy in the minds of men; therefore atheiſm did never perturb ſtates, but ſuperſtition hath been the occaſion of the confuſion of many.

It is not improbable but God may be delighted with the various methods of worſhipping him, which divide the whole world.

Enthuſiaſm is a kind of over-weaning and groundleſs perſuaſion of being the particular favourite of Heaven.

Belief neceſſarily follows evidence, and where the evidence does not appear ſufficient, a man cannot believe if he would.

Enquiries after happineſs, and the rules for attaining it, are not ſo neceſſary and uſeful to mankind, as the arts of conſolation, and ſupporting one's ſelf under affliction. The utmoſt we can hope for in this world is contentment; if we aim at any thing higher, we ſhall meet with nothing but

grief

grief and diſappointment. A man ſhould direct all his ſtudies and endeavours at making himſelf eaſy now, and happy hereafter.

Almighty God inſtituted religion for the ſake of men, their frail power of acting could not farther be intereſting to him, than to ſee his creatures increaſing their own happineſs mutually among themſelves; religion, therefore, teaches and animates them to be aſſiſting, forgiving, kind and merciful to one another.

The meditation of heavenly things produces admirable irradiations in the underſtanding.

The corruption of an age is made up of the particular contribution of every individual. Some contribute treachery, others injuſtice, irreligion, tyranny, avarice, and cruelty, according as they are of power. The weaker ſort contribute folly, vanity, and idleneſs. Now the inverſion of this may ſerve our preſent purpoſes; and corruption is to be deſtroyed, as well as introduced, by the contribution of every individual, while one contributes authority, another fortune, another capacity, and ſo of the reſt.

There are certain crimes, which in our opinion become innocent, by their noiſe, their number and exceſs; from hence it comes that public robbers gather ſtrength, take provinces, and call it glorious conqueſt.

Forgiving injuries, and obliging the injurious, is a much greater, and more ingenuous pleaſure, than the higheſt revenge can give.

The ſight of a drunkard is a better ſermon againſt that vice, than the beſt that ever was preached upon that ſubject.

Nothing is more dangerous than the unhappy paſſion of jealouſy, which, though it is ſaid to be the child of love, yet, like the viper, its birth is the certain deſtruction of the parent.

Women ſhould let every ſeven years make ſome alteration in them towards the graver ſide, and not be like the girls of fifty, who reſolve to be always young, whatever Time with his iron teeth determines to the contrary.

He that ſpares in every thing is an inexcuſable niggard He that ſpares in nothing is an inexcuſable madman.

At an elegant entertainment, tho' we do not, perhaps, taſte of every diſh, yet we admire the general diſpoſition of the whole.

The

The handſome mien, and genteel carriage of the body is as advantageous as the underſtanding of the mind.

To deceive a man prepoſſeſſed of his own merit, tenders him as ill a turn as he did the Athenian fool, who fancied all the ſhips in haven belonged to him.

A great and glorious title to a coxcomb, ſerves but to render him the more deſpicable.

The greateſt mark of an extraordinary merit, is to find even thoſe that envy it, praiſe it.

Wit cannot play long upon a good-natur'd perſon.

Avarice is more oppoſite to good huſbandry, than liberality.

While cowardice and fear keep us honeſt and loyal, our virtue gets the honour of it.

Government is an art, whereby a civil ſociety of men is inſtituted and preſerved upon the foundation of common right or intereſt.

As well might we ſay, that a ſhip is built, and loaded and manned, for the ſake of any particular pilot, inſtead of acknowledging, that the pilot is made for the ſake of the ſhip, her lading, and her crew, who are always the owners in the political veſſel, as to ſay, that kingdoms were inſtituted for kings, not kings for kingdoms.

When a ſtate or government is embarraſſed or troubled, it is more eaſy to raiſe the common people to a factious mutiny, than to draw them to a loyal duty.

In a kingdom where ſubjects are apt to rebel, no offices or commands ſhould be ſold, for thoſe that buy will not only uſe extortion, and practiſe unjuſt ways to make out their purchaſe, but be ableſt to rebel, becauſe they are more for private gain, than the public good; for it is probable their principles are like their purchaſes.

But all magiſtrates, officers, commanders, heads, and rulers, in what profeſſion ſoever, both in church and ſtate, ſhould be choſen according to their abilities, wiſdom, courage, piety, juſtice, honeſty, and loyalty; and then they will mind the public good more than their particular intereſt.

All great princes ſhould conſider before they make war againſt foreign nations, whether they be able to maintain it; for if they be not able, then it is better to be content with an honourable peace, than to make war to their great diſadvantage; but if they be able to maintain war, then they will

will force (in time) their enemies to ſubmit, and yield to what terms and conditions they pleaſe.

It is a great error in a ſtate to have all affairs put into Gazettes, (for it over-heats the people's brains, and makes them neglect their private affairs, by over-buſying themſelves with ſtate buſineſs) ſo it is great wiſdom for a council of ſtate to have good intelligences, (although they be bought with great loſs and charges) as well of domeſtick as foreign affairs and tranſactions, and to keep them in private for the benefit of the commonwealth.

It is a great matter in a ſtate or kingdom, to take care of the education of youth, to breed them ſo that they may know firſt how to obey, and then how to command, and order affairs wiſely.

If a captain has only deſerved to be advanced for expoſing himſelf in parliament, the nation would have no great loſs in the king's letting alone ſuch preferment.

Our government is an empire of laws, and not of men.

What is conſtrained, and done by force, is by law declared to be null and void.

Reaſons againſt a reſolution taken offend, and the more force they have, the more they offend;—but before a reſolution taken, reaſon has its effect.

Ceremony is nothing in itſelf, and yet doth every thing; for without ceremony there would be no diſtinction either in church or ſtate.

The horſe of ſpirit is governed by the very ſhadow of the ſwitch; whereas the dull jade is not quickened even by the ſpur.

The ſhort-ſighted vulgar, in the chain of cauſes, ſeldom ſee farther than one link.

Some princes who are naturally beneficent countenance all vices by their weakneſs; ſuch know not the value of virtue, and are only good by complexion.

The confeſſion of our weakneſs, and that of another's better ſenſe, is generally both contained in the taking advice; which is ſeldom taken for that reaſon.

The aged love to give good precepts, only to comfort themſelves for being not in an eſtate to give ill examples.

One gives nothing ſo liberally as counſel.

We cannot endure to be abuſed by our enemies, nor betrayed by our friends; yet we are very well pleaſed when we cozen and cheat ourſelves.

Every body complains of his want of memory, but few or none of their want of judgment.

The true way to be deceived is to fancy you have more cunning than another.

The air of calumny ſooneſt attacks the ſound and elevated mind, as ſtorms of wind the talleſt and moſt fruitful trees; whilſt the low and weak, for bowing and moving to and fro, are by their weakneſs ſecure from the danger and violence of the tempeſt.

Uſe every man after his deſerts, and who ſhall eſcape whipping?

Large trees are a long time growing, tho' an hour be ſufficient to cut them down.

Fortitude in the largeſt ſenſe conſiſts in not permitting our iraſcible affections to exceed thoſe evils or dangers which we ſeek to repel or avoid.

A kind look or word from a ſuperior is ſtrangely charming, and inſenſibly ſteals men's hearts from them.

Some men fly thoſe they are too much obliged to, and the greateſt favours ſooner create coldneſs in them than gratitude.

Some people will abundantly thank you for one piece of kindneſs, to put you in mind of beſtowing another.

The greateſt magnifying glaſſes in the world are a man's own eyes, when they look upon his own perſon.

In caſes of robberies and murders, it is better to be ſevere than merciful; for the hanging a few will ſave the lives and purſes of many.

In comparing ſmall things with great, the more extravagant the parallel, the more it anſwers the intention.

Scipio Africanus got nothing but a ſur-name by driving Hannibal out of Italy, and adding Africa to the Roman empire.

There is a great deal of eloquence in ſilence, when misfortunes are too great to be expreſſed.

We tarniſh the ſplendor of the greateſt actions, when we make the tedious panegyrick of them ourſelves.

A ſoldier makes a better figure dead, in the field of battle, than alive, and ſafe in flight.

A reformed drunkard ſhould never be left in a cellar.

An old ſinner's continency is much like a gameſter's forſwearing play, when he has loſt all his money.

Praiſing

Praiſing any one in the wrong place is turning panegyrick into lampoon.

Women, in London, are like rich ſilks, they are out of faſhion a great while before they wear out.

Honeſty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a ſauce to ſugar.

When a gentleman ſpeaks coarſely, he has dreſs'd himſelf clean to no purpoſe.

An object in poſſeſſion ſeldom retains the ſame charms it had in purſuit.

Gaming is an amuſement but to thoſe who want converſation.

By frequently attending the ſtage, we aſſimilate to the favourite characters which are exhibited to us there, in the ſame manner that we acquire a fine ſtyle by reading fine authors.

To ſpeak againſt plays in general may be thought too ſevere, and that which the preſent age cannot ſo well brook, and would not, perhaps, be ſo juſt and reaſonable; becauſe it is very poſſible they might be ſo formed and govern'd, by ſuch rules, as not only to be innocently diverting, but inſtructive and uſeful, to put ſome vices and follies out of countenance, which cannot, perhaps, be ſo decently reproved, nor ſo effectually expoſed and corrected any other way.

The wit of man cannot invent any thing more conducive to virtue, and deſtructive of vice, than the drama.

Plays are a diverſion which wears out of our thoughts every thing that is mean and little; cheriſhes and cultivates that humanity which is the ornament of our nature; ſoftens inſolence, ſooths afflictions, and ſubdues the mind to the diſpenſations of Providence. No wonder therefore if all polite nations of the world are lovers and encouragers thereof.

Men run into the moſt exceſſes, by not being allowed regular and ſober pleaſures.

Zeno hearing a young man ſpeak too freely, ſaid, For this reaſon we have two ears and but one tongue, becauſe we ſhould hear much and ſpeak little.

Ladies ſhould not only keep themſelves chaſte, but avoid every thing that may give the leaſt ſuſpicion of their being otherwiſe.

Julius Cæſar having repudiated his wife upon a ſuſpicion only, being aſked the reaſon of it, ſaid, *that the wife of Cæſar ought not only to be exempt from crimes, but even* from the ſuſpicion of them.

To ſhew a juſt reaſon for what one aſks, is to intercede in the ſtrongeſt manner.

Mr. Locke looked upon civility to be not only ſomething very agreeable and proper to win upon men, but alſo a duty of Chriſtianity, and which ought to be more preſſed and urged upon men, than it commonly is.

The ſame gentleman would ſay, that anger was of no uſe either in educating children or keeping ſervants in order, but that it did indeed make a man loſe his authority.

A lady is apt to think a man ſpeaks ſo much reaſon whilſt he is commending her, that ſhe has much ado to believe him in the wrong when he is making love to her.

A queen, if ſhe lay with her groom, would expect a mark of his kindneſs from him, tho' it were but his curry-comb.

Modeſty is not only confined to face, ſhe is there only in ſhadow and effigy, but is in life and motion in the words.

A bluſh, which was formerly accounted the colour of virtue, is now looked upon as worſe manners than thoſe things which ought to occaſion it.

A wiſe diſſimulation, or very calm notice, is the likelieſt means of reclaiming a bad huſband; for where men have not put off humanity, there is a native compaſſion to a meek ſufferer.

An angry vindication of ourſelves againſt an unkind or unjuſt aſperſion, ſerves the deſign of an enemy, and helps to ſpread the calumny; whereas a wiſe neglect and diſſembling does often ſtifle and ſuppreſs it.

The great prince of Conde, being ſhew'd ſome libels againſt him, in which he was made to ſay and do things he knew nothing of; 'Theſe fellows, ſaid he, make me 'talk and act as they would do in my place.'

Tho' hope be faithleſs and flattering, yet it fails not however to bring us to the end of life's tedious journey thro' an agreeable way.

When madmen are found incurable, wiſe men give them their way, and pleaſe them as well as they can; ſo when poets are once irrecoverably be-muſed, the beſt way to quiet

quiet them, and ſecure yourſelf from the effects of their frenzy, is to feed their vanity, which, indeed, for the moſt part, is all that is fed in a poet.

The world is never wanting when a coxcomb is accompliſhing himſelf, to help to give him the finiſhing ſtroke.

In writing ſometimes our firſt thoughts are beſt, as the firſt ſqueezing of the grapes makes the fineſt and richeſt wine.

As it is the character of a great wit to expreſs much in few words, ſo it is of a little wit to talk much to little purpoſe.

Virtue loſes itſelf in intereſt, as rivers are loſt in the ſea.

We eaſily forget our faults, when they are known to nobody but ourſelves.

A prince by evil government is precluded from all tranquility here, and from any honourable name hereafter.

Moſt men are governed by cuſtom or authority, not one in ten thouſand thinks for himſelf, and thoſe few who are emancipated dare not act up to their freedom, for fear of incurring the cenſure of ſingularity.

Some nations have no hereditary honours, wiſely judging that rewards which are due to perſonal merit, ſhould not by artifice, be intailed upon merit merely derivative.

When dangers are threatened, wiſe men will ſuffer the leſs evil to avoid a greater; as a phyſician, to ſave the whole body, will lop off one of its members, eſpecially when from the part infected the diſorder is like to ſpread to the parts that are ſound.

Sir William Temple aſk'd the grand penſionary De Witt, how he was able to tranſact ſo many various and intricate affairs ſo clearly, expeditiouſly, and ſucceſsfully? The penſionary reply'd, I will tell you, Sir William, I have one rule that carries me through all, *I do but one thing at once.*

Many flatulent writers have ſunk in their reputation after ſeven or eight editions of their work.

There are ſome wounds not to be cured without cicatriſing.

As death is only a paſſage to happineſs, if we have lived well; therefore let us ſo live as to deſtroy the fear of it.

Thoſe who have politick deſigns, are for the moſt part diſhoneſt, by reaſon their deſigns tend more to intereſt than juſtice.

Liberty never flouriſhes ſo happily as under a good king.

Law are like cobwebs, which catch the ſmall flies, but are broken through by the great ones.

To hear with patience, and anſwer aptly, is the greateſt eaſy perfection of converſation.

Sickneſs is the beſt cure in nature for ambition, and deſigns upon the world or fortune: it makes a man pretty indifferent for the future, provided he can but be eaſy by intervals for the preſent.

A total abſtinence from intemperance or buſineſs is no more philoſophy than a total conſopition of the ſenſes is repoſe.

The moſt that human wiſdom can do, is to procure greater good at the expence of leſs evil.

In all things where our intereſt is concerned, we catch at every trifling hope, and are deluded by every little appearance.

We have ſo good an opinion of ourſelves, that they tell us no news who ſpeak well of us.

How eaſily we forgive thoſe that injure others, and how unwillingly thoſe that injure us.

Intereſt, which is reckoned among our crimes, ought to be eſteemed as one of our good actions.

We find few ungrateful while we are in a condition to oblige.

'Tis as neceſſary and reaſonable to have pride one's ſelf, as 'tis ridiculous to ſhew it to others.

There are in both ſexes a ſort of people deſtined to be fools and fops, and coxcombs, and who do not only commit fopperies by choice, but even fate itſelf conſtrains 'em to it.

Sometimes there arrives in one's life accidents, wherein one muſt appear ignorant to withdraw one's ſelf from thoſe troubles that may befal us by underſtanding them.

If there be a man on earth who has not committed a weakneſs that may render him ridiculous, it is becauſe others have not looked narrowly into his actions, or made good obſervations upon them.

The ſureſt way of governing, both in a private family and a kingdom, is for a huſband and a prince ſometimes to drop their prerogative.

The greateſt men may ſometimes over-ſhoot themſelves, but their very miſtakes are ſo many leſſons of inſtruction.

Not

Not only religion and law, but even gold and ſilver, are falſify'd to procure gold and ſilver.

If your friend be in want, don't carry him to a tavern, where you treat yourſelf as well as him, and entail a thirſt and head-ach upon him the next morning. Treating a poor wretch with a bottle of Burgundy, or filling his ſnuff-box, is like giving a pair of lac'd ruffles to a man that has never a ſhirt to his back. Put ſomewhat in his pocket.

Poverty keeps us in a due ſtate of mind and body; proſperity, as it is not every one's fortune, ſo every one cannot bear it.

A beautiful face is a ſilent commendation—as a good outſide is the beſt Sir Clement Cotterel in a ſtrange place.

A pen in a conceited man's hand is like a ſword in a madman's, with this difference only, that the law lays hold of the former, and acquits the latter.

A woman never repents of a fool ſo heartily, as in the arms of a man of ſenſe.

Were we to believe nothing but what we can comprehend, every man upon the face of the earth would be an Atheiſt.

A fool, like a coward, is more to be fear'd behind a man's back, than a witty man: for as a coward is more bloody than a brave man, a fool is more malicious than a man of wit.

Beauty ſoon obtains pardon for the pain it gives, when it applies the balſam of compaſſion to the wound; but a fine face and a hard heart is almoſt as bad as an ugly face and a ſoft one, both very troubleſome to many poor gentlemen.

Death only has a key of a miſer's cheſt, and the devil unlocks it.

As 'tis a black crime to forget the favours we have received from others, ſo we ſhould not be too mindful of the favours which others have received from us.

He who laughs at miſchief, tells us he is pleaſed that it is done, tho' he is ſorry that he had no hand in it.

Collectors for the poor provide uſually for themſelves firſt, imagining, as they ſay, that charity begins at home.

The world is truly compar'd to a ſtage play, becauſe there is ſo much diſſimulation in it, wherein, like players, moſt perſons act the part of others, and not their own.

'Tis

'Tis very hard to know the worth of perſons by the common characters which are given of them. Intereſt and conceit are loud and talkative, and ignorance always goes along with the ſtream.

The ſucceſs of gameſters, like the ſea, has its ebbs and flowings, and fortune is the only coy miſtreſs that ever ſhunn'd her admirers after enjoyment.

What are vices in ſome are virtues in others, according to circumſtances and conſtitutions of mankind.

This life is ſhort and miſerable at the beſt, it is no continuing city for the wiſeſt and moſt virtuous of men: 'Tis but a pilgrimage, we are all travellers, the whole world is but one large inn, every inhabitant of which is a ſteward to God.

Princes, as they are ſaid to be the fountain of honour, ſhould never be dry by being worſe than their words.

If we go empty-handed to court for preferment, we muſt expect to come empty back too.

A gameſter, the greater maſter he is in his art, the worſe man he is.

If vices were upon the whole matter profitable, the virtuous man would be the ſinner.

In taking revenge, the very haſte we make is criminal.

He that injures one threatens an hundred.

That ſick man does ill for himſelf, who makes his phyſician his heir.

'Tis part of the gift, if you deny handſomely what is aſked of you.

The coward calls himſelf a weary man, the miſer ſays he is frugal, and the fool cries up his own wit.

'Tis a ſtrange deſire which men have, to ſeek power and loſe liberty.

Great numbers import not much in armies where courage is wanting; for, Virgil ſays, *It never troubles the wolf how many the ſheep be.*

'Tis ſafer ſleeping in a good conſcience than a whole ſkin.

The ſenſible man, and the ſilent woman, are the beſt converſation.

The beſt company makes the upper end of the table, not the ſalt.

The epicure puts his money in his belly, and the miſer his belly in his purſe. An envious man keeps his knife in his hand, and ſwallows his meat whole.

He

He that lets his tongue run before his wit, cuts other men's meat, and his own fingers.

He who ſins that he may repent, ſurfeits that he may take phyſic.

A young fellow who falls in love with a whore, may be ſaid to fall aſleep in a hog-ſtye.

A covetous rich man may be ſaid to freeze before the fire; and to be a mere dog in a wheel, that toils to roaſt meat for other men's eating.

Where vice is a ſtate commodity, as in ſome Popiſh countries, he is the greateſt offender who never offends.

Thoſe are apteſt to domineer over others, who, by ſuffering indignities, have learned to offer them.

The wounds of an ancient enmity leave their ſcars behind, which ſeldom are healed ſo well to the ſight, but they lie open to the memory.

It is the wholeſomeſt getting a ſtomach by walking on one's own ground; and the thriftieſt way of aſſuaging it at another's table.

Nothing is more amiable than true modeſty; and nothing more contemptible than that which is falſe; the one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modeſty is aſham'd to do any thing that is repugnant to right reaſon; falſe modeſty is aſham'd to do any thing that is oppoſite to the humour of thoſe with whom the party converſes: True modeſty avoids every thing that is criminal; falſe modeſty every thing that is unfaſhionable. The latter is only a general, undetermin'd inſtinct; the former is that inſtinct limited and circumſcrib'd by the rules of prudence and religion.

Good nature is more agreeable in converſation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance, which is more amiable than beauty. It ſhews virtue in the faireſt light; takes off, in ſome meaſure, from the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and impertinence ſupportable.

Cardinal Wolſey, who was the moſt abſolute and wealthy miniſter of ſtate that England ever had, who ſeem'd to govern all Europe, as well as the kingdom wherein he liv'd; when he came to the period of his life, left the world with this ſtinging reflection on his own ill conduct, *Had I been as diligent, ſaid he, to ſerve my God, as I was to pleaſe my King,*

King, he wouldn't have abandon'd me thus in my grey hairs.

——A melancholy reflection for all worldly-minded men, who have the power and means of doing good in the world, and have not resolution enough to do it.

Every virtue gives a man a degree of felicity in some kind; honesty gives him a good report; justice, estimation; prudence, respect; courtesy and munificence, universal affection; temperance confers on him health of body; and fortitude such a steady and quiet mind, as not to be moved whatever happens.

Every state and condition of life, if attended with virtue, is undisturbed, and perfectly delighted.

The madness of love is to be sick of one part, and cur'd by another. The madness of jealousy to seek diligently, yet hope to lose one's labour.

The means of begetting a man has more encreas'd mankind than the end.

Use makes every posture familiar to the body, and every opinion to the mind.

The pleasure which coxcombs afford is like that of drinking, only good when 'tis shar'd; and a fool like a bottle, which makes one merry in company, makes one dull alone.

Railing is now grown so common, that 'tis more the fashion than malice: and the absent think they are no more the worse for being rail'd at, than the present think they are the better for being flatter'd.

A woman may appear the greater fortune, but not the greater beauty, for her dress: And as fools are never more provoking than when they are endeavouring at wit, so ugly women are never more nauseous, than when they would be beauties.

A large preface to a short book, is like a large porch to a little house.

A handsome wife and a fine house is a country parson's coat of arms: a tithe capon and a tithe pig are the two supporters.

Five of the most agreeable things on a journey, are money in one's pocket, a good road, a wholesome bed, fine weather, and a kind landlady; if she be handsome too, 'tis so much the better.

We may reasonably compare the gifts of fortune to an eel,

eel, which we no ſooner have in our hands, but ſhe ſlips thro' our fingers.

Courage without conduct in a general, is like fancy in a poet without judgment; but how admirable is it when they meet in both.

One ſpeaking of an old-faſhion'd country houſe, ſaid, It look'd like Noah's Ark, as if it had been made for the beaſts of the field, and the fowls of the air.

A man and his wife, ſaid one, are like the ſign of the Spread Eagle, one looks one way, and t'other the other.

A painted woman is like a gilded pill; fools admire the former, and children the latter, for the diſguiſe.

An inſufficient old man, marrying a young wife, is like the vanity of taking a fine houſe, and yet be forc'd to let lodgings to help to pay the rent.

A rich fool among the wiſe, is like a gilt empty bowl among the thirſty.

Beauty in a virtuous woman is like the bellows, whoſe breath is cold, yet makes others burn.

Wit and a woman are two frail things, and both the frailer by concurring.

In a mixt monarchy ſalaries ſhould not be ſo great as to make thoſe deſire who do not want them.

When ſalaries run high, and that for little or no ſervice, we ever think nobody deſerves but ourſelves.

Debauching a member of the houſe of commons from his principles, and creating him a peer, is not much better than making a woman a whore, and afterwards marrying her.

Men naturally love their princes, as appears by the court made to them in the beginning of their reigns; yet it ſeldom laſts long, by reaſon princes often miſtake their true intereſts, and enrich their courtiers at the expence of their people: preferring, as it were, the paroquet and monkey, that are of no ſolid uſe to them, to the ſheep and oxen that cloath them.

A prince, 'tis certain, ought to be religious; but it is abſolutely neceſſary to ſeem ſo: for the people will never promiſe themſelves any felicity under him, if they do not think God on his ſide; and on the contrary, will be apt to impute the diſappointments of every year to his want of devotion.

An

An unquiet life between man and wife leſſens both in the eſteem of their neighbours.

Beaſts of pleaſure are ſeldom beaſts of burden; but of the two, a prince had much better make a favourite of his miniſter, than a miniſter of his favourite.

Familiarity, it is true, may breed contempt, but love is not to be gained without ſome degree of it.

A prince who parts with his friends to pleaſe his enemies, cools the one and inflames the other.

A prince's word ought to be equal to the oath of a private perſon: he ſhould conſider well before he gives it, but no conſideration can excuſe the breach of it.

When the people preſs for a new miniſtry, they do not mean a new ſet, but a new ſort of men.

A man ought to be deaf to all inſinuations of liberality, 'till he has ſatisfied the clamours of right and juſtice.

Want of good laws is a very great defect; but want of due execution of them corrupts the very vitals of government.

What ſignifies a king's prerogative of chuſing officers military and civil, while his courtiers have that of diſpoſing of their places?

A prince who ſells his pardons, ſells the innocent blood of his ſubjects, and is, in ſome meaſure, guilty of the ſhedding of it.

Brains and heads, not powder and perukes, muſt ſupport a government.

If a courtier be diſcontented, the worſe for him; but when a people is ſo, the worſe for the prince.

If a player undertakes a part above him, he will ſoon be hiſs'd off the ſtage; but if a courtier does ſo, the dignity of the office covers him for a while; yet ſooner or later it turns to his diſgrace.

Moderate councils are ſafeſt both for him who takes and for him who gives them.

Adventures are like leaps in hunting, they bring you into the chace ſooner, but may chance to coſt you a fall.

Great men care not to converſe with any but ſuch as are inferior to them in parts.

A tall tree ſeems yet taller among ſhrubs, as ſome men's friendſhip ſhews their contempt.

A man of ſenſe and ſome fortune, thinks he pays dear enough for an employment, if he parts with his liberty, by giving

giving his honeſt and diligent attendance; therefore ſuch ſeldom get into any.

Obſtinacy is more a manly fault than too much eaſineſs; the one perhaps is too great a ſtiffneſs, but the other is commonly a weakneſs of mind.

Warlike princes ſeldom look well into their accounts or expences; they have a ſuperior genius, which makes them leave that groveling part of wiſdom to the care and pains of ſuch as may be hir'd for thoſe ends; but nevertheleſs, faith and honeſty are not to be bought.

Tho' the people are not apt to perceive their diſeaſe, when ſhew'd them, yet they ſeldom fail of finding a remedy.

Dogs know their own phyſic.

A prince that exalts a favourite, degrades himſelf.

He that procures the benefit will ſometimes be thought the benefactor.

That prince who has the love of his ſubjects may eaſily ſatisfy all parties; but courting them is endleſs.

We are ſometimes miſtaken for men of pleaſure, becauſe we are not men of buſineſs; and for men of buſineſs, becauſe we are not men of pleaſure: A diſcreet man finds leiſure for both, an inferior genius for neither.

It is a reproach to the nobility and gentry of England, that for the moſt part men of no birth fight their battles, fill their pulpits, and plead their cauſes; and alſo that tradeſmen, vintners, and ſtewards run away with their eſtates.

An officer ſhould be contin'd in his employment if he does his duty; but great rewards and high preferments are only due to extraordinary ſervices.

One courtier ſpeaks for another; ſo all of them obtain what none of them deſerve.

A king of England, if he pleaſes, may ride his miniſters, and ſpur them too; otherwiſe they will be apt to ride him.

When miniſters refuſe to ſerve but upon their own terms, they are no longer ſervants but maſters.

Miniſters that are allow'd to put in and out when they pleaſe, make themſelves friends, but their prince enemies.

A prince had better govern amiſs than impotently.

'Twas aptly ſaid, That a courtier out of favour was like a lanthorn without a candle.

A court is many times as heavy in a monarchy, as armies and fleets in a commonwealth; 'tis not so useful, and therefore ought to be retrench'd: Superfluous offices are to be extinguish'd, and the rest lessen'd.

It is harder to find an *honest* man than an *able* one; business, which improves the one, corrupts the other.

Men as well as women are debauch'd by opportunity.

Men should be employ'd in what they are fit for: A good coachman should not be made your cook, only because it is a better place, and he has a mind for it.

An English discontent is like a dog shut out of doors in a cold night, who only howls to be let in.

A dull fellow is presum'd sincere; a man that knows tricks is thought to use them; so that we are upon our guard with the one, and lie open to the other.

When a wise man seems covetous, 'tis not that he loves money more, but that he values the world and mankind less.

Tho' the dead may not be concern'd in what happens after them, the dying are, and ought to be; 'tis a debt charg'd upon them, which in honour and conscience they ought to pay to their posterity.

Much reading begets more doubts than it clears.

Learning makes a good man better, an ill one worse.

The world grows older, but not wiser; women and parliaments still trust the same sort of men who have constantly deceiv'd them.

Not this, or that man, but mankind in general is the rogue: He that makes the exception does it at his own peril.

To undertake for what is not in our power to perform, is to mortgage an entail'd estate, which is downright knavery in a private person.

'Tis great impotence in a prince not to be able to keep his word: Not to be willing is somewhat worse

War is a calamity, for which there is no comfort, but that it is as bad for one side as the other.

The defensive weapons of peace ought to be first try'd, such as embassies and treaties, in order to a reconciliation.

If war must ensue, let it be rather a raging than a hectic fever.

The Romans and other heroes of antiquity made war by wholesale; they conquer'd kingdoms; we by retail:

Four

Four or five battles won, ſome on one ſide, ſome on the other; three or four towns taken, ten years war, fifty millions paid and to pay on both ſides, and you are welcome gentlemen to a very indifferent, and perhaps a ſhort, peace.

We ſhould not meaſure men by Sundays, without regarding what they do all the week after.

Honour and honeſty are profeſs'd every where, yet are very ſcarce to be found.

A prince ſhould never employ a man who has no reputation to loſe. He brings nothing into his ſervice, and cares not what he carries out.

If a man walks lame he is pity'd; if he dances lame he is laugh'd at: The one is unavoidable, the other is not.

The man who fears neither horſe, foot, nor cannon, will never ſtand in awe of pen, ink, and paper.

He who writes one book out of an hundred, may be rather ſaid to be a collector than an author; and flouriſhes like Covent-Garden market, with fruit, not growing, but withering upon his hands.

No man knows himſelf. Phalaris did not think he was a tyrant, nor Julius Cæſar reckon himſelf a uſurper.

Pride, inſolence, and arrogance, are the bladders that keep men above water.

Modeſty is a kind of fear that ſinks a good man to the bottom.

There are tyrants in converſation as well as on the throne; and are oftentimes not men of half the merit of thoſe they inſult.

Machiavel calls all princes weak who are not warlike; Solomon not excepted.

Greater things might and would be done, were we not ſo ſevere upon miſcarriages.

A Roman conſul had the thanks of a ſenate, tho' he was beaten, that he did not deſpair; when if we loſe one ſhip we are preſently for changing the admiral.

Old men ſay they are weary of the world, but the world is firſt weary of them.

A moderate man may be a friend to his country, when the furious and violent are generally factious.

Fancy and wiſdom ſeldom go together? nor are they fruits of the ſame ſoil or ſeaſon.

A ſublime fancy may, by age and experience, cool into wiſdom: Out of ſuch the great men of the world have been ever form'd.

The diſeaſes of wiſdom are covetouſneſs and ambition, thoſe of fancy are lewdneſs and luxury; the former injure the world, the latter only the perſon that is infected with them.

The great vulgar are more to be deſpis'd than the ſmall. The one brutally neglect learning, the other want means to obtain it.

Such as beſt deſerve friends are leaſt induſtrious in procuring them.

There are few great men who have not ſacrificed in the temple of the Muſes: King David wrote his *Pſalms*; Julius Cæſar a poem in praiſe of Hercules; Auguſtus Cæſar his Ajax; Seneca his tragedies; our Oliver Cromwell made an *extempore diſtich*, when he diſſolv'd the long parliament, which for its oddneſs I ſet down.

Magna Charta.
Magna Farta.

The law of God is but the law of reaſon reveal'd, and eſtabliſh'd under thoſe high rewards and puniſhments of heaven and hell.

A woman had rather loſe her gallant at Tyburn, than to a rival.

The reaſon why women have a greater ſhare in the government of France, than they have in that of England, is, becauſe France is a government of men, and England a government of laws; the former they know how to manage, the latter they are not bred to underſtand.

Witty men commit the moſt fatal errors, as the ſtrongeſt horſes make the moſt dangerous ſtumbles.

A moderate genius goes fair and ſoftly, and advances ſlowly, but more certainly to a deſign.

Men are commonly cheated when they firſt enter upon play; and women in their firſt intrigue.

He who ſpeaks againſt religion deſerves to be torn in pieces by the mob whom he endeavours to unchain.

The

The clergy ſhould let fall ſome of their hypocriſy, and the gentry ſhould take it up, that they may think the better of one another.

Fear may keep a man out of danger, but courage only can ſupport him in it.

Orders and profeſſions ought not to entrench upon each other, leſt in time they make a confuſion among themſelves.

The temper of the mind is no more in our power, than the health of the body; and we can't enſure ourſelves from being angry to-morrow, any more than from having a fit of the cholic.

A gentleman is judg'd of by his company; a workman by his tools; and a prince by his miniſters.

Men venerate ancient virtue, and envy the preſent; while we look upon 'em thro' ſuch different glaſſes, the former muſt carry it.

If a man be powerful, 'tis ten to one if I be the better for him; if he be agreeable, 'tis the ſame odds but I am; yet the one is courted, the other is not.

Men are wanting to opportunity, but opportunity to more.

There is never a day paſſes wherein a man may not be made miſerable; yet there is no day in which he is not proud, inſolent, and conceited.

The good opinion we have of ourſelves is the foundation of what we have of others.

It is pity that the juſtice of a man's cauſe cannot always carry it againſt the ſubtlety of his adverſary's counſel.

The fair ſex would be an agreeable amuſement to mankind, if they did not make ſo deep an impreſſion.

No man has a particular fault, which he does not think he finds in all mankind.

Reaſons of ſtate are ſo very intricate, that a good miniſter can hardly be a good man.

Intereſt, that makes ſome men blind, makes others very ſharp ſighted.

The affability of ſome great men is to make us believe, that their goodneſs is greater than their fortune.

The artful doing of an indifferent thing ſometimes gains a perſon as much reputation as true merit.

'Tis not always courage that makes a man fight, nor chaſtity that keeps women from being whores.

A young wench oftentimes loves a chargeable bully better than a kind keeper.

Some men have been thought brave, becauſe in the heat of the battle they were afraid to run away.

Moſt men are ſhock'd when any one is very much commended. We think every body flatter'd but ourſelves.

Reputation is a greater tie upon women than nature, or they would not commit murder to prevent infamy.

There is a great deal of hypocriſy in ſick men; the convulſions of their eyes, and contorſions of their faces, are not always an effect of pain; they ſpeak low to make us believe them faint; they ſigh and ſhriek out to force our compaſſion, then ſuddenly recollect themſelves to a calm: By all the grimaces of pain they would prepoſſeſs us of the greatneſs of their ſufferings, and by their reſignation perſuade us of their piety.

When a woman has granted one thing, ſhe can afterwards deny nothing.

An unexpected turn of affairs has frequently given a luſtre to an indifferent ſtateſman.

The ſatisfaction we take in a friend's good fortune, is not from a principle of good nature but intereſt; we expect to riſe in our turns, or to be the better for them that are riſen.

'Tis eaſier to ridicule than commend; a very little underſtanding ſerves for the firſt, but a man muſt have a good deal of judgment to do the latter properly.

Nothing makes us ſo eaſy in the unequal diſtribution of the goods of fortune, as the opinion we have of our own deſert.

It was not probity made the philoſophers contemn riches, but their vanity turned their deſpair into a ſeeming virtue.

We ought not to flatter ourſelves, that we pleaſe in all things, ſince it would be ſufficient if we could pleaſe in ſome.

A critic, in the modern acceptation, rarely riſes in the world; his profeſſion keeps him under, when a candid judge of things gains every body's eſteem.

Either decline being truſted with a ſecret, or endeavour to render yourſelf capable of keeping it.

Courage

Courage is not always *innate*; and a man may learn to be brave, as well as to exerciſe a battalion.

Jealouſy is a pardonable paſſion; it is only a deſire of keeping what is our own, or what, at leaſt, we think ſo.

If we had not faults of our own, we ſhould not be ſo glad to obſerve them in other people.

Some perſons preach and pray themſelves into religion, as Hobbes diſputed himſelf out of it.

The lives of the clergy ſecond their doctrines ſo ill that they make atheiſts of thoſe that might prove honourable converts.

The Papiſts would fain have the doctrines of the Proteſtants thought new inventions. One aſk'd a Proteſtant, *Where his religion was before the time of Luther?* Did you waſh your face this morning, reply'd he? Yes, anſwer'd the other. *Then where was your face*, cry'd the other, *before it was waſh'd?*

Love is eaſier to counterfeit than conceal; yet if women did not flatter themſelves, we could not ſo much impoſe on them.

It is the nature of the creature makes the honeyſuckle poiſon to the ſpider, and not to the bee.

A prince's negligence or fear, or ſometimes a word from a favourite, or importunity from ſomebody elſe, makes a pardon paſs for an act of mercy, when his clemency had nothing to do in it.

To be often in love ſhews levity of mind, but to be never ſo, ſtupidity.

He that forſwears being in love, proclaims himſelf a fool.

He who marries for an eſtate is happier than he expected, if he meets with a good wife.

Matrimony is not ſo heavy a yoke as batchelors pretend, nor ſo eaſy as the huſbands give out; yet would be a much more happy ſtate than it is generally found, if it were enter'd upon as it ought.

Who thinks a woman has no merit but her money, ought to be a cuckold.

A violent paſſion hardly ever brought two together, but it made them miſerable.

Many great actions owe their ſucceſs to chance, tho' the general and ſtateſman run away with the applauſe.

To

To have neither merit nor fortune, is the greateſt unhappineſs that can befal a man; but the gift of either recompenſes the want of one.

He that affects always ſhewing his wit, ſeldom fails of letting the world know he has little or none.

The only way to be reveng'd on a perſon that talks too much, is not to give him the hearing.

Some people would pleaſe more in converſation, if they did not endeavour to tell all in a moment that they had been learning many years.

Always apprehend the viſits of thoſe whoſe memories or pockets may furniſh them with means to diſturb you.

Pride does not become a rich man; but it is inſupportable in a poor one.

A woman's chaſtity is not to be endur'd, when ſhe expects an uncontroulable liberty as the reward of it.

A woman's virtue is commendable, provided ſhe does not value herſelf too much upon it.

A reaſonable gradation of employments and dignities is equally honourable to both prince and people; but to have muſhrooms of ſtate in a day's time over-top even the cedars, is monſtrous, as well as invidious.

There is no woman but will be civil to her huſband when ſhe has a mind to conceal her love from him.

What ridiculous œconomy is there between a rampant wife and a couchant huſband.

Widows ſhed the more tears out of hopes of encouraging another huſband to expect the ſame favour.

A gameſter's goods are ſo often in the broker's hands, that they, in a manner, become proprietors of them.

Women are the firſt that are poſſeſs'd of an opinion of their own beauty, and the laſt that quit it.

Gaming is only fit for thoſe that have great eſtates, or thoſe who have none.

If women could be perſuaded that nothing but knowledge can entitle them to talk, they would bluſh with ſhame at being for ever oblig'd to hold their tongues.

A man that is capable of other things, ſeldom underſtands play; for what incapacitates him for that, makes others good gameſters.

Some have more regard to the floridneſs of a preacher, than the matter he handles: Thus we value the beauty of a flower beyond its medicinal virtues.

Some

Some men read polemic divinity, not to confirm them in their own religion, but to out-talk thoſe of another.

Courting virtue for her own ſake, was but a haughty dogma of the Stoicks to conceal their hypocriſy.

The moſt conſiderable advantage a rich man has, is, that he may more ſafely tranſgreſs the law, becauſe he has wherewithal to bribe the judges.

There is a great deal of difference between dying and talking of death.

Many men's virtues ſeem calculated for their preſent ſtations; if they are exalted, they are diſgrac'd like pictures that hang in a wrong light.

Continual ſhifting of officers is the ruin of affairs; by that time they have learn'd to be ſerviceable, their commiſſion muſt expire.

A traitor that impeaches is twice a villain; yet we ſee ſome dignify'd, all rewarded, while men of real good ſervice want bread.

The thoughts of freedom make people eaſy in a republic, tho' they ſuffer more than under an arbitrary monarch.

He that would riſe at court muſt have a large throat to ſwallow indignities, and a good ſtrong ſtomach to digeſt them afterwards.

He that carries merit to court will quickly be crowded out of the ring.

Why ſhould we wonder that Commodus is exalted, ſince ſcum will be always uppermoſt as well as cream.

Every one deſires a friend, and yet very few can ſuffer friendſhip. To tell a man his failings does not reform him, but incur his hatred, and it may be, bring you to a duel.

He that is truly great will never be proud; as always the moſt generous wines carry the leaſt head.

A great army in time of peace may be thought too expenſive; but a ſmall one in time of war, may prove a dangerous parſimony.

Old folks love young bedfellows, not ſo much out of tenderneſs as policy: 'Tis a ſort of applying pigeons to their feet; it gives a vital warmth to decaying nature.

Taking up money at intereſt, is like drinking in a fever; it may gratify the palate a little, but generally does a great deal of miſchief to the patient.

Where

Where the means of growing rich are not viſible, the perſon's integrity will be ſuſpected who has heap'd up too much wealth.

Some men are ſo over-cautious, that they will hazard nothing; but a true ſportſman will hook a gudgeon to catch a jack.

He who deſires to live merely for living's ſake, has not a worthy notion of his being: He only puts a right value upon life, who deſires it barely that he may do good.

We may more reaſonably expect great actions from thoſe that fight for ſafety, than thoſe that contend for dominion. This is evident by the battles of Thermopylæ, Salamis, Platea, and Mycale; in all which Xerxes always loſt more men than he attack'd.

'Tis much more honourable to govern than to conquer; as a wiſe head is better than a ſtrong arm.

'Tis not chaſtity to be inſenſible of youth and beauty; nor ſobriety not to love wine: 'Tis the not abuſing the creatures that is a virtue, not the omitting the uſe of them.

The affectation of the Stoicks made virtue ſeem very ſevere; they frighten'd many from the practice of it, to enhance their own characters.

Duels are the effects either of want of good ſenſe, a peeviſh courage, or the inſufficiency of the laws; and therefore are a reflection upon the government, and no honour to the parties that engage in them.

When our actions run counter to our pretenſions, we find out different terms for the ſame fact; ſo think to evade the ſcandal of falſhood and hypocriſy. Cromwell ſet up for liberty and a free people, would not be king, yet would be a protector, but that not without the regalia.

Virtue in retirement and obſcurity, is like a coal under the aſhes, waſting away itſelf, and profiting no-body.

Patience under misfortunes, is like opiates in a fever; toſſing and tumbling only irritate the diſtemper.

Continual apologies for every thing at table are a thouſand times more troubleſome than the faults they would excuſe.

He that is in the wrong oftentimes deſerves our pity; but he that is unwilling to be in the right, ſhould have nothing but our contempt.

He that judges of virtue by ſucceſs, will do honour to a great many knaves.

Every

Every little club thinks wit confin'd to it, as every ſmall ſect to monopolize ſalvation.

Many that carry the liberty of the people higheſt, ſerve them as they do trouts, tickle them till they catch them.

A moderate degree of pride has this advantage, that it prepoſſeſſes ſeveral in our favour, while the baſhful are too often thought to deſerve nothing.

Silence may hide folly, as a vizard does an ill face, but then it is but for a time.

The beſt jewellers uſe the leaſt ſilver, and he that will ſet his thoughts to advantage, muſt not over-load them with words.

Compliments and ceremonies were invented to conceal the hatred which men naturally bear to one another.

Meddle with your match is a ſaying among boys, a rule of honour among men, and a wiſe one among princes.

He that takes up arms againſt his prince, can never lay them down with ſafety: 'Tis equally folly for the one to expect a pardon, and the other to grant it.

A prince that turns out his miniſters upon every complaint of the people, will not have a capable, or an honeſt man long about him.

Great men are like wolves, we muſt not ſtrike at them, unleſs we are ſecure of our blow; for if we miſs they will be ſure to tear us to pieces.

A prudent and diſcreet ſilence will be oftentimes of advantage to a man: We often repent what we have ſaid; but ſeldom repent that we have held our tongue.

Examples make a greater impreſſion upon us than precepts: The ſight of Sir Edward B———h running after a coach for ſix-pence, will ſooner reclaim a prodigal than a ſermon.

A change is not always for the beſt. We have ſometimes ſeen the miniſtry diſcarded, and a new ſet of men brought in their room ten times worſe than their predeceſſors; like the devil in the Goſpel, that left the poſſeſs'd man's body, and came afterwards ſeventy ſtrong.

All parties blame perſecution when they feel the ſmart on't, and all practiſe it when they have the rod in their hands. For all his pretended meekneſs, Calvin made roaſt meat of Servetus at Geneva, for his unorthodoxy.

When Moliere's Tartuff was acted in France, all the churchmen complain'd of it. The *Feſtin de Saint Pierre*, tho'

tho' a lewd beaſtly piece, went down without the leaſt wry face. At ſo much an eaſier rate may a man expoſe religion, than hypocriſy!

It is very much to be queſtion'd, whether Mr. Collier would have condeſcended to laſh the vices of the ſtage, if the poets had not been guilty of the abominable ſin of making familiar now and then with the backſlidings of the caſſock.

Aſſiduity is one of the beſt qualities in a courtier to recommend him to his maſter. As prince Maurice was once at dinner, in came a huge maſtiff, and took ſanctuary under the table. The pages beat him out of the room, and kick'd him, but for all that monſieur Le Chien came punctually at the ſame hour next day, and ſo continu'd his viſits, tho' they ſtill continu'd the ſame treatment to him. At laſt the prince order'd them to beat him no more, and made much of him. From that time the maſtiff commenc'd a perfect courtier, follow'd the prince wherever he went, lay all night at his chamber door, ran by his coach-ſide as duly as one of his lacqueys; in ſhort, ſo inſinuated himſelf into his maſter's favour, that when he died he ſettled a penſion upon him for life.

'Tis a ſign of the laſt neceſſity in an author when he is forc'd to ſteal from himſelf. 'Tis worſe than robbing the ſpital.

Mr. Shadwell, in one of his plays, is ſo honeſt as to own that he had ſtole a few hints out of a French comedy, but pretends it was rather out of lazineſs than want. This confeſſion, inſtead of mending matters, would have hang'd him at the O'd Bailey, and why it ſhould ſave him in Parnaſſus I can't tell.

Meliſſa looks as demure as a nun, goes twice a day to church, abhors the play-houſe and players, has always a catalogue of Lent preachers by heart, rails at patches and large hoops, and yet is a fury incarnate in a corner. I went to pay Meliſſa a ſum, ſays a gentleman, laſt night, and ſhe was ſo fond of my money, that I thought in my conſcience ſhe would have run away with my purſe.

He who makes a jeſt of the frailties of nature, upbraids the God of nature.

Such perſons as are in haſte to ſhew their wit, loſe the grace of it, and offend in converſation, as importunate beggars do while they hang about your coach.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAMS.

A RECEIPT to make an EPIGRAM.

By the Right Hon. the late Lord Hervey.

A Pleaſing ſubject firſt with care provide:
Your matter muſt with nature be ſupply'd;
Nervous your diction, be your meaſure long,
Nor fear your verſe too ſtiff if ſenſe be ſtrong:
In proper places proper numbers uſe,
And now the quicker, now the ſlower chuſe:
Too ſoon the dactyl the performance ends,
But the ſlow ſpondee coming thoughts ſuſpends;
Your laſt attention on the ſting beſtow,
To that your good or ill ſucceſs you'll owe;
For there not wit alone muſt ſhine, but humour flow.
Obſerving theſe your Epigram's completed;
Nor fear 'twill tire, tho' ſeven times repeated.

On MILTON. *By Mr.* DRYDEN.

THREE poets, in three diſtant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
The firſt in loftineſs of thought ſurpaſt;
The next in majeſty; in both the laſt.
The force of nature could no farther go;
To make a third ſhe join'd the former two.

To a Lady who was againſt the Quakers Bill.

AT Quakers, dear Euſebia, why ſo wrath?
Juſt the ſame principles direct you both:
Juſt the ſame practice, (and you'll ne'er forſake it)
Never to give the thing, but let us take it.

On MAIDS.

MOST maids reſemble Eve, now in their lives,
Who are no ſooner women, but they're wives.

On Quin's *comparing* Garrick *to* Whitefield, *and ſaying, that the people that were madding it after him, would return to the old church (meaning himſelf.) By* G—ck.

POPE Quin, who damns all churches but his own,
Complains that hereſy miſleads the town,
That Whitefield-Garrick does corrupt the age,
And taints the ſound religion of the ſtage.
——Thou great infallible! forbear to roar;
Thy bulls and errors are rever'd no more:
Where doctrines meet with gen'ral approbation,
It is not hereſy but reformation.

SUSANNAH *and the Two* ELDERS. *By Mr.* Cobb.

WHEN fair Suſannah, in a cool retreat
Of ſhady arbors, ſhunn'd the ſultry heat,
Two wanton letchers to her garden came,
And, ruſhing furious, ſeiz'd the trembling dame.
What female ſtrength could do, her arms perform,
And guarded well the fort they ſtrove to ſtorm.
The ſtory's antient, and (if rightly told)
Young was the lady, but the lovers old.
Had the reverſe been true! had authors ſung,
How that the dame was old, the lovers young,
If ſhe had then the blooming pair deny'd,
With tempting youth and vigour on their ſide,
Lord! how the ſtory would have ſhock'd my creed!
For that had been a miracle indeed.

On Miſs Biddy Floyd. *By* Dean Swift.

WHEN Cupid did his grandſire Jove intreat,
To form ſome beauty by a new receipt;
Jove ſent and found, far in a country ſcene,
Truth, innocence, good-nature, looks ſerene;
From which ingredients firſt the dextrous boy
Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy:
The Graces from the court did next provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride;
Theſe Venus cleans'd from every ſpurious grain
Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain:
Jove mix'd up all; and his beſt clay employ'd,
Then call'd the happy compoſition, Floyd.

On

On the Grave-Stone of a Blackſmith, *buried in* Cheſter *Church-Yard.*

MY ſledge and hammer lie reclin'd,
My bellows too have loſt their wind;
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
And in the duſt my vice is laid;
My coal is ſpent, my iron's gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done,
My fire-dry'd corpſe lies here at reſt,
My ſoul, ſmoak like, is ſoaring to be bleſt.

On a monument intended to be erected for Mr. Rowe, *by his widow. Written before Mr.* Dryden's *was ſet up. By Mr.* Pope.

THY reliques, Rowe, to this fair ſhrine we truſt,
And, ſacred, place by Dryden's awful duſt.
Beneath a rude and nameleſs ſtone he lies,
To which thy tomb ſhall gain enquiring eyes:
Peace to thy gentle ſhade, and endleſs reſt,
Bleſt in thy genius, in thy love too bleſt;
One grateful woman to thy fame ſupply'd
What a whole thankleſs land to his deny'd.

On the late Lord H——y. *By the late E. of* C——d.

NATURE, whilſt He——y's clay was blending,
Uncertain what the thing would end in,
Whether a female, or a male,
A Pin dropt in, and turn'd the ſcale.

On Giles Jacob, *the Poet. By the late Dr.* Sewell.

PARENT of dullneſs! genuine ſon of night!
Total eclipſe! without one ray of light:
Born when dull midnight bells for fun'rals chime,
Juſt at the cloſing of the bellman's rhime.

The Scotch *Weather-Wife.*

SCOTLAND, thy weather's like a modiſh wife;
Thy *winds* and *rains* maintain perpetual *ſtrife*;
So *termagant*, a while, her *thunder* hies;
And when ſhe can no longer *ſcold*——ſhe *cries.*

WHILE bunters attending the Archbiſhop's door,
Accoſted each other with cheat, bitch, and whore,
I noted the drabs, and conſidering the place,
Concluded 'twas plain that they wanted *his grace*.

By Dean Swift.

AS Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to his heels and ran for his life:
Tom's three deareſt friends came by in the ſquabble,
And ſkreen'd him at once from the ſhrew and the rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him ſome wholeſome advice:
But Tom is a fellow of humour ſo nice,
Too proud to take counſel, too wiſe to take warning,
He ſent to all three a challenge next morning:
He fought with all three, thrice ventur'd his life,
Then went home again, and was thraſh'd by his wife.

On Craſſus, *a covetous* Parſon. *By the late Mr.* Amhurſt.

UNFORM'D in nature's ſhop while Craſſus lay,
A cumb'rous heap of coarſe neglected clay,
Pray, madam, ſays the foreman of the trade,
What of yon paltry rubbiſh muſt be made?
For it's too groſs, ſaid he, and unrefin'd,
To be the carcaſe of a thinking mind;
Then its too lumpiſh, and too ſtiff to make
A fop, a beau, a whitling, or a rake;
Nor is it for a lady's footman fit,
For ladies footmen muſt have ſenſe and wit;
A warrior muſt be vigilant and bold,
And therefore claims a briſk and active mould;
A ſtateſman muſt be ſkill'd in various arts;
A miſtreſs muſt have charms, a pimp have parts;
A lawyer without craft will get no fees;
This matter, therefore, will make none of theſe;
In ſhort, I plainly think it good for nought,
But, madam, I deſire your better thought.
Why, Tom, ſaid ſhe, in a diſdainful tone,
Amongſt the ſweeping let it then be thrown.
Or make——a parſon of the uſeleſs ſtuff,
'Twill ſerve a preaching blockhead well enough.

On

On one Humphry Briggs, *who had three wives.*

HERE lies Sarah, Mary, and Elizabeth Briggs,
And Humphry their huſband who humm'd all their giggs.

MENS MULIEBRIS.

NATURE to all does kind proviſion make,
And what men want in head they have in back;
Then who can diſapprove the fair one's rules,
Who talk with men of ſenſe, but kiſs with fools?

Tranſlated from Buchanan.

Beginning, Pauper eram juvenis, *&c.*

POOR, when in youth, now worn with feeble age
I'm rich; but wretched ſtill in either ſtage;
When wealth I could enjoy I then had none;
Now plenty's come all power of uſe is gone.

One Thing needful.

T——R, a prieſt of modern date,
(Our modern prieſts are ſhort and fat),
Perch'd in the pulpit gravely cries,
Young men and maidens, great and ſmall,
There's * *One thing needful for you all:*
And he the virgin's wants ſupplies.

On a company of bad dancers to good muſick. *By Mr.* Budgell.

HOW ill the motion with the muſic ſuits!
So Orpheus fiddled, and ſo danc'd the brutes.

The Lover's Legacy.

UNHAPPY Strephon, dead and cold,
His heart was from his boſom rent,
Embalm'd, and in a box of gold,
To his beloved Kitty ſent.
Some ladies might, perhaps, have fainted,
But Kitty ſmil'd upon the bauble;
A pin-cuſhion, ſaid ſhe, I wanted,
Go put it on the dreſſing-table.

* *Alluding to his text.*

The Lucky Man. *By Mr.* Welſted.

I OWE, ſays Metius, much to Colon's care;
Once only ſeen he choſe me for his heir:
True, Metius; hence your fortunes take their riſe;
His heir you were not, had he ſeen you twice.

On Ben Johnſon's *buſt ſet up in* Weſtminſter-Abbey, *with the buttons on the wrong ſide of his coat. By the late Rev. Mr.* Samuel Weſley.

O Rare Ben Johnſon! What, a turn-coat grown!
Thou ne'er wert ſuch, 'till thou wert clad in ſtone.
When time thy coat, thy only coat, impairs,
Thou'lt find a patron in a hundred years:
Then let not this miſtake diſturb thy ſprite,
Another age ſhall ſet thy buttons right.

Written in the leaves of a fan. By Dr. Atterbury, *late biſhop of* Rocheſter.

FLAVIA the leaſt and ſlighteſt toy,
Can with reſiſtleſs art employ;
This fan in meaner hands would prove
An engine of ſmall force in love;
Yet ſhe, with graceful air and mein,
Not to be told or fairly ſeen,
Directs its wanton motion ſo,
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;
Gives coolneſs to the matchleſs dame,
To every other breaſt a flame.

Writ in Miſs F——'s *Pew at* I—— *Church.*

WITH awe, with pleaſure, and ſurprize,
I view the lightning of your eyes;
Lightning! that wounds me as it flies.

What prayer! what vow! to Heav'n can go?
For all devotion you ſubdue;
At leaſt, 'tis all transferr'd to you.

In vain is human ſtrength, its boaſted art,
While you ſit here, you ſhare my vows in part;
To * Y—— I give my ears, to you my eyes and heart.

* *The Miniſter.*

To

To Mr. T——d, *on his complimenting Mr.* F——de *on his* Poetry.

F——de writes well, you ſay; ſuppoſe it true,
You pawn your word for him;——he'll vouch for you;
So two poor knaves, when once their credit fail,
To cheat the world become each other's bail.

On a handſome Woman, with a fine voice, but very covetous and proud.

SO bright is thy beauty, ſo charming thy ſong,
As had drawn both the beaſts, and their Orpheus along;
But ſuch is thy avarice, and ſuch is thy pride,
That the beaſts muſt have ſtarv'd, and the poet have dy'd.

On a Papiſt's *praying to the Statue of a Saint. From* Buchanan.

WHEN you before an image kneeling down,
Cry with grave face, *Our Father*, to the ſtone:
Forgive me if I ſay you ſeem to me,
More ſenſeleſs than the thing to which you pray;
As you yourſelf by this expreſſion own,
For he's a block, whoſe father is——a ſtone.

To the Papiſts *and* Quakers.

THEY in an unknown tongue their prayers do ſay:
Ye in an unknown ſenſe your prayers convey.
Betwixt ye both this difference muſt enſue:
Fools underſtand not them, nor wiſe men you.

Venus *miſtaken. By Mr.* Prior.

WHEN Chloe's picture was to Venus ſhewn,
Surpriz'd the goddeſs took it for her own;
And what, ſaid ſhe, does this bold painter mean?
When was I bathing thus, and naked ſeen?
Pleas'd, Cupid heard, and check'd his mother's pride;
And who's blind now, mamma? the urchin cry'd.
'Tis Chloe's eye, and cheek, and lip, and breaſt,
Friend Howard's genius fancy'd all the reſt.

Epi aph

Epitaph *on Mr.* Harcourt's *Tomb. By Mr* Pope.

TO this ſad ſhrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near,
Here lies the *friend* moſt wept, the *ſon* moſt dear,
Who ne'er knew *joy* but friendſhip might divide,
Nor gave his father *grief*——but when he dy'd.
How vain is reaſon! eloquence how weak!
When Pope muſt tell what Harcourt cannot ſpeak.
Yet let thy once lov'd friend inſcribe the ſtone,
And with a father's ſorrow mix his own.
Ah, no! 'tis vain to ſtrive——it will not be;
No grief that can be told is felt for *thee*.

Prometheus *ill painted. By Mr.* Cowley.

HOW wretched does Prometheus' ſtate appear,
Whilſt he his ſecond mis'ry ſuffers here.
Draw him no more, leſt, as he tortur'd ſtands,
He blame great Jove's leſs than the painter's hands.
It would the vulture's cruelty outgo,
If once again his liver thus ſhould grow.
Pity him, Jove, and his bold theft allow;
The flames he once ſtole from thee grant him now.

On a Lady who pretended to tell fortunes. By Mr. Mottley.

SOME oracles of old, to cauſe more wonder,
Were, when pronounc'd, accompany'd with thunder:
But thy predictions come not in a ſtorm,
They are deliver'd by the brighteſt form:
If, when you ſpeak, Jove does not pierce the ſky,
Yet ſtill you've all his lightning in your eye.

EPITAPH.

HERE lies a lady, who, if not bely'd,
Took wiſe St. Paul's advice, and all things try'd;
Nor ſtopt ſhe here; but follow'd thro' the reſt,
And always ſtuck the longeſt to the beſt.

The Cure of Love.

WHEN, Chloe, I confeſs my pain,
In gentle words your pity ſhew,
But gentle words are all in vain,
Such gales my flame but higher blow:

Ah,

Ah, Chloe, would you cure the ſmart
Your conqu'ring eyes have keenly made,
Yourſelf upon my bleeding heart,
Yourſelf, fair Chloe, muſt be laid.

Thus for the viper's ſting we know,
No ſurer remedy is found,
Than to apply the tort'ring foe,
And ſqueeze his venom on the wound.

Epitaph *on an unknown Perſon.*

WIthout a name, for ever ſenſeleſs, dumb,
Duſt, aſhes, nought elſe, lies within this tomb.
Where e'er I liv'd, or dy'd, it matters not;
To whom related, or by whom begot;
I was, but am not, aſk no more of me;
It's all I am, and all that thou ſhalt be.

In a window of a room in the Tower of London *is wrote,*
R. Walpole, 1712.

Underneath that are the following lines.

GOOD unexpected, evil unforeſeen,
Appear by turns, as fortune ſhifts the ſcene:
Some, rais'd *aloft*, come tumbling *down* again,
And *fall* ſo hard, they *bound* to *riſe* again.

Lanſdown, Sept. 24, 1716.

The diſappointed Huſband.

Mulieri nè crede, nè mortuæ quidem.

A Scolding wife ſo long a ſleep poſſeſs'd,
Her ſpouſe preſum'd her ſoul was now at reſt.
Sable was call'd to hang the room in black;
And all their cheer was ſugar-rolls and ſack.
Two mourning ſtaffs ſtood centry at the door;
And ſilence reign'd, who ne'er was there before.
The cloaks, and tears, and handkerchiefs prepar'd,
They march'd in woeful pomp to Abchurch-Yard;
When ſee of narrow ſtreets what miſchiefs come!
The very dead can't paſs in quiet home:
By ſome rude jolt, the coffin lid was broke,
And madam from her dream of death awoke.

Now all was ſpoil'd: the undertaker's pay,
Sour faces, cakes, and wine, quite thrown away.
But ſome years after, when the former ſcene
Was acted, and the coffin nail'd again,
The tender huſband took eſpecial care,
To keep the paſſage from diſturbance clear;
Charging the bearers that they tread aright,
Nor put his dear in ſuch another fright.

AMONG the fair that Hyde-park Circus grace,
Canidia ſeeks admirers of her face;
In vain her airs, her wanton arts ſhe tries,
Among thoſe beauties that engage all eyes:
Bright rays, like diamonds, they around 'em fling,
Whilſt ſhe is but the cypher of the ring.

The Artiſt. *By Mr.* Concanen.

VERY nicely thou lay'ſt on thy colours, dear Nan,
And no painter in ſkill can o'er-top ye;
When to Ellys you ſat, he dully bruſh'd on,
'Till he thought he had an original drawn,
Which you prov'd to be only a copy.

To Chloe. *From* Martial, Book III. Epig. liii. *By Mr.* Mottley.

THY eyes and eyebrows I could ſpare;
Nor for thy noſe do I much care;
I could diſpenſe too with thy teeth;
And with thy lips, and with thy breath,
And with thy breaſt, and with thy belly,
And with that which I won't tell ye;
And, to be ſhort——hark, in thy ear,
Faith I could ſpare thee All, my dear.

Epitaph on a talkative old Maid.

BEneath this ſilent ſtone is laid
A noiſy antiquated maid,
Who, from her cradle, talk'd till death,
And ne'er before was out of breath.
Whither ſhe's gone we cannot tell,
For if ſhe talks not ſhe's in hell:
If ſhe's in heaven ſhe's there unbleſt;
Becauſe ſhe hates a place of reſt.

THAIS,

THAIS, her teeth are black and nought,
Lucania's white are grown;
But what's the reaſon? theſe are bought,
The other wears her own.

A Dialogue *between two very bad Poets. By Mr.* Concanen.

SAYS Richard * to Joe † thou'rt a very ſad dog,
And thou can'ſt write verſes no more than a log;
Says Joſeph to Dick, prithee ring-rhime get hence,
Sure my verſe, at leaſt, is as good as thy ſenſe.
Was e'er ſuch a conteſt recorded in ſong?
The one's in the right, and t'other's not wrong.

On a Robbery.

RIDWAY robb'd Duncote of three hundred pounds;
Ridway was taken and condemn'd to die:
But for his money was a courtier found,
Begg'd Ridway's pardon: Duncote now doth cry,
Robb'd both of money and the law's relief,
The courtier is become the greater thief.

On the late Sally Saliſbury.

HERE flat on her back, but unactive at laſt,
Poor Sally lies under grim death;
Thro' the courſe of her vices ſhe gallop'd ſo faſt,
No wonder ſhe's now out of breath.

To the goal of her pleaſures ſhe drove very hard,
But was tripp'd up e'er half way ſhe ran;
Tho' every one fancied her life was a yard,
Yet it prov'd to be leſs than a ſpan.

A SIMILE.

WOMEN to cards may be compar'd: we play
A round or two; when us'd, we throw away,
Take a freſh pack; nor is it worth our grieving,
Who cuts and ſhuffles with the dirty leaving.

On Suicide: *from* Martial. *By Mr.* Sewell.

WHEN all the blandiſhments of life are gone,
The coward creeps to death, the brave lives on.

* Savage. † Mitchel.

To

To a Painter drawing a Lady's Picture. By Mr. Dennis.

HE * who great Jove's artillery ap'd ſo well,
By real thunder and true lightning fell;
How then durſt thou, with equal danger try
To counterfeit the lightning of her eye?
Painter, deſiſt; or ſoon th' event will prove,
That Love's as jealous of his arms as Jove.

On a Flower painted by Varelſt. *By Mr.* Prior.

WHEN fam'd Varelſt this little wonder drew,
Flora vouchſaf'd the growing work to view;
Finding the painter's ſcience at a ſtand,
The goddeſs ſnatch'd the pencil from his hand,
And finiſhing the piece, ſhe, ſmiling ſaid,
Behold one work of mine, which ne'er ſhall fade.

The CHOICE.

TOO conſcious of her worth, a noble maid,
Baulk'd many a lover, and her mind out-ſtray'd,
While yet a peer, leſs doubting than the reſt,
Defy'd her coldneſs, and attack'd her breaſt.
A ſpaniel whelp, and ſpaniel lord declare
Their vows to ſerve, and hope to pleaſe the fair;
The cautious nymph, ſtill fearing a trapan,
Their fortune, wit, and worth, did nicely ſcan;
Then, as the reaſon of the caſe is clear,
Embrac'd the puppy, and diſmiſs'd the peer.

On a certain Writer.

HALF of your book is to an index grown;
You give your book contents, your readers none.

Wrote on the door of the Angel Inn, *on the road to* Newmarket, *which was kept by two ſiſters, but juſt then ſhut up, and the ſign taken down.*

CHriſtian and Grace
Liv'd in this place,
An Angel kept the door,
But Chriſtian's dead,
The Angel's fled,
And Grace is turn'd a whore.

* Salmoneus. *An*

An Epitaph on little Stephen, *a noted fidler in the county of* Suffolk.

STEPHEN and *Time*
Are now both even;
Stephen beat *Time*,
Now *Time* beats Stephen.

On a Lady who was very handſome and very kind.

CHLOE's the wonder of her ſex,
'Tis well her heart is tender:
How might ſuch killing eyes perplex,
With virtue to defend her!

But nature, graciouſly inclin'd,
Not bent to vex, but pleaſe us,
Has to her boundleſs beauty join'd
A boundleſs will to eaſe us.

On a certain Poet.

THY verſes are eternal, O my friend!
For he who reads them, reads them to no end.

On Giles *and* Joan.

WHO ſays that Giles and Joan at diſcord be,
Th' obſerving neighbours no ſuch mood can ſee;
Indeed poor Giles repents he marry'd ever,
But that his Joan doth too: And Giles would never,
By his free will, be in Joan's company;
No more would Joan he ſhould: Giles riſeth early,
And having got him out of doors is glad;
The like is Joan: But turning home is ſad;
And ſo is Joan: Oft-times when Giles doth find
Harſh ſights at home, Giles wiſhes he were blind;
All this doth Joan: Or, that his long-earn'd life
Were quite out-ſpun; the like wiſh hath his wife:
The children that he keeps Giles ſwears are none
Of his begetting; and ſo ſwears his Joan.
In all affections ſhe concurreth ſtill;
If now with man and wife to will and nill
The ſelf-ſame things, a note of concord be,
I know no couple better can agree.

On seeing a Miser at Spring-Gardens.

MUSIC has charms to sooth a savage breast,
To calm the tyrant, and relieve th' oppress:
But Vauxhall's concert's more attracting pow'r,
Unlock'd Sir Richard's pocket at threescore:
Oh! strange effect of music's matchless force,
T' attract a shilling from a miser's purse!

To a Sempstress.

OH, what bosom but must yield,
When, like Pallas, you advance,
With a thimble for your shield,
And a needle for your lance.
Fairest of the stitching train,
Ease my passion by your art;
And in pity to my pain,
Mend the hole that's in my heart.

A Distich, written under the sign of the King's Head *and* Bell *in* Dublin, *at the host's request. By Dean* Swift.

MAY the king live long;
Dong, ding, ding, dong.

To a Lady who had very bad teeth.

OVID, who bids the ladies laugh,
Spoke only to the young and fair;
For thee his counsel were not safe,
Who of sound teeth have scarce a pair.

If thou the glass, or me believe,
Shun mirth, as foplings do the wind:
At Cibber's face affect to grieve,
And let thy eyes alone be kind.

Speak not, tho' 'twere to give consent,
For he that sees those rotten bones,
Will dread their monumental scent,
And fly your sighs, like dying groans.

If thou art wise see dismal plays,
And to sad stories lend thy ear;
With the afflicted spend thy days,
And laugh not above once a year.

A cure

A Cure for Love.

TWO reliefs to cure a love-ſick mind,
Flavia preſcribes deſpair; I urge, be kind:
Flavia be kind: The remedy's as ſure;
'Tis the moſt pleaſant, and the quickeſt cure.

Epitaph on his Wife.

HERE lies my poor wife, without bed or blanket,
But dead as any door-nail, God be thanked.

On Mary Creſwell.

UNderneath this ſtone lies one,
Whom many times I've lain upon;
I've kiſs'd her ſitting, ſtanding, lying,
When ſhe riſes again, have at her flying.

On an old Maid's Marriage.

CELIA, a coquet in her prime,
The vaineſt fickleſt thing alive;
Behold the ſtrange effects of time!
Marries and doats at forty-five.

Thus weathercocks, who for a-while
Have turn'd about with ev'ry blaſt,
Grown old, and deſtitute of oil,
Ruſt to a point, and fix at laſt.

Under the picture of a Beau.

THIS vain thing ſet up for a man,
But ſee what fate attends him;
The powd'ring barber firſt began,
The barber-ſurgeon ends him.

On a gentleman drinking the Health of an unkind miſtreſs.

WHY doſt thou wiſh that ſhe may live,
Whoſe living beauties make thee grieve:
Thou would'ſt more wiſely wiſh her *kind*,
That ſhe may change her cruel mind;
Thy *preſent* wiſh but *this* can gain,
That ſhe may *live*, and thou *complain*.

On a Prize-Fighter.

HIS thruſts like lightning flew, yet ſubtle death
Parried them all, and beat him out of breath.

The Penance.

WHEN Phillis confeſs'd, the father was raſh,
And ſo, without further reflection,
Her delicate ſkin he condemn'd to the laſh,
While himſelf would beſtow the correction:
Her huſband, who heard this, oppos'd it by urging,
That he, in regard to her weakneſs,
And to ſave her ſoft back, would himſelf bear the ſcourging,
With humble ſubmiſſion and meekneſs.
She piouſly cry'd, when the prieſt gave accord,
To ſhew what devotion was in her,
He's able and luſty, pray cheat not the Lord,
For, alas! I'm a very great ſinner.

On a Welchman.

A Welchman coming late into an inn,
Aſked the maid what meat there was within?
Cow-heels, ſhe anſwer'd, and a breaſt of mutton;
But, quoth the Welchman, ſince I am no glutton,
Either of theſe ſhall ſerve: To-night the breaſt,
The heels i' th' morning, then light meat is beſt;
At night he took the breaſt, and did not pay,
I' th' morning took his *heels*, and ran away.

The children of Iſrael's *paſſage out of* Egypt.

WHEN Iſrael's flock th' Egyptian king purſu'd,
In chryſtal walls the wand'ring waters ſtood:
When thro' the dreary waſte they took their way,
The rocks grew liquid, and pour'd forth a ſea.
What limits can Almighty goodneſs know,
Since ſeas can harden,——and ſince rocks can flow!

On a gentleman who died the day after his lady.

SHE firſt departed; he for one day try'd
To live without her: lik'd it not, and dy'd.

Pinn'd to a ſheet, in which a woman ſtood to do Penance in the Church.

HERE ſtand I, for whores as great
To caſt a ſcornful eye on;
Shou'd each whore here be doom'd a ſheet,
You'd ſoon want one to lie on.

A French

A French *gentleman dining with ſome company on a faſt-day, call'd for ſome bacon and eggs; the reſt were angry, and reprov'd him for ſo heinous a ſin: Whereupon he wrote the following lines* extempore, *which are here tranſlated.*

PEUT on croire avec bon ſens
Qu'un lardon le mit en colere;
Ou, que manger un harang
C'eſt un ſecret pour luy plair?
En ſa gloire envelopé
Songe t'il bien de nos ſoupé.

In Engliſh: *By Dean* Swift.

WHO can believe, with common ſenſe,
A bacon ſlice gives God offence!
Or, how a herring hath a charm
Almighty-anger to diſarm?
Wrapt up in majeſty divine,
Does he regard on what we dine!

The fate of Poetry.

SEVEN wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Thro' which the *living* Homer begg'd his bread.

On an old woman with falſe Hair.

THE golden hair that Galla wears,
Is her's: Who wou'd have thought it?
She ſwears 'tis her's,—and true ſhe ſwears;
For I know where ſhe bought it.

On another old woman. By Mr. Prior.

FROM her own native France, as old Aliſon paſt,
She reproach'd Engliſh Nell, with neglect, or with malice;
That the ſlattern had left, in the hurry and haſte,
Her lady's complexion and eye-brows at Calais.

An Epitaph.

HERE lies honeſt Strephon, with Mary his bride,
Who merrily liv'd, and chearfully dy'd;
They laugh'd and they lov'd, and drank while they were able,
But now they are forc'd to knock under the table.

This marble, which formerly ſerv'd them to drink on,
Now covers their bodies, a ſad thing to think on!
That do what one can to moiſten our clay,
'Twill one day be aſhes, and moulder away.

On a beautiful and ingenious young Lady.

MINERVA, one day, pray let no body doubt it,
Rid an airing from Oxford ſix miles, or about it,
Where ſhe 'ſpy'd a young damſel ſo blooming and fair,
That, ah, Venus! ſhe cry'd, is your ladyſhip there?
Pray is not yon' Oxford? And lately you ſware,
Neither you, nor aught like you, ſhou'd ever come there:
Do you thus keep your promiſe? and am I defy'd?
The virgin drew near her, and, ſmiling reply'd,
—— My goddeſs! What have you your pupil forgot?
—— Your pardon, my dear, —— Is it you, Molly Scot?

On an ugly old Woman in the Dark. From Martial.

WHILST in the dark on thy ſoft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting ſyren in thy tongue;
What flames, what darts, what anguiſh I endur'd!
But, when the candle enter'd, I was cur'd.

The Rapture.

CRY'D Strephon, panting in Coſmelia's arms,
I die, bright nymph, I die amidſt your charms;
Chear up, dear youth, reply'd the maid,
Diſſolv'd in am'rous pain,
All men muſt die (bright boy, you know)
Ere they can riſe again.

To a Lady who marry'd her Footman. Colonel P——.

DEAR couſin, think it no reproach,
(Thy virtue ſhines the more)
To take black John into the coach;
He rode *behind before.*

On Reginelli, *the eunuch.*

IF Febria's judgment you rely on,
[illegible] Febria's ſure to [illegible] ye,
That neither Orpheus, nor Amphion,
Cou'd charm like warbling Reginelli.

But

But if effects moſt wond'rous prove
A title to the greateſt fame;
Thoſe old muſicians ſtones cou'd move;
Can Reginelli do the ſame?

On the late duke of Argyll. *By the late Mr.* Gay.

ARGYLL, they ſay, has wit; for what?
For writing?——No, for writing not.

Upon the ſtealing a pound of Candles.

LIght-finger'd Catch, to keep his hand in ure,
Stole any thing; of this you may be ſure,
That he thinks all his own which once he handles,
For practice-ſake did ſteal a pound of candles;
Was taken in the fact: Oh, fooliſh wight!
To ſteal ſuch things as needs muſt come to light.

To a lady with Ovid's *Epiſtles. By the late Mr.* Beckingham.

MADAM, whilſt here th' intrigues of ancient dames,
And ſad effects of ill-requited flames,
The love-recording Ovid's numbers ſhow,
In all the lively grace of tuneful woe;
Think not too rude the poet's art appears,
That draws deſerted toaſts and beauty's tears;
How perjur'd men the eaſy fair diſdain,
And too complying nymphs are kind in vain;
Think not your ſex traduc'd thro' ſpleen and rage,
His belles were copy'd from a former age;
Their charms too languid, and too faint to move,
But thro' an Ovid's ſkill the heroes love;
Now had he liv'd, that praiſe had all been croſs'd,
And half the genius of the poet loſt;
The pleaſing anguiſh that his lines impart,
Ne'er touch'd with female griefs the reader's heart;
Once had he ſeen originals like you,
His ladies muſt have charm'd, his men been true.

On a very homely Lady, that patch'd much.

YOUR homely face, Flippanta, you diſguiſe,
With patches, numerous as Argus' eyes;

I own

I own that patching's requiſite to you,
For more we are pleas'd, if leſs your face we view;
Yet I adviſe, if my advice you'd aſk,
Wear but one patch; but be that patch a maſk.

To L——, *the Miſer.*

WHEN thou art aſk'd to ſup abroad,
Thou ſwear'ſt thou haſt but newly din'd;
That eating late does over-load
The ſtomach and the mind.

But if Appeius makes a treat,
The ſlender'ſt ſummons thou obey'ſt;
No child is greedier of the teat,
Than thou art of the bounteous feaſt.

There thou wilt drink 'till ev'ry ſtar
Be ſwallow'd by the riſing ſun;
Such charms hath wine we pay not for;
And mirth at other's charge begun.

Who ſhuns his club, yet flies to ev'ry treat,
Does not a ſupper, but a reck'ning hate.

The Dart.

WHene'er I look, I may deſcry
A little face peep thro' that eye;
Sure that's the boy, who wiſely choſe
His throne among ſuch beams as thoſe,
Which, if his quiver chance to fall,
May ſerve for darts to kill withal.

On Jealouſy. By a lady.

OH! ſhield me from his rage, celeſtial pow'rs,
This tyrant that embitters all my hours.
Ah, love, you've poorly play'd the monarch's part,
You conquer'd, but you can't defend my heart.
So bleſs'd was I, throughout the happy reign,
I thought this monſter baniſh'd from thy train;
But you wou'd raiſe him to ſupport your throne,
And now he claims your empire as his own:
Or tell me, tyrants, have you both agreed,
There where one reigns, the other ſhall ſucceed.

On

On Julia's *throwing a Snow-Ball.*

JULIA, young, wanton, flung the gather'd ſnow,
Nor fear'd I burning from the wat'ry blow:
'Tis cold I cry'd, but, ah! too ſoon I found,
Sent by that hand, it dealt a ſcorching wound.
Reſiſtleſs fair! we fly thy pow'r in vain,
Who turn'ſt to fiery darts the frozen rain.
Burn, Julia, burn like me, and that deſire
With water which thou kindleſt, quench with fire.

Occaſion'd by ſeeing ſome verſes on Cælia, *wrote on a pane of Glaſs.*

WELL haſt thou drawn, fond youth, in prop'reſt place,
The ſhort-liv'd beauties of falſe Cælia's face.
When words obſcurities thy ſenſe o'er-ſhade,
The place gives light to what thou would'ſt have ſaid.
Bright as this lucid glaſs her eyes now ſeem,
Like this, breath'd on, by fell diſeaſe grown dim.
Like glaſs is ev'ry ſtrongeſt vow ſhe makes,
Brittle as that, as eaſily ſhe breaks;
Such is her honour: Short her fame, we find,
Which crack'd, muſt periſh by the firſt high wind.

Epitaph on a certain Nobleman, who died by taking Cantharides.

HERE old Grubbinol lies,
Upon very odd terms;
Firſt a prey to the flies,
Now a prey to the worms.
Let thoſe that grieve for him not wonder he's flown,
For the carcaſs muſt rot when the fleſh is fly blown.
Yet this may be ſaid in his praiſe,
Tho' death, cruel death, from us tore him,
He dy'd, endeavouring to raiſe
His friend who was dead long before him.

To Zelinda.

THE poet and the painter ſafely dare,
To form an image of the proudeſt fair:
Your brighter charms by laviſh nature wrought,
Tranſcend the painter's ſkill, the poet's thought.

On

On Chloe.

HERE Chloe lies,
Whoſe once bright eyes
Set all the world on fire:
And not to be
Ungrateful, ſhe
Did all the world admire.

On Farinelli's *coming to ſing in the Opera.*

AMPHION ſtrikes the vocal lyre,
And ready at his call,
Harmonious brick and ſtone conſpire
To raiſe the Theban wall.
In emulation of his praiſe,
A Latian hero's come,
Th' opera theatre to raiſe,
And new erect its dome:
But how this laſt ſhou'd come to paſs,
Is ſtrange, all men muſt own;
When this poor gentleman, alas!
Brings neither brick nor ſtone.

On a Riding-Houſe turn'd into a Chapel. By Mr. Farquhar.

A Chapel of a riding-houſe is made,
Thus we once more ſee Chriſt in manger laid,
Where ſtill we find the jockey trade ſupply'd,
The laymen bridled, and the clergy ride.

On the Clare-Market, *and other Orators.*

TO wonder now at Balaam's aſs is weak,
Is there a day that aſſes do not ſpeak?

To a Lady who deſir'd to know in what the goodneſs of an Epigram conſiſts.

AN Epigram's good, when, like you, miſtreſs frail,
'Tis pretty and ſhort, with a ſting in its tail.

SYLVIA.

SYLVIA makes a ſad complaint ſhe has loſt her lover:
Why nothing ſtrange I in that news diſcover.
Nay, then thou'rt dull; for here the wonder lies,
She had a lover once!——Don't that ſurpriſe?

On

On a Painter, who ſtabb'd a man faſten'd to a Croſs, that he might draw the picture of the Crucifixion more naturally.

WHILE his Redeemer on his canvas dies,
Stabb'd at his feet his brother welt'ring lies;
The daring artiſt, cruelly ſerene,
Views the pale cheek, and the diſtorted mien;
He drains off life by drops, and deaf to cries,
Examines ev'ry ſpirit as it flies;
He ſtudies torment, dives in mortal woe;
To rouze up ev'ry pang, repeats his blow;
Each riſing agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm tranſplanting to his Saviour's face.
Oh glorious theft! O nobly wicked draught!
With its full charge of death each feature fraught!
Such wond'rous force the magick colours boaſt,
From his own ſkill he ſtarts, in horror loſt.

Wrote by a young lady on one of the windows of Nottingham-Caſtle.

YE Heav'ns! if innocence deſerves your care,
Why have ye made it fatal to be fair;
Baſe man the ruin of our ſex was born,
The beauteous are his prey, the reſt his ſcorn;
Alike unfortunate, our fate is ſuch,
We pleaſe too little, or we pleaſe too much.

To a Lady of Pleaſure.

MY heart is proud your chains to wear,
But reaſon will not ſtoop:
I love that angel's face, but fear
The ſerpent in your hoop.

That circle is a magick ſpell,
To which the wiſeſt fall;
Its center black and deep, like hell,
Contains the devil and all.

Your eyes diſcharge the darts of love,
But, oh, what pains ſucceed!
When darts ſhall pins and needles prove;
And love a fire indeed.

On

On a handſome Ideot. By Mr. Congreve.

WHEN Leſbia firſt I ſaw ſo heav'nly fair,
With eyes ſo bright, and with that awful air,
I thought my heart, which durſt ſo high aſpire,
As bold as his, who ſnatch'd celeſtial fire;
But ſoon as e'er the beauteous ideot ſpoke,
Forth from her coral lips ſuch folly broke;
Like balm the trickling nonſenſe heal'd my wound,
And what her eyes enthrall'd, her tongue unbound.

On a Dumb Boy, very beautiful, and of great quickneſs of parts. Written by a Lady.

I Sing the boy, who gagg'd and bound,
Has been by nature robb'd of ſound;
Yet has ſhe found a generous way,
One loſs by many gifts to pay.
His voice, indeed, ſhe cloſe confin'd,
But bleſt him with a ſpeaking mind;
And ev'ry muſcle of his face
Diſcourſes with peculiar grace:
The ladies tattling o'er their tea,
Might learn to charm by copying thee:
If ſilence thus can man become,
All women beauties wou'd be dumb;
Then, happy boy, no more complain,
Nor think thy loſs of ſpeech a pain:
Nature has us'd thee, like good liquor,
And cork'd thee but to make thee quicker.

To a young Gentleman who lov'd to drive hard with a ſorry Pair of Horſes. By Mr. Prior.

THY nags, the leaneſt things alive,
So very hard thou lov'ſt to drive,
I heard thy anxious coachman ſay,
It coſt thee more in whips than hay.

On Wedlock.

IN marriage are two happy things allow'd,
A wife in wedding-ſheets, and in a ſhroud:
How can a marriage ſtate then be accurs'd,
Since the laſt day's as happy as the firſt?

The

The HUSBAND. By a Lady.

THE poets ſing of old, that am'rous Jove
In various ſhapes perform'd the feats of love.
Chang'd to a ſwan, he rifled Leda's charms,
And with a rival whiteneſs fill'd her arms.
On Danae's lap he fell a golden ſhower:
(Gold is the ſureſt friend in an amour.)
Now in a bull's or ſatyr's griſly ſhape,
He on ſome beauty makes a welcome rape.
Nor think it ſtrange, that Jove's almighty power,
Thro' theſe baſe forms, taught females to adore:
A likeneſs leſs agreeable he try'd,
He came a huſband to Amphitrion's bride;
And in a huſband's ſhape could welcome prove,
Who muſt not own th' omnipotence of Jove?

Solid Worth in a WIFE.

WHEN Loveleſs married lady Jenny,
Whoſe beauty was the ready penny;
I choſe her, ſays he, like old plate,
Not for the faſhion, but the weight.

On a haſty Marriage.

MARRY'D! 'tis well! a mighty bleſſing!
But poor's the joy no coin poſſeſſing:
In antient times, when folk did wed,
'Twas to be one at board and bed;
But hard's his caſe, who can't afford
His charmer either bed or board.

By Mr. Prior.

TEN months after Florimel happen'd to wed,
And was brought in a laudable manner to bed,
She warbled her groans with ſo charming a voice,
That one half of the pariſh was ſtunn'd with the noiſe;
But when Florimel choſe to lie privately in,
Twelve months before ſhe and her ſpouſe were a kin,
She choſe with ſuch prudence her pangs to conceal,
That her nurſe, nay her midwife, ſcarce heard her once ſqueal.
Learn, huſbands, from hence, for the peace of your lives,
That maids make not half ſuch a tumult as wives.

On CHLOE.

PRithee is not Miſs Chloe's a comical caſe?
She lends out her tail, and ſhe borrows a face.

Epitaph *on a* Miſer.

READER, beware immoderate love of pelf:
Here lies the worſt of thieves, who robb'd himſelf.

A Caſe to the Civilians.

NOKES went, he thought, to Stiles's wife to bed,
Nor knew his own was lain there in her ſtead;
Civilians, is the child he then begot,
To be allow'd legitimate, or not?

Written on the Chamber Door of King Charles II. *By the Earl of* Rocheſter.

HERE lies the mutton-eating king,
Whoſe word no man relies on;
Who never ſaid a fooliſh thing,
Nor ever did a wiſe one.

Mankind puniſhed.

THE crimes of men began to grow ſo great,
That how to puniſh juſtly puzzled Fate;
Heav'n ſigh'd at laſt, that to his ſons ſo dear
A puniſhment's decreed and ſo ſevere:
Go, ſays eternal juſtice, hell-hounds, go,
And execute my dread commands below;
Fix your rapacious claws on ev'ry door,
Deſpoil the rich, and poorer make the poor;
Pity not age, add to his weight of years,
And fill the wretched widow's eyes with tears;
Diſturb their ſleep, and poiſon ev'ry diſh,
Nor let them taſte, without a doubt, a wiſh:
The judge ſupreme, who each effect foreſaw,
Cry'd, *Havock, and let looſe the dogs of law.*

To Charinus, *an ugly woman's huſband.*

CHARINUS, 'twas my hap of late
To have a ſight of thy dear mate;
So white, ſo flouriſhing, ſo fair,
So trim, ſo modeſt, debonaire;

That

That if great Jove would grant to me
A leaſh of beauties, ſuch as ſhe,
I'd give the devil, at one word,
Two, if he would but take the third.

On Timothy Mum, *a Tapſter.*

HERE Tim the tapſter lies, who drew good beer,
But now, *drawn* to his end, he *draws* no more;
Yes, ſtill he draws from every friend a tear,
Water he *draws*, who *drew* good beer before.

On ſeeing a Copper-plate of the late Dr. Cheyne *ill done. By Dr.* Winter.

NAture and Vandergutch in this agree,
Unfiniſh'd ſhe has left him, ſo has he.

On a crooked Woman.

SHE's bent like a nine-pence, and would have been broken,
Had not nature intended the devil a token.

On another crooked Woman.

NAture in pity has deny'd you ſhape,
Elſe how ſhould mortals Flavia's chain eſcape?
Your radiant aſpect, and your roſy bloom,
Without this form, would bring a gen'ral doom:
At once our ruin and relief we ſee,
At ſight are captives, and at ſight are free.

Againſt an Atheiſt.

WHILST in his double elbow-chair
Young Alcedor does loll and ſwear,
No wonder, if a wretch like me
An object's of his raillery:
Why ſhould not I a blockhead ſeem
To one that does his God blaſpheme?
But no man thinks (whate'er he ſaith)
His words are articles of faith.

On a famous Toaſt at Oxford.

ONE ſingle ſtone now keeps poor Kitty down,
Who when alive mov'd half the ſtones in town.

By W. Walſh, Eſq.

GO, ſaid old Lyce, ſenſeleſs lover go,
And with ſoft verſes court the fair; but know,
With all thy verſes, thou can'ſt get no more
Than fools, without one verſe, have had before.
Enrag'd at this, upon the bawd I flew;
But that which moſt enrag'd me was, 'twas true.

Phillis's *age*. *By Mr.* Prior.

HOW old may Phillis be, you aſk,
Whoſe beauty thus all hearts engages:
To anſwer is no eaſy taſk;
For ſhe really has two ages.

Stiff in brocade, and pinch'd in ſtays,
Her patches, paint, and jewels on;
All day let Envy view her face,
And Phillis is but twenty one.

Paint, patches, jewels, laid aſide,
At night aſtronomers agree,
The evening has the day bely'd,
And Phillis is full forty-three.

On the Death of Mary *Counteſs of* Pembroke. *By* Ben Johnſon.

UNderneath this ſable hearſe,
Lies the ſubject of all verſe,
Sidney's ſiſter, Pembroke's mother;
Death, ere thou haſt kill'd another,
Fair, and learned, good as ſhe,
Time ſhall throw his dart at thee.

To a bad Fiddler.

OLD Orpheus play'd ſo well he mov'd old Nick,
While thou mov'ſt nothing but thy fiddle-ſtick.

Written on a Glaſs with the Earl of Cheſterfield's *diamond pencil. By Mr.* Pope.

ACCEPT a miracle inſtead of wit;
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ.

On

On an antient Lady who painted very much. *By* James Moore Smith, Eſq.

COſmelia's charms inſpire my lays,
Who, fair in nature's ſcorn,
Blooms in the winter of her days,
Like Glaſtonbury thorn.

Coſmelia, cruel at threeſcore;
Like bards in murd'ring plays,
Four acts of life paſs guiltleſs o'er,
But in the fifth ſhe ſlays.

If e'er impatient of the bliſs,
Into her arms I fall,
The plaiſter'd fair returns the kiſs,
Like Thiſbe, thro' a wall.

The Real Affliction.

DORIS, a widow, paſt her prime,
Her ſpouſe long dead, her wailing doubles;
Her real griefs increaſe by time,
And what abates, improves her troubles.
Thoſe pangs her prudent hopes ſuppreſs'd,
Impatient now ſhe cannot ſmother:
How ſhould the helpleſs woman reſt?
One's gone;——— nor can ſhe get another.

To an old Woman who uſed art.

LEAVE off thy paint, perfumes, and youthful dreſs,
And nature's failing honeſtly confeſs;
Double we ſee thoſe faults which art would mend,
Plain downright uglineſs would leſs offend.

To Flirtilla.

IN church the pray'r-book and the fan diſplay'd,
And ſolemn curt'ſies, ſhew the wiley maid;
At plays the leering looks, and wanton airs,
And nods, and ſmiles, are fondly meant for ſnares.
Alas! vain charmer, you no lovers get;
There you ſeem hypocrite, and here coquet.

To Oliver Cromwell. *By the famous Mr.* Locke.

A Peaceful ſway the great Auguſtus bore,
O'er what great Julius gain'd by arms before;
Julius was all with martial trophies crown'd;
Auguſtus for his peaceful arts renown'd;
Rome calls 'em great, and makes 'em deities;
That for his valour; this, his policies;
You, mighty prince, than both are greater far,
Who rule in peace that world you gain'd in war:
You ſure from heav'n a finiſh'd hero fell,
Who thus alone two Pagan Gods excel.

To one married to an old man. By Mr. Waller.

SINCE thou would'ſt needs, bewitch'd with ſome ill charms,
Be bury'd in thoſe monumental arms:
All we can wiſh is, may that earth lie light
On thy young tender limbs, and ſo good night.

On a picture of Mrs. Arabella Hunt, *drawn playing on a lute after her death. By Mr.* Congreve.

WERE there on earth another voice like thine,
Another hand ſo bleſs'd with ſkill divine,
The late afflicted world ſome hopes might have,
And harmony retrieve thee from the grave.

On a Lady who ſhed water at ſeeing the tragedy of Cato. *By Mr.* Pope.

WHILST maudling whigs deplore their Cato's fate,
Still with dry eyes the tory Cælia ſat:
But tho' her pride forbad her eyes to flow,
The guſhing waters found a vent below.
Tho' ſecret, yet with copious ſtreams ſhe mourns,
Like twenty river gods, with all their urns!
Let others ſcrew an hypocritic face,
She ſhews her grief in a ſincerer place:
Here nature reigns, and paſſion, void of art:
For that road leads directly to the heart.

The

The Cuckold's Complaint. By Mr. Walſh.

CORNUS proclaims aloud his wife's a whore,
Alas, good Cornus, what can we do more?
Wert thou no Cuckold, we might make thee one;
But being one, we cannot make thee none.

On the expulſion of a member of the houſe of commons for an attempt to bribe a member of the ſecret committee.

TO raiſe a lady's expectation high,
With hopes of ſome approaching bliſs that's nigh;
To tempt her to her chamber; ſhut the door;
Then make acknowledgments, and do no more.
Has ſhe not reaſon loudly to complain
Of—the corrupt intention of the ſwain?

On Tate *and* Brady's *Pſalms.*

IN Hebrew times, when Iſrael's faith was ſtrong,
Great were the virtues of poetic ſong;
Saul's evil ſpirit David's harp obey'd,
The king was eaſy whilſt the pſalmiſt play'd:
But now the force of poetry is chang'd,
And David's ſenſe from David's words eſtrang'd;
When Tate and Brady touch'd the ſacred ſtrings,
The madneſs ſeem'd the pſalmiſt's, not the king's.

On the death of Mrs. B———, *who died ſoon after her marriage. By lady* Mary W——— M———.

HAIL, happy bride! for thou art truly bleſs'd,
Three months of rapture crown'd with endleſs reſt.
Merit, like your's, was heav'n's peculiar care,
You lov'd,—yet taſted happineſs ſincere.
To you the ſweets of love were only ſhewn;
The ſure ſucceeding bitter dregs unknown;
You had not yet the fatal change deplor'd,
The tender love for the imperious lord;
Nor felt the pains that jealous fondneſs brings,
Nor wept the coldneſs from poſſeſſion ſprings:
Above your ſex diſtinguiſh'd in your fate:
You truſted—yet experienc'd no deceit.
Soft were your hours, and wing'd with pleaſures flew,
No vain repentance gave a ſigh to you;
And if ſuperior bliſs heaven *can* beſtow,
With fellow angels you enjoy it now.

Occaſioned

Occaſioned by the foregoing.

THO' all the world knows
The fate of poor B——,
Yet writers about it do vary;
Some folks make a face,
And pity her caſe,
'Tis the envy of good lady Mary.
She ſays, ſhe don't know,
How heaven can beſtow
Any joy like the death of that bride;
Whence ſome people ſay,
Could ſhe chooſe her own way,
Ere now ſhe had certainly dy'd.
But here's the miſtake,
If her mind ſhe would ſpeak,
The meaning appears very plain;
She would ever be trying,
But to B—— leave the dying,
Her choice is to live in the pain.

THOMAS in High-Dutch once did court a wench,
And to his coſt, ſhe anſwer'd him in French.

On a Burſer *of a certain college in* Oxford, *cutting down the trees near the ſaid college for his own uſe.*

INdulgent nature to each creature ſhews
A ſecret inſtinct to diſcern its foes;
The gooſe, a ſilly bird, avoids the fox;
Lambs fly from wolves, and ſailors ſteer from rocks;
The thief the gallows, as his fate foreſees,
And bears the like antipathy to trees.

On Blood's *ſtealing the crown. By* Andrew Marvell, *Eſq.*

WHEN daring Blood, his rent to have regain'd,
Upon the Engliſh diadem diſtrain'd;
He choſe the caſſock, ſurcingle, and gown,
The fitteſt mark for one who robs the crown:
But his Lay Pity underneath prevail'd,
And, while he ſav'd the keeper's life, he fail'd.
With the prieſt's veſtment, had he but put on
The prelate's cruelty, the crown had gone.

On

On Sir Richard Blackmore, *firſt a ſchool-maſter, then a phyſician, and afterwards a poetaſter.*

BY nature meant, by want a pedant made,
Blackmore at firſt profeſs'd the whipping trade;
Grown fond of buttocks, he would laſh no more,
But kindly cur'd the arſe he gall'd before:
So quack commenc'd; then, fierce with pride, he ſwore
That tooth-achs, gripes, and corns ſhould be no more;
In vain his drugs, as well as birch, he try'd,
His boys grew blockheads, and his patients dy'd;
Next he turn'd bard, and mounted on a cart,
Whoſe hideous rumbling made Apollo ſtart;
Burleſqu'd the braveſt, wiſeſt ſon of Mars,
In ballad rhimes, and all the pomps of farce:
Still he chang'd callings, and, at length, has hit
On buſineſs for his matchleſs talent fit,
To give us drenches for the plague of wit.

On Sir Richard Blackmore's *paraphraſe upon* Job.

WHEN Job contending with the devil I ſaw,
It did my wonder, but not pity draw:
For I concluded, that without ſome trick,
A ſaint at any time could match *Old Nick.*
Next came a fiercer fiend upon his back,
I mean his ſpouſe, ſtunning him with her clack;
But ſtill I could not pity him, as knowing
A crab-tree cudgel ſoon would ſend her going:
But when the quack engag'd with Job I ſpy'd,
The Lord have mercy on poor Job I cry'd.
With impious doggrel he'll pollute his theme,
And make the ſaint, againſt his will, blaſpheme:
What ſpouſe and Satan did attempt in vain,
The quack will compaſs with his murd'ring pen,
And on a dunghill leave poor Job again.

WOMAN. By Mr. Farquhar.

NAture's chief gifts unequally are carv'd,
They ſurfeit ſome, while many more are ſtarv'd;
Her bread, her wine, her gold, and what before
Was common good, is now made private ſtore;
Nothing that's good we have among us common,
But all enjoy that common ill——a *woman.*

On

On a Fan, *in which was painted the ſtory of* Cephalus *and* Procris, *with this motto:* Aura Veni. *By Mr.* Pope.

COME, gentle air, th' Æolian ſhepherd ſaid,
While Procris panted in the ſacred ſhade;
Come, gentle air, the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her ſwain expiring lies;
Lo! the glad gales do o'er her beauties ſtray,
Breathe in her lips, and in her boſom play;
In Delia's hand this toy is faithful found,
Nor could that fabled dart more ſurely wound;
Both gifts deſtructive to the givers prove,
Alike both lovers fall, by thoſe they love:
Yet guiltleſs too this bright deſtroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound ſhe gives:
She views the ſtory with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

Upon Something. *Written under the Picture of* Daphnis *and* Chloe.

THUS blooming youth in rip'ning years,
Juſt as this am'rous boy appears,
And as this girl the fair ones prove,
In Years juſt opening into love:
Something they feel, yet can't explain
This *ſomething* made of joy and pain;
Something they want, yet know not what,
Or how this *ſomething*'s to be got;
Abſent they pine, yet when they meet,
They ſtill find *ſomething* incomplete;
By little toys he'd fain attain
This *ſomething*, to aſſwage his pain;
As fain would ſhe this *ſomething* grant,
Did either know what *ſomething* meant;
Unknown this *ſomething*, here's the taſk,
How ſhe could grant, or he ſhould aſk.

Truth *told at laſt.*

SAYS Colin, in rage, contradicting his wife,
"You never yet told me one truth in your life."
Vext *Fanny* no way could this theſis allow,
You're a cuckold, ſays ſhe; do I tell you truth now?

The

The Emperor Adrian's *death-bed verſes to his ſoul, imitated.*
By Mr. Prior.

POOR little, pretty, fluttering thing,
Muſt we no longer live together?
And doſt thou prune thy trembling wing
To take thy flight the Lord knows whither?

Thy hum'rous vein, thy pleaſing folly,
Lie all neglected, all forgot;
And penſive, wav'ring, melancholy,
Thou dread'ſt and hop'ſt thou know'ſt not what.

A declaration of love.

YOU I love, nor think I joke,
More than ivy does the oak;
More than fiſhes do the flood;
More than ſavage beaſts the wood;
More than merchants do their gain;
More than miſers to complain;
More than widows do their weeds;
More than Friars do their beads;
More than Cynthia to be prais'd;
More than courtiers to be rais'd;
More than brides the wedding-night;
More than ſoldiers do a fight;
More than lawyers do the bar;
More than 'prentice boys a fair;
More than topers t'other bottle;
More than women tittle-tattle;
More than rakes a willing lady;
More than Nancy does her baby;
More than jailors do a fee;
More than all things I love thee.

The Bilboquet.

AS Celia with her catcher play'd,
Young Damon ſtanding by,
With am'rous looks the wanton maid
Gave Damon it to try.
He toſs'd the ball the picked way,
But could not ſtick it on;
Fumbler, cry'd ſhe, I'll better play
With *two*, than you with *one*.

On

On Mr. Cornelius Marten, *a contented cuckold.*

NIGRELIO leads a married life,
Not with his own, but neighbour's wife;
Cornelius knows it to be thus;
But he's *Cornelius Tacitus.*

On a Chaſte Maid.

HERE lies the body of a beauteous maid,
Whoſe ſecret parts no man did e'er invade;
Scarce her own hand ſhe would admit to touch
That virgin ſpring, altho' it itch'd ſo much:
She dy'd at eighteen years of age, and then
She gave to worms what ſhe deny'd to men;
But 'twas her laſt requeſt, with dying groans,
To have no tomb at all if built with ſtones;
Such vig'rous things ſhe always us'd to wave,
And fear'd they would diſturb her in her grave.

On the picture of Suſannah.

SUſannah's face with pity we behold,
Condemn'd to letchers, impotent and old:
With wond'rous art the pencil ſhews ſhe fears
The faint addreſſes—not the force of years.

An inſcription for the blank ſcroll on Shakeſpear's *monument, before it was fill'd up.*

THUS learned M——d to H——er ſpoke,
"This empty ſcroll is but a joke;
"There ſhould be ſomething thought on for't,
"Extremely *deep*, extremely *ſhort*;
"But very apt, and very pat,
"And fit for Shakeſpear to point at."
Thus ſaid the white-glov'd knight to M——;
The Doctor and his cane agreed:
A boy who heard them hit upon't,
Took out ſome charcoal, and wrote ——.

A True Maid. *By Mr.* Prior.

NO, no, for my virginity,
When I loſe that, ſays Roſe, I'll die;
Behind the elms, laſt night, cry'd Dick,
Roſe, were you not——extremely ſick?

The

The Feather.

IN Florimel's arms, as if quite out of breath,
I'll kiſs thee, my charmer, I'll kiſs thee to death,
Cry'd Thyrſis, in rapture——but ſoon on her breaſt
He ſunk down his head, and compos'd him to reſt;
Not long had they laid thus unactive together,
Ere the wanton pluck'd forth from the bolſter a feather,
And graſping him hard till he open'd his eyes,
In a tone of deriſion the witty one cries,——
To prevent being kill'd in the manner you ſaid,
I reſolve, with this feather, to chop off your head.

To Celia, *with a Snuff-Box, having a Looking-Glaſs in the Lid.*

LET others Venus, and the graces place,
Or Cupid, god of love, theſe toys to grace;
Deign, charmer, but to caſt thoſe ſparkling eyes
On this fair mirror, lo! with glad ſurprize,
A fairer form than Venus ſhall ariſe.
Smile but, my fair, and view ten thouſand loves,
Chearful as light, and ſoft as cooing doves:
Beauty and love with thee for ever ſtay.
Soon as thou clos'ſt the lid both fly away.

The Forbidden Fruit, or Love to a marry'd Lady.

ASSIST me, Cupid, lend me wings,
To fly from Cloe's ſight;
Her voice, as when a ſyren ſings,
My longer ſtay invite.
O melt her heart, and make her kind,
That ſhe may feel love's pain;
Nor leave her looſe, whilſt me you bind,
But hold us with one chain.
If love's a crime, who can be free
From guilt, by nature made?
Who can the charms of Chloe ſee,
And ſay, he's not afraid?
Since for one apple heaven's bliſs
Was forfeited by Eve:
For Cloe's ſweet forbidden kiſs,
What is't I cou'd'nt leave?

To a Lady, who said it was impossible to find true poetical Energy express'd in four Lines.

CONqu'rors and kings submit to beauty's shrine,
Venus, the only goddess, is divine;
Nor Jove above, nor G ——, who rules this land,
The force of these initials can withstand.

Written in the Nouveaux Interêts des Princes de l'Europe. *By Mr.* Prior.

BLEST be the princes who have fought
For pompous names, or wide dominion;
Since by their error we are taught,
That happiness is but opinion.

A Marriage Certificate. By Dean Swift.

UNDER this hedge, in stormy weather,
I join'd this * whore and rogue together;
And none but him who made the thunder,
Can put this whore and rogue asunder.

The Way to come at it.

AS Charlotte thro' the window leant,
Young William, glad to see her bent,
Seizes *behind* the virgin store,
Which she had long deny'd *before*;
Pho! says her dad, when she complain'd,
Your honour is by no means stain'd;
You cannot help, so hold your clack,
What's *done*, or *said*, behind your back.

Inscription for a Fountain, adorn'd with Queen Ann's *and the late Duke of* Marlborough's *Images, and the chief Rivers of the world round the work. By Mr.* Prior.

YE active streams; where-e'er your waters flow,
Let distant climes and farthest nations know,
What ye from Thames and Danube have been taught,
How Anne commanded, and how Marlb'ro' fought.

The Numscull.

YOU beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

* *She was big with child when the ceremony pass'd.*

On

On the Counteſs of Dorcheſter, *Miſtreſs to King* James *the Second. Written in* 1680. *By the Earl of* Dorſet.

TELL me, Dorinda, why ſo gay,
With ſuch embroid'ry, fringe, and lace?
Can any dreſſes find a way
To ſtop th' approaches of decay,
And mend a ruin'd face?

Wilt thou ſtill ſparkle in the box,
And ogle in the ring?
Can'ſt thou forget thy age and pox?
Can all that ſhines on ſhells and rocks
Make thee a fine young thing?

So have I ſeen in larder dark,
Of veal a lucid loin,
Replete with many a brilliant ſpark,
(As wiſe philoſophers remark)
At once both ſtink and ſhine.

On the ſame. By the Earl of Dorſet.

PROUD with the ſpoils of royal cully,
With falſe pretence to wit and parts,
She ſwaggers like a batter'd bully,
To try the tempers of men's hearts.

Tho' ſhe appears as glitt'ring fine
As gems, brocade, and paint can make her,
She ne'er can win a breaſt like mine;
The devil and Sir * David take her.

On Dolly Chamberlain, *a Sempſtreſs. By the Earl of* Dorſet.

DOLLY's beauty and art
Have ſo hemm'd in my heart,
That I cannot reſiſt the charm;
In revenge I will ſtitch
Up the hole next her breech,
With a needle as long as my arm.

---

* *Sir* David Colyear, *late earl of* Portmore.

Writ extempore, *on the Duke of* Devonſhire's *Houſe at* Chatſworth.

QUALITER in Mediis quam non ſperaverat Urbem,
Attonitus, Venetam Navita cernit Aquis;
Sic Improviſo Emergens & Montibus Imis,
Attollis ſeſe Devoniana *Domus.*

And thus tranſlated by Colley Cibber, *Eſq.*

NOT ſailors view with more aſtoniſh'd eyes,
In open ſeas Venetian tow'rs ariſe,
Than from the mountains ſtrangers with delight,
See unexpected Chatſworth charm the ſight.

A Character of Scotland, *taken from a Pane of Glaſs in an Inn in the* Northern *Road.*

WHoe'er he is deſires to ſee
A barren land, without a tree,
The rankeſt beggary and pride,
As cloſe as nits and lice ally'd,
Be poiſon'd when he eats and drinks,
Or flavour'd with all kinds of ſtinks;
Whoe'er wou'd bite, or wou'd be bit,
Wou'd get the itch, or be beſhit,
Let him to Scotland but repair,
He'll find all theſe perfections there.

On a ſilly talkative Lady, at the Hot Well at Briſtol. *By the Hon.* T. H. *Eſq.*

FAM'D ſtream, by whoſe retentive force we're taught,
Such various and ſuch wond'rous cures are wrought;
Stop but the gleet in Saccariſſa's tongue,
Thy praiſes ſhall by Phœbus ſelf be ſung;
Admire not, reader, that I call it ſo,
Since great the *running*, and from *weakneſs* too.

Liars Compar'd.

SUCH a liar is Tom, there's none can *lie* faſter,
Excepting his maid, and ſhe'll *lie* with her maſter.

On an old Miſer.

HERE lies father Sparges,
Who dy'd to ſave charges.

The

The advantage of having two Phyſicians.

ONE prompt phyſician like a ſculler plies,
And all his art, and all his ſkill applies:
But two phyſicians, like a pair of oars,
Convey you ſooneſt to the Stygian ſhores.

On Snuff.

JOVE once reſolv'd the females to degrade,
To propagate their ſex without their aid;
His brain conceiv'd, and ſoon the pangs and throes
He felt, nor cou'd th' unnat'ral birth diſcloſe;
At laſt, when try'd, no remedy wou'd do.
The god took *ſnuff*, and out the goddeſs flew.

Dean Swift *being ſent for by the Lord* Carteret, *then Lord Lieutenant of* Ireland, *and being made to wait in the Council Chamber alone, wrote with a Diamond on the Window,*

MY very good lord, 'tis a very hard taſk,
For a man to wait here who has nothing to aſk.

My Lord coming ſoon after into the room, wrote under it thus:

MY very good dean, there are few who come here,
But have ſomething to aſk, or ſomething to fear.

MARRIAGE.

WERE I, who am not of the Romiſh tribe,
The number of their ſacraments to fix,
I ſpeak ſincerely, without fee, or bribe,
Inſtead of ſeven there ſhou'd be but ſix.
All men of ſenſe tautology diſclaim,
Marriage and penance always were the ſame.

By W. Walſh, *Eſq.*

CHLOE, new marry'd, looks at men no more;
Why then 'tis plain for what ſhe look'd before.

The Encouragement.

'TIS the Arabian bird alone
Lives chaſte, becauſe there is but *one:*
But had kind nature made them *two*,
They wou'd like doves and ſparrows do.

AH, me! quoth Betty, who c u'd e'er have thought
Such miſchief cou'd ariſe almoſt from nought?
Which had ſhe known ere ſhe began to ſwell,
Each yard of pleaſure ſhe'd have made an ell.

A Tranſlation in modern Engliſh *of Mr.* P——'s *Imitation of* Chaucer.

AN Oxford ſcholar made a gooſe his prize,
And hid it where the garb inveſts the thighs;
Too weak the buttons prov'd, the gooſe too ſtrong,
And burſt its jail as ladies paſs'd along;
The bill came bolting forth, a ruddy ſight,
The neck came after, long, and round, and white;
The creature cackling, pertly rais'd its head,
The lad look'd fooliſh, and the women fled.
"O Jeſu! ſiſter Moll, ſaid wanton miſs,
"Is this the thing wherewith they us'd to p——?
"'Tis better far to feed on coals, or chalk,
"Than truſt to faithleſs man whoſe tail can *talk*.
Thus Chaucer whilom did the fair adviſe,
That maids ſhou'd never ſport but with the wiſe.
With ſly conceit, the bard his ſtory told,
Then left this moral, worth its weight in gold;
"Pardie, miſs Betty, thou didſt reaſon well;
"They bear the gooſe about that love to *tell*."

Epitaph on Mr. Fenton. *By Mr.* Pope.

THIS modeſt ſtone, which few vain marbles can,
May truly ſay,——Here lies an honeſt man!
A poet bleſs'd beyond a poet's fate,
Whom heav'n kept ſacred from the proud and great!
Foe to loud praiſe, and friend to learned eaſe,
Content with ſcience in the vale of peace;
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, nor there to fear;
From nature's temp'rate feaſt roſe ſatisfy'd,
Thank'd heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

By Ambroſe Philips, *Eſq.*

GEORGE came to the crown without ſtriking a blow:
Ah! quoth the Pretender, wou'd I cou'd do ſo.

On

On a Civilian.

A Luſty, old, grave, and grey-headed ſire,
Slid to a wench to quench his luſt's deſire:
She aſk'd him what profeſſion he might be?
I am a civil lawyer, girl, quoth he.
A civil lawyer! Sir? You make me muſe,
Your talk's too broad for civil men to uſe:
If civil lawyers are ſuch bawdy men,
Oh what, quoth ſhe, are other lawyers, then?

Epitaph on Cardinal Richlieu.

STAY traveller——for all you want is near;
Wiſdom and pow'r I ſeek——they both lie here.
Nay, but I look for more, and raiſe my aim,
To wit, taſte, learning, elegance and fame.
Here ends your journey, then; for there the ſtore
Of Richlieu lies——Alas! repent no more:
Shame on my pride! what hope is left for me,
When here death treads on all that man can be?

What is it like? or, Verſes upon Old T——r's *Marriage with Miſs* Graves.

SEVEN matrons old were met o'er brandy,
All knowing dames as any can be;
And all agreed to raiſe their glee
By jeſt and bawdy ſimile.
I've thought, cries Dorcas, with a ſneer,
I've thought of ſomething ſtrangely queer;
'Tis like, reply'd each ſiſter hag,
'Tis like a leek, a frog, a ſtag,
A bliſter, ſexton, and a ruin;
Now tell us, Dorcas, what thou'rt brewing.
I mean, cry'd ſhe, a ſimple ſage,
A compound ſtrange of youth and age;
A winter in the garb of ſpring,
A ſputt'ring ſnake without a ſting;
A lion tame, a lambent fire,
All impotence, yet all deſire;
A boaſter great, as great a failer,
Or, in one word, I mean old T——r.
He's like a leek, becauſe 'tis ſaid
His tail is green, tho' grey his head.

He's

He's like a frog, becauſe I'm told,
His blood's ſo phlegmatic and cold,
That tho' the female round him plays,
He'll——but once in forty days.
Then like a ſtag he'll needs appear,
For a ſtag ruts but once a year;
And ev'ry year new antlers ſpread
Freſh honours o'er his aged head.
He's like a bliſter none denies,
For ſure he's rais'd by Spaniſh flies.
He's like a ſexton, for 'tis known
O'er many a wench h'as laid a ſtone.
But now, ſince age his ſtrength depraves,
Some abler man muſt dig his *Graves*.
He's like a ruin'd houſe, becauſe
He's crack'd, and patch'd, and full of flaws.
His roof is bare, his timber broke,
His front all black with ſmut and ſmoke;
His ſtones are looſe, his yard decay'd;
Alas! poor Moll muſt die a maid.

A Caveat to the Fair Sex. By the Right Honourable Lady M. W. M.

WIFE and ſervant are the ſame,
But only differ in the name;
For when that fatal knot is ty'd
Which nothing, nothing can divide:
When ſhe the word *obey* has ſaid,
And man by law ſupreme is made,
Then all that's kind is laid aſide,
And nothing left but ſtate and pride;
Fierce as an eaſtern prince he grows,
And all his innate rigour ſhews:
Then but to look, or laugh, or ſpeak,
Will the nuptial contract break.
Like mutes, ſhe ſigns alone muſt make,
And never any freedom take;
But ſtill be govern'd by a nod,
And fear her huſband as her god;
Him ſtill muſt ſerve, him ſtill obey,
And nothing act, and nothing ſay,
But what her haughty lord thinks fit,
Who with the pow'r, has all the wit.

Then

Then ſhun, Oh! ſhun that wretched ſtate,
And all the fawning flatt'rers hate;
Value yourſelves, and men deſpiſe,
You muſt be proud, if you'll be wiſe.

The Petition of Juſtice B———ns's *Horſe, to his Grace the Duke of* N———.

QUITE worn to the ſtumps, in a piteous condition,
I preſent to your grace this my humble petition:
Full twenty-eight ſtone, as all the world ſays,
(To me it ſeems more) my plump maſter weighs.
A load for a teem this, yet I all alone,
To Claremont muſt draw him, for help I have none;
O'er Eſher's hot ſands, in a dry ſummer's day,
How I ſweat and I chafe, and I pant all the way:
But when I return, and the draft is increas'd,
By what he has cramm'd—a ſtone at the leaſt—
No ſingle horſe can be, in conſcience, thought able
To draw both the juſtice, and eke half your table.
This, my caſe, gracious duke, to your tender compaſſion
I ſubmit, and O! take it in conſideration.
To draw with a pair, put the ſquire in a way,
Your petitioner then, bound in duty, ſhall *neigh*.

The Kiſs.

AN am'rous wag once ſought the bliſs,
To ſteal a ſoft and balmy kiſs!
When Sylvia ſtampt (and ſome ſay, ſwore)
That he ſhou'd gain the prize no more:
He ſmil'd, and ſaid, if 'tis ſuch pain,
Pray, miſs, return it back again.

A poetical Oddity.

A Certain man, whoſe name was *Semper Idem*,
(And, to be brief, he was *Mercator quidem*)
Had a wife who was neither tall nor *brevis*,
Yet in her carriage was accounted *levis*:
He, to content her, gave her all things *ſatis*;
She, to requite him, made him cuckold *gratis*:
For which ſaid act he turn'd her out of *fores*,
And bid her go to learn ſome better *mores*.

The

The pious Nun.

JANE, a young bantling having had,
Led life auſtere, ſeem'd always ſad;
Whilſt her gay ſiſter nuns and mates
Were ever peeping at the gates.
The abbeſs to her daughters ſaid,
In a grave ſpeech, which ſhe had made:
Lead, daughters, lead the life of Jane;
Fly, fly this world, and all things vain.
To which they anſwer'd in this ſtrain:
Pious as Jane we all will be,
When we have done as much as ſhe.

To a Lady ſitting croſs-legg'd for a Gentleman at Cards.

WHAT various charms can Celia boaſt,
By nature thus befriended;
Whoſe legs are both a charm, when croſs'd,
And charming, when——extended?

On ſtealing the Body of a young Woman to be anatomized, from St. Peter's *Church-yard,* Oxon, 1745.

FOR ſhame! for ſhame! *Oxonians* all,
And bluſh to have it ſaid,
" Not pleas'd to ſteal the girls alive,
" But muſt ye ſteal them dead?

Inſatiate nature thus directs,
Nor is it ſtrange, I own;
That thoſe who love to taſte the fleſh,
Shou'd like,—— to pick the bone.

The following Lines were found among Mr. Pope's *Papers, in his own Hand Writing.*

ARGYLL, his praiſe when Southerne wrote,
Firſt ſtruck out this, and then that thought;
Said this was flatt'ry, that a fault.
How ſhall your bard contrive?
My lord, conſider what you do,
He'll loſe his pains and verſes too;
For if theſe praiſes fit not you,
They'll fit no man alive.

On

On Nell Batchelor, *the Pye-Woman at* Oxford.

BEneath, in the duſt,
The old mouldy cruſt
Of Nell Batchelor lately was ſhoven,
Who was ſkill'd in the arts
Of pies, cuſtards, and tarts,
And knew ev'ry uſe of the oven.

When ſhe liv'd long enough,
She made her laſt puff,
(A puff by her huſband much prais'd)
Now here does ſhe lie,
And make a dirt-pye,
In hopes that her cruſt will be rais'd.

By Mr. Prior.

FRANK carves very ill, yet will palm all the meats;
He eats more than ſix, and drinks more than he eats.
Four pipes after dinner he conſtantly ſmokes;
And ſeaſons his whiffs with impertinent jokes.
Yet ſighing, he ſays, we muſt certainly break,
And my cruel unkindneſs compels him to ſpeak:
For of late I invite him ——but four times a week.

By Mr. Prior.

TO John I ow'd great obligation,
But John unhappily thought fit,
To publiſh it to all the nation:
Sure John and I are more than quit.

By Mr. Prior.

YES, ev'ry poet is a fool:
By demonſtration Ned can ſhew it:
Happy, cou'd Ned's inverted rule
Prove ev'ry fool to be a poet.

Written in an Ovid. *By Mr.* Prior.

OVID is the ſureſt guide
You can name, to ſhew the way
To any woman, maid, or bride,
Who reſolves to go aſtray.

Rhyme

Rhymes given by Miſs —— and fill'd up by the Hon. and Rev. Mr. A——n.

WHEN with all the cant of *Love,*
Cupid's dart; and Venus' *Dove,*
Frowns that chill, and ſmiles that *Heat,*
Painful pleaſures, ſorrows *Sweet,*
Coxcombs eager for the *Shade,*
Court thee to the ſilent *Glade,*
Shou'd'ſt thou yield their hopes to *Bleſs,*
Soon their ardour wou'd be *Leſs,*
If to govern, be thy *Joy,*
Still to govern, ſtill be *Coy.*

Another.

THOU bright inſpirer of untainted *Love,*
Gay as the lark, and peaceful as the *Dove,*
Thou whoſe calm breaſt no ſtruggling paſſions *Heat,*
May ſtill thy life be, as thy temper, *Sweet,*
By flatt'rers weary'd, when thou ſeek'ſt the *Shade,*
May peace attend thee thro' the ſilent *Glade,*
May all thoſe pow'rs that heav'nly virtue *Bleſs,*
Improve thy mind, nor make thy beauty *Leſs,*
But if impatient for ſublimer *Joy,*
Prompt thee to call on death, may death be *Coy.*

On a Grave Stone in Cirenceſter *Church-Yard.*

GOD takes the good, too good on earth to ſtay,
And leaves the bad, too bad to take away.

Faſt and Looſe.

COLIN was marry'd in all haſte,
And now to rack doth run;
So knitting of himſelf too faſt
He hath himſelf undone.

Epitaph in Stepney *Church-Yard.*

HERE lies the body of John Saul,
Spital-Fields weaver, and that's all.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM 7 DE 91